# PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1975 $1.25

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## LEE HARVEY OSWALD WAS INNOCENT

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# PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / APRIL 1975

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# PORSCHE

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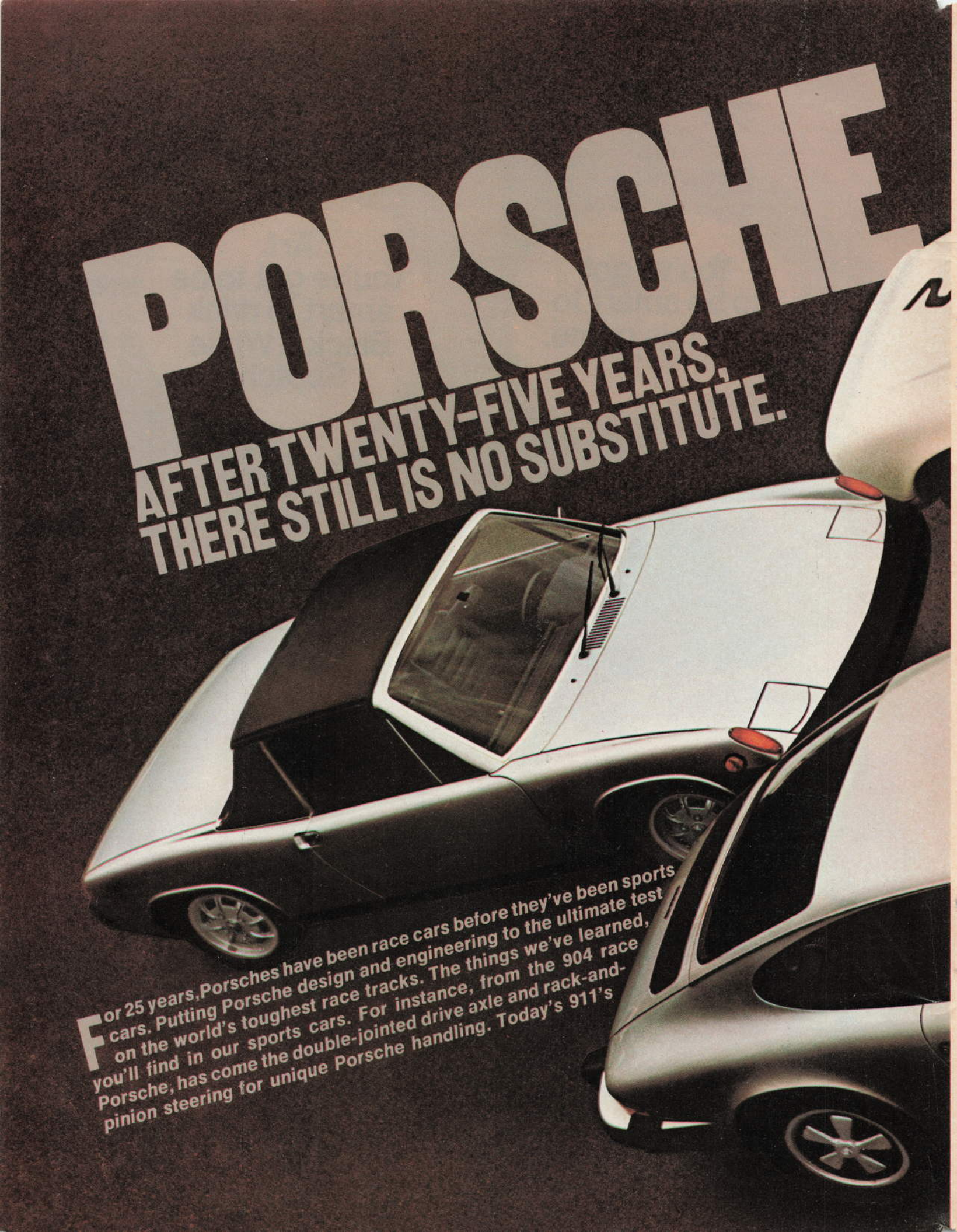

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*Based on '75 model Fed. EPA Test 18 mpg—city, 29 mpg—highway for the 911 and 21 mpg—city, 33 highway for the 914.

In our search for sanity throughout all the momentous events that marked the Sixties as a decade apart in American history, many of us relied completely on the official version of the "facts." An executive seal of approval—preferably from a special commission appointed by the president—was the final word, and we tended to dismiss the skeptic as a raving paranoiac. But that was long before Watergate had left its scars on the national consciousness, before cynicism had become a national state of mind. Thus, when all the events surrounding the assassination of President John F. Kennedy had been assembled and examined, the dossier was closed. The prestigious Warren Commission had spoken: **Lee Harvey Oswald**, the assassin, was acting alone. A conspiracy to murder the chief executive? Preposterous.

But **George O'Toole**, a former computer specialist for the CIA, had a nagging suspicion that the truth had not been told. Armed with a Psychological Stress Evaluator (PSE), a remarkable device that analyzes the stress factor in the human voice to determine when a person is telling the truth, O'Toole began a two-year investigation of all tapes and recorded documents made in the aftermath of the assassination. In our lead article this month, *Penthouse* provides the first scientific evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald was indeed telling the truth. By using the PSE to analyze tapes of Oswald's denials to newsmen following his arrest on November 22, 1963, O'Toole positively states that "the president was killed by a person or persons unknown." That startling revelation, along with a thorough analysis of the known evidence, is excerpted from O'Toole's new book, *The Assassination Tapes*, to be published this month by *Penthouse*. The sinister and terrifying pattern of deception he discovered led O'Toole to conclude that, "Until the murderers are found, until the truth is known, there can be no rest and no peace. None for John Kennedy, none for Lee Oswald, and none for the rest of us."

On the subject of injustice, bestselling author **Gore Vidal** has a good deal to say—and he doesn't confine his comments to the economic, political, or social aspects, either. He's as quick to denounce sexual repression as he is to decry its political counterpart. "The tyranny of the female orgasm is driving male heterosexuality to the wall," he told **Ken Kelley** in this month's *Penthouse* interview. "Before women found out about it, many of them were perfectly happy about their sex lives. Now it's, 'Herman, are you giving me the Big O? If you were a warm and mature person, Herman, I would have had the Big O by now.' One day, Herman is just going to say, 'Oh, shit. Here—take this vibrator, and I'll see you later.'" Currently, Vidal is living in Rome and working on another kind of screwing—the Tilden–Hayes election of 1876, which to Vidal was "the Watergate of its era" and signaled the first wholesale selling of American democracy to the highest bidder.

Tucson is one of those cities that rarely pop up in the news—but things are really popping in Tucson, according to **Alan Harrington** in *Baby Al Capones*, a chilling account of what happens when a town becomes a major center for drug smuggling. Harrington, who's at work on a new novel of the future called *Paradise I*, calls Tucson the "new Wild West," but these days the guns are toted by youthful rip-off artists who specialize in shaking down would-be drug buyers for their cash. Nineteen-year-old Joel Freeman is a prime practitioner of the art, and he's well on the way to being very rich—if he survives. "The drug circus excited him and the rip-off became his craft," reports Harrington. "Joel is crash—all percussion—his life seems one extended riff." It may be a short riff. The word is that Joel hasn't been seen around Tucson lately—or anywhere else, for that matter.

This month's article in our continuing Vietnam series is an excerpt from a novel by **Joseph James** in which the narrator—like the author a forward artillery observer wounded in combat—comes home to the States, or the World, as the Nam grunts used to describe it. *Back in the World* is a fictionalized account of just exactly what it was like to come home physically wounded and psychologically sabotaged. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Alienation of another sort is almost a way of life for the sexually paranoid narrator of *Sex*, a surrealistic short story by New York fiction writer **Eileen Foster**. The daily *slap, bang, slap* of somebody else's fucking—which Indi observes through a convenient crack in the floorboards—is driving this helpless voyeur into a dreamlike stupor from which, God rest her soul, she may never return. Not a bad way to go, though!

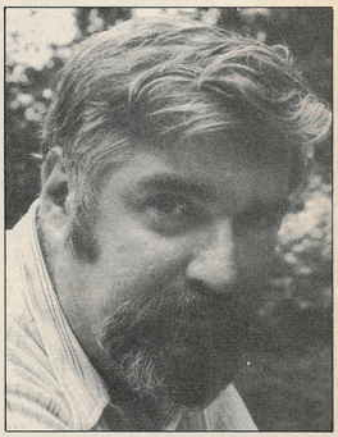
Going (and coming) is naturally the subject of *Sex on Wheels*, a foray into the sex lives of three New York cabdrivers by part-time sexologist **Rose Ann Bergen**, who proves that not all cabbies drive with one eye on the meter. There's Edward, an anxious virgin who finally scores—more or less; Anita, who turns out to be a target for back-seat Romeos of both sexes; and Mitchell, a veteran hackie who gets more than his share of odd balling. Makes you wonder if it's *who's* up front that counts, and it certainly makes the prospect of your next taxi ride more adventurous. There's another world through that looking glass. So come on in!

# HOUSECALL

Jill Krementz
GORE VIDAL

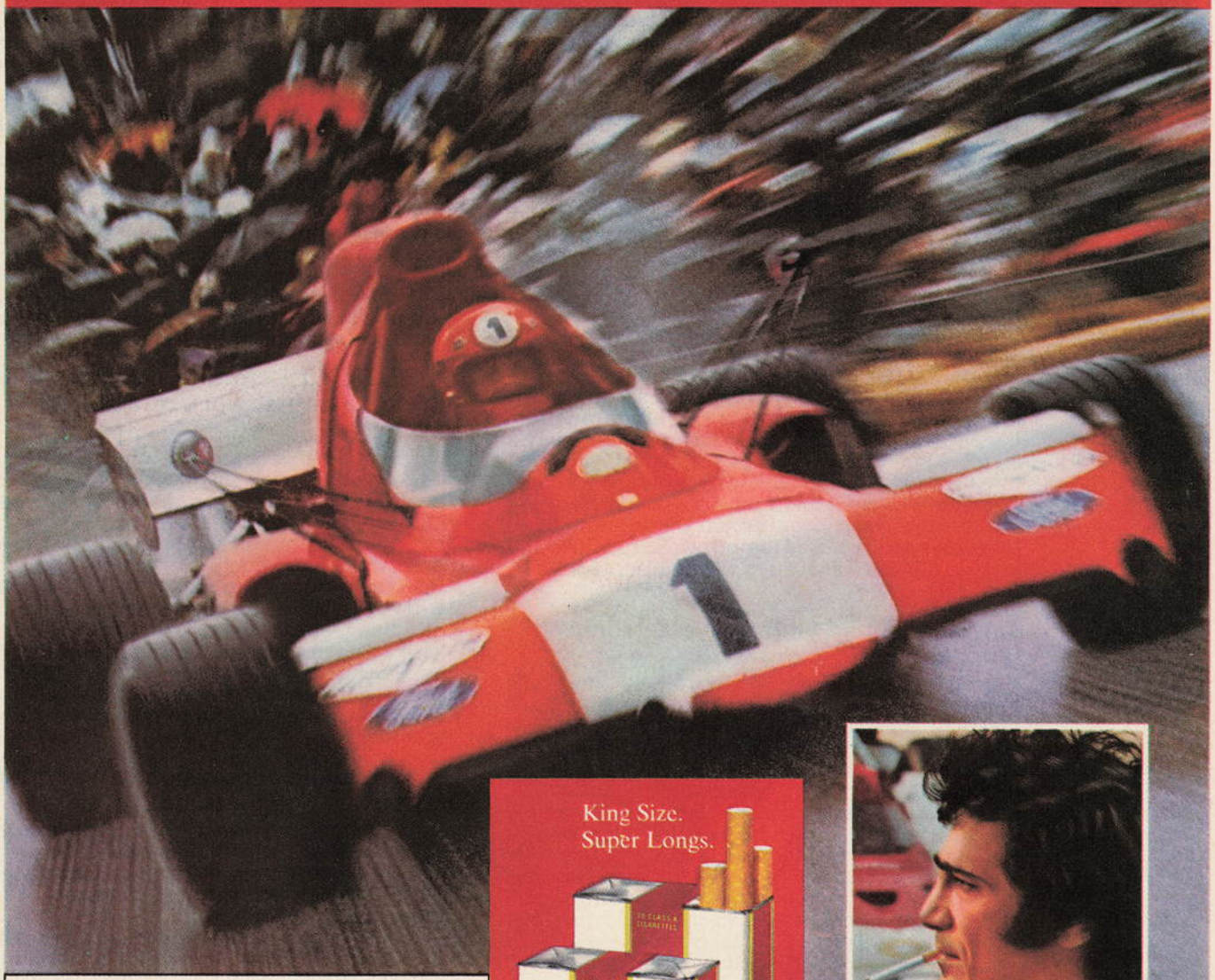
KEN KELLEY

Carlton Kappelman
JOSEPH JAMES


GEORGE O'TOOLE

Gregory M. Cockson
ALAN HARRINGTON

# After going 212 m.p.h., he's not about to smoke a boring cigarette.

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# PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

### Auto-suck

I'm one of those fortunate guys who is able to suck himself off. It isn't that my cock is so long (not quite 7 inches)—rather it is my ability to bend my body more than most people. In school I spent a lot of time doing gymnastics and I'm sure that helped me.

The first time I was able to touch the end of my cock with my tongue I really went wild. For two or three weeks I was making myself come that way five or six times a day. Actually, I was a little afraid that I was becoming a sex maniac but I just couldn't resist it. The more I did it, the more of my cock I was able to get in my mouth. (Incidentally, with practice I'm convinced that anyone with a cock the size of mine can train himself to do it.)

It was only about a year ago that I learned I could make good money by putting on a show. At that time I met a really horny broad and in one of our sessions I offered to demonstrate. It drove her wild and she asked me whether I would put on a show for her and some of her friends. I was sort of reluctant at first but then she said she was sure she could get all her friends to chip in at least $10 each. She didn't tell her friends what they were going to see except that it was a sex thrill they wouldn't believe.

When the day came, I went into the bedroom and she locked the door. While I was inside she entertained her friends for about an hour with hooch (leaving me four or five stiff drinks in case I lost my courage). Then she brought them all in, seven of them.

The women undressed me and I climbed on the bed. With all those sexy broads around with their sexy perfume I had no trouble getting a good hard-on. I began jerking myself off by hand and one of the broads said, "Is *that* what we paid ten bucks to see?" Then I put it in my mouth and sucked until I got a mouthful. I let it drip out over my cock and balls. The broads thought it was the greatest show they'd ever seen and a couple of them were so hot they asked me to fuck them right there, but my girl friend, who's a little jealous, said they only paid to see me blow myself.

I've put on shows for a number of groups since then, some including guys as well as gals. It's a nice easy way to bring in some extra cash (although now putting on a show is such a great experience for me that I'd probably do it for nothing).—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

### Seafarers

I have been reading *Penthouse* for about one year now and was astonished to hear from another aquarium lover (December Forum). I have had my aquarium for about six months and I have made a special seat to fit on top of it with a hole in the middle which lets my genitals hang into the water. The kissing of the fish can drive me up a wall.

Note for beginners: Rub your genitals with brine shrimp and get about ten guppies. Now stick your shrimpy balls in the water and relax.—*H.M., Columbus, Ohio*

Re: Forum letter entitled *Seafarer*, December 1974. In response to *B.P., Colorado Springs*: I was delighted to read your letter in *Penthouse*. I had thought for a while everyone had lost contact with true sensuality. It was refreshing to find out there are people who think as I do. Although my experience is somewhat different from yours, it still maintains the aquarium theme. My ritual starts as such: place a small hot plate on the floor (care should be taken to insure there are no shorts or malfunctions in the circuitry) and then fill a saucepan with cold tap water and place it on the hot plate. Then squat over the saucepan with genitals hanging in water and proceed to masturbate.

At first the genitals will shrivel up making it difficult to ejaculate but as the water begins to heat the testes will dangle deeper into the water. As the water gets hotter and hotter the masturbatory strokes will automatically increase in tempo. At boiling point you should receive the ultimate ejaculation. The sensation is so magnificent it will cause you to nearly pass out and fall over backwards. When you return to your senses you should feel totally relieved and rested. At this point my girl friend rubs crushed ice all over my genitals, and on occasion I have been able to come again immediately.—*A.R., Cortland, N.Y.*

### Blender-sex

I have an enlightening experience to relate to your readers. After reading about, and trying, some of your ways of jacking-off, I have found my own unique way.

I put a banana into an empty blender and then a good amount of rum. Then, I turn on the blender and mix this until it is mildly chunky. Next, I insert my hard cock into the blender and turn it on—slow at first, then faster (those of you who are especially large, watch out for the blades at the bottom!). The first time I tried this, I found it to be the most electrifying experience I had ever encountered. I came like I never came before!

My wife loves to lick me clean and then we both share the enriched drink. It tastes like no other! —*Name and address withheld*

### Around the world in eighty lays

A cursory analysis of the love life of the typical woman reveals the fact that she receives about twenty miles of penis during the course of her lifetime. This may be computed using the following statistics:

Each act of intercourse requires on the order of ninety strokes whose average length per stroke is about four inches. Assuming two such acts per week, approximately sixty feet of penis are received each week. On the basis of forty available weeks per year, it is obvious that she receives a good half mile of penis each year, or about twenty miles for a normally sexually active life of forty years. Two observations are worthy of note:

1) Why are some women so reluctant to accept a mere thirty feet?

2) Since the circumference of the earth at the equator is approximately 25,000 miles, it is clear that 1,250 women are equivalent to a trip around the world.—*P.T., New York*

### Louisville Slugger

Having read the Kama Sutra I knew there was such a thing as an "elephant woman," a woman with a concavity deep and dark enough to frighten even the hardiest troglodyte, but I had never ex-

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APRIL


perienced the awe and confusion that overwhelms a man when confronted with such an overabundance of nature.

I met Linda (not her real name) at a poolside barbecue being given by a friend of mine who lives in the same apartment complex. Her legs were long, smooth, and brown and I could see the outline of her nipples pressed firmly against her tight bikini top. I was wild with lust and tried every ploy I knew until I had coaxed her into my apartment and ultimately into the bedroom.

After I have carefully removed a woman's clothes, I always caress her gently and, by way of foreplay, I insert the third and fourth fingers of my left hand deep into her vagina. It hardly ever fails to bring a woman to the point where she is desperately ready for intercourse.

Imagine my surprise when, our bodies pressed hotly and nakedly together, I felt her swallow my two fingers—and then my entire fist!

I was distraught. I felt like the monkey in the fable who had put his hand too deep into the watermelon. Only averagely built myself, I realized that if I got on top of her, it would feel like I was trying to screw the Grand Canyon. But the bizarreness of the situation was making me even hornier. Then suddenly I had an idea.

Mumbling that I had to go to the bathroom, I jumped up quickly, grabbed my bathing suit and slipped it on when I got into the living room. I knocked on a neighbor's door and asked his ten-year-old son if I could borrow his baseball bat. Returning to my apartment, I lubricated the fat end of the bat generously with a jar of Vaseline that I kept in my medicine cabinet.

Linda gasped as I entered the room, but did not resist as I shoved the greasy bat up between her legs and began to slide it rapidly up and down. She orgasmed violently with a shudder that nearly wrenched the bat out of my hands.

I had performed my function but was still hard as a rock. Smiling sweetly, she pulled me down beside her and proceeded to give me the best blow job I'd ever had.

I have my own Louisville Slugger now and keep a large supply of Vaseline on hand at all times. Linda tells me that I'm the only guy in sports that always bats a thousand.—*B.B., Palo Alto, Calif.*

### Bawdy Bathers

Who is the breathtakingly gorgeous young lady featured in your December pictorial, *Bawdy Bathers*? She is by far the most attractive, sensual, and exciting creature that has graced your pages. While it is obvious that her breasts are fantastic (oh, those lovely, large areolas) and her ass is adorable, it is her face that blows my mind. She really could launch a thousand ships. It is unusual to find such a combination of innocence and sexuality. I keep seeing her smile, her eyes, and that rich, full lower lip.

Please bring her back. She more than warrants it—she demands a pictorial spread of her own, *sans* gentlemen.—*Edwin Frost, Beaverton, Ore.*

I am really at a loss for words concerning the external appearance of the two male "bawdy bathers" on page 76 of that unusual pictorial (December 1974). Here are two males in provocatively close proximity to a beautiful and voluptuous female—and neither one is exactly in the state of intumescence.

I've hear of anhedonia—the inability to experience pleasure, usually due to psychological reasons—but *this* is ridiculous!—*Randall English, Marysville, Wash.*

Your pictorial *Bawdy Bathers* in the December *Penthouse* featured one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. It also is a perfect example of something I've wondered about for a long time. On page 76, one of the men has his fingers on the luscious chick's snatch, her shapely tit is rubbing against his stomach, she has either just let go of, or is reaching for, the guy's cock, yet it is as limp as the proverbial damp dishrag. I have seen many stag films where guys are having their pricks sucked on, kissed, and fondled by foxy trims, but they never seem to have a hard-on. How can this be? If I was the guy in the picture that sensational looking girl would be reaching for 8½ inches of rock-hard, pulsating meat. Is the answer that the guys in the films and pictures are queers, that they've just knocked off a piece of ass, or what?—*Harry J. Balkin, Concord, Calif.*

### Bottoms-up

I was recently asked by a college sorority to coach their freshman girls in a most remarkable basketball game. We arranged to play five young ladies from a rival sorority in order to raise funds for needed house repairs. Although the expensive tickets to this contest were limited and sold secretly, the exciting rules brought considerable revenue. It was clearly not intended as a typical sporting event. Just for openers, the ten attractive participants wore thin silk panties instead of ordinary athletic trunks. My team, the "Blue Streaks," appeared immodestly in powder-blue hip-huggers decorated with white lace, and our equally shameless opponents chose revealing pink bikinis. They called themselves the "Pink Flashers." Furthermore, the unusual object of the game wasn't merely to score the greatest points—it was to literally beat the pants off the other side. Whenever a team accumulated five points, one embarrassed opposing player was immediately forced to surrender her panties in front of the eager mixed audience. She then had to continue *au naturel* until the game ended. Such periodic victims were fairly selected for public exhibition by a referee's randomly drawing one of their numbers from a box containing the numbers of each team's players.

Despite expert coaching, my hapless squad didn't fare very well. They were all unclothed in about an hour, losing 25–14. At halftime, I threatened to give everybody a good spanking on the bare fanny if they lost. However, my threats proved useless. One blushing damsel after another had her pretty drawers ceremoniously taken away and hung fluttering upon the zany scoreboard. The laughing crowd, at least, was pleased with this brazen show. My denuded gals may have been poor shooters, but they had the cutest bottoms. I only found fault with their rapidly unveiling performance.

I truly wanted to win since the vanquished coach was also obligated to remove his britches. Thus, after the defeat, I had to publicly strip in center court. This created quite a concluding sensation because, as a regretted sign of unity, I wore blue nylon undershorts beneath my trousers. These supposedly confidential briefs were soon displayed alongside my routed team's matching feminine apparel.

Later, I carried out my earlier promise to spank the girls for subjecting me to disgrace. I laid them in succession across my knee and impolitely administered twenty-five whacks apiece. Oddly, they seemed to actually enjoy their punishments. Still, they demanded the right to paddle me in return. I finally agreed to give my shapely team captain the desired opportunity in exchange for certain other favors. The team then watched and cheered as their zealous representative gave me a rather firm thrashing with the stiff rubber heel of her tennis shoe.

Incidentally, a new basketball league may be formed. We have received additional challenges from the "Red Sirens," the "Black Strippers," and the "Lavender Passions." Plus, two boys' teams

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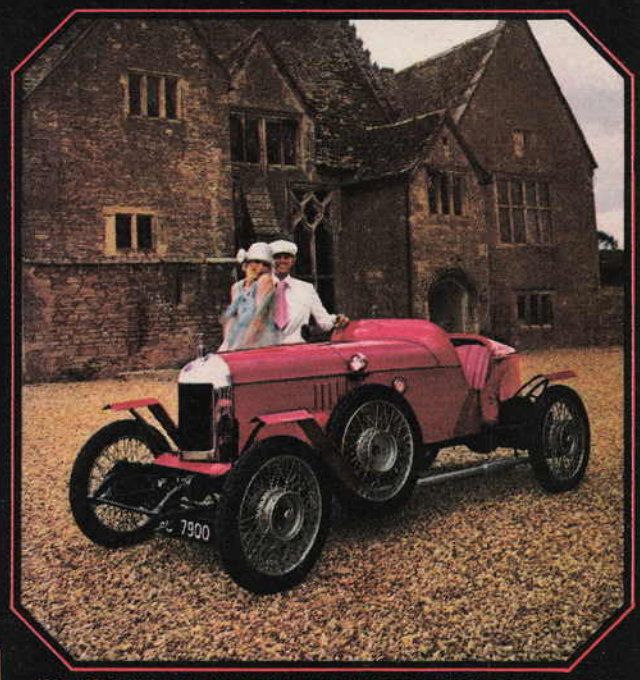


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would like to get into the act. These teams call themselves the "Jockstraps" and the "White Lightnings."—*Name and address withheld*

### The Iron Maiden

I was rather amused by the solution to the male chastity problem as described in the letter in the December *Penthouse* Forum, *The Iron Maiden*.

Some time ago my wife and I decided to wear chastity devices whenever we were apart for any length of time. Our jobs occasionally require us to be out of town for two or three days at a time.

I built a fairly conventional chastity belt for her which is locked on prior to her departure and its key is left at home during her absence.

For my use a somewhat different item was constructed from a metal protective cup, as used in jockstraps, and a bicycle padlock. In operation the shackle of the padlock is passed over the testes and surrounds the top of the scrotum and the base of the penis. The open ends of the shackle point to the front and pass through two holes that have been drilled through the upper end of the cup. The padlock is then slid down over the open ends until it contacts the cup. After trying different adjustments the excess ends of the shackle are cut off and the device is ready for use.

Whenever we will not be seeing each other we each wear our special chastity enforcement devices and the other holds the only key which will unlock the partners'.

My wife claims that her device is completely comfortable for up to three days and, since it is made of stainless steel and aluminum, it is completely sanitary as well. My device, on the other hand, does not permit me to cross my legs but, other than that, it can be worn for three to four days.—*O.M., I. H. Beach, Fla.*

### Navel maneuvers

Last December while attending a dull office Christmas party, I noticed one of the younger account executives sitting by himself reading a copy of *Penthouse*. Since I had heard many things about this publication and since my husband had forbidden the magazine to be brought into our house, I joined him to look it over. He was reading the Letters to the Editor and kidded me about one regarding the female navel as an erogenous zone. We joked about this, although we did discover that we both were in fact turned on by navels. When he turned to the centerfold of *Penthouse* showing one of your beautiful ladies with large tits, he commented on the fact that big boobs really didn't turn him on as he preferred women with smaller, more sensitive breasts. He said he was much more intrigued by large nipples than he was by big tits. After a few more drinks and thoroughly digesting the entire publication, we became less inhibited. It was then that we found out that we both had sensitive nipples that were yearning to be kissed and licked. We also found that we both enjoyed oral love but unfortunately our respective mates were not much on foreplay.

The following Monday after a frustrating weekend with my chauvinist husband, the account executive called me and asked me if I would like to have a drink with him after work—the coincidence being that my husband was out of town on business and his wife was visiting her mother down South. So, after a beautiful evening of dinner, dancing, and drinks we ended up at my apartment. While standing at the bar having a drink, Bill slid up behind me and slipped his hands up under my sweater and firmly clasped my tits. He was standing so close I could feel his hard cock pressing against my ass. Before I knew what was happening my sweater was off and his lips were devouring my erect nipples. Both of his hands were circling and feeling my navel and it gave me such a sensation that I had an orgasm within minutes. While still enjoying the effects of the orgasm his lips left my breast and moved to my navel while his fingers sought the wet warmth of my cunt. Within seconds I had my third orgasm and fell quivering to the floor. He immediately took off my skirtand panties and softly but firmly licked my pussy until I had the most fantastic orgasm of my life. He picked me up and took me to the shower where we washed each other's body and, without drying off, I lead him onto my bed. I made him lie on his back and licked the droplets of water from his nipples, his navel, and his balls and throbbing cock.

I took my vibrator from under my pillow and worked it in and out and all around his navel while I was kissing and licking his nipples. He just lay there moaning and groaning trying to find my cunt with his aching cock. I rolled over and pulled him on top of me still keeping the vibrator in his navel. When he was inside me I noticed that I could excite both his and my navel at the same time. It was utterly fantastic, the vibrator pulsating in both our navels. It was driving us both wild and he came twice without stopping (which I could hardly believe), and I must have had at least ten earth-shattering orgasms.

It's been over eleven months since that fantastic evening and this young executive and I manage to see each other at least once a week. However, we are both much wiser now. These days we have two vibrators and have discovered the sheer ultimate in lovemaking is when Bill eats my pussy while I suck his cock, and each of us holds


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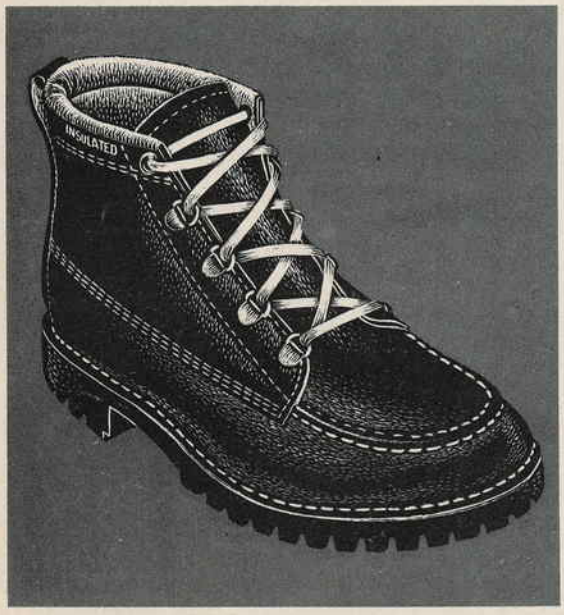


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our own vibrator—one being placed between our navels and the other massaging our nipples. The experience is sheer delight.—*Name and address withheld*

**Nursing high jinx**

I have recently read stories in your magazine about nurses in hospitals. I would like to relate a story that happened to me while I was in the hospital last year. I was in a semiprivate room with a broken leg and one of the people looking after me was a nurse's aide. At first things went well and I was discharged, but shortly after I got home there were complications, and I had to go back into the hospital.

The second time in I was getting pretty horny, but luckily the girl I knew from before was there to help me out. The first time she came into the room she could see I was having problems. She walked over to the edge of my bed and pulled the curtain around me. She then slipped her hand under my gown and grabbed my semihard erection which grew hard in an instant. After about five minutes of this she lowered her mouth right down on top of my cock and gave me the most beautiful blow job I have ever had. I came right in her mouth and she drank it all down. She said afterwards she would be back later.

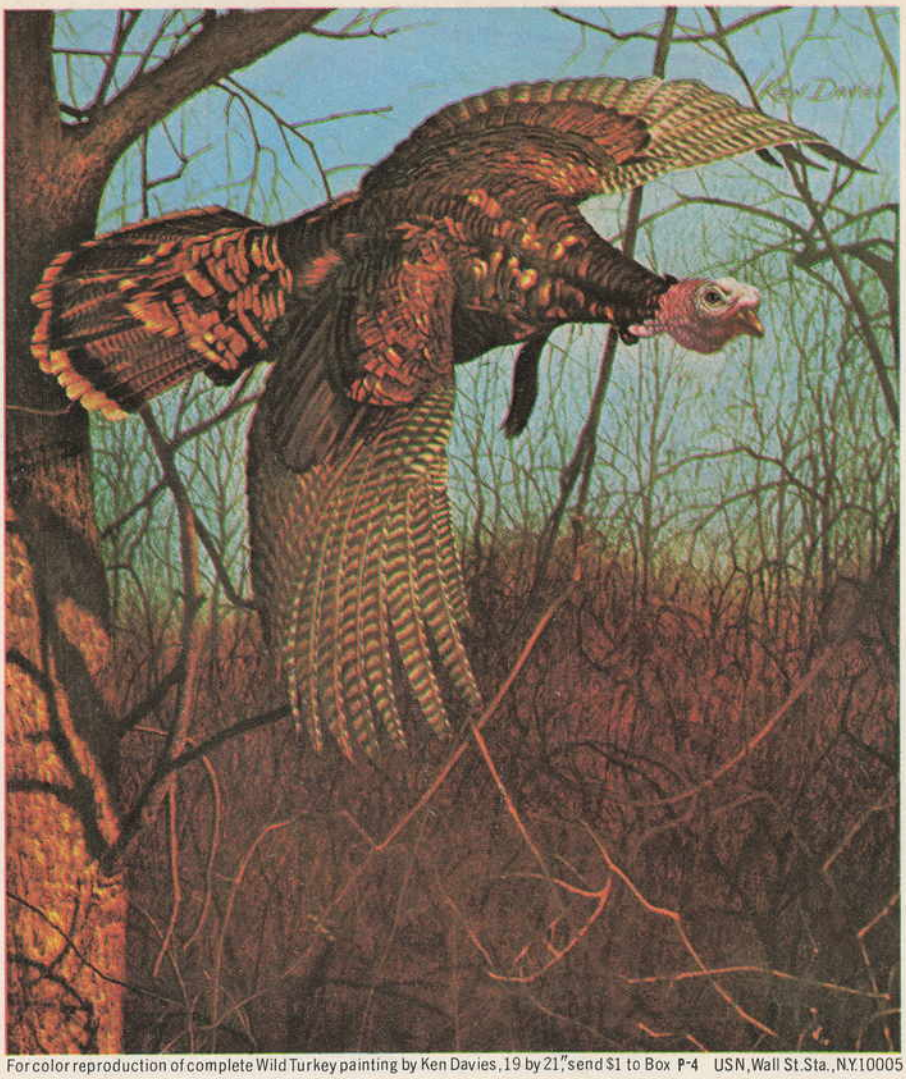
A couple of days later she came back to see me at about one o'clock in the morning. Again she pulled the curtain around me and lowered her mouth down on me to get my cock hard. Then she surprised me by slipping out of her bikini panties and pulling her panty hose down around her ankles. She climbed up on top of me and slipped my cock all the way up inside her cunt and slowly humped up and down on my erection. I slipped my hands down her front to fondle her smooth soft breasts. We stayed like that for a half-hour or so and we each came twice during this time. She climbed up off my still hard cock and turned herself around so we could give each other a quick sixty-nine. I have never eaten anything as beautiful as her tasty cunt.

Just as she finished dressing, one of the RNs came in with a shot. She just walked out of the room like nothing had happened. She came in once more while I was there and we had one quick session. I'll never forget my stay in the hospital for I still have a pair of sweet smelling panties from her.—*Name and address withheld*

**Here's to you, Mrs. Robinson**

I want to tell you about something that happened to me last summer. I was home from college, working nights at a local lumber mill, and with lots of free time on my hands during the day. Since both my parents work, I was on my own most of the time. Next door is a contractor's house and that's where I found my "Mrs. Robinson," who is only five years older than I am. Her husband is old enough to be her father, and she makes no secret of the fact that she married him for the living he makes. But she's some chick, with long black hair that falls down to the middle of her back, and a figure that would make Raquel Welch envious. What I like most are her legs, they just can't be described.

Because of my work schedule on Tuesday afternoons I used to putter around my parents' place. Mom usually didn't get home until about six-thirty, and Dad not until about seven or so. Naturally I had some fantasies about screwing Catherine, but didn't really expect to get into her. But one hot Tuesday afternoon I was mowing the backyard lawn when I looked up and saw her at the fence, watching me. I walked over to say hello, and she told me she'd been sunbathing and had walked over to investigate the racket. We got to talking and she asked me if I was thirsty, explaining that she had a six-pack of beer in the cooler

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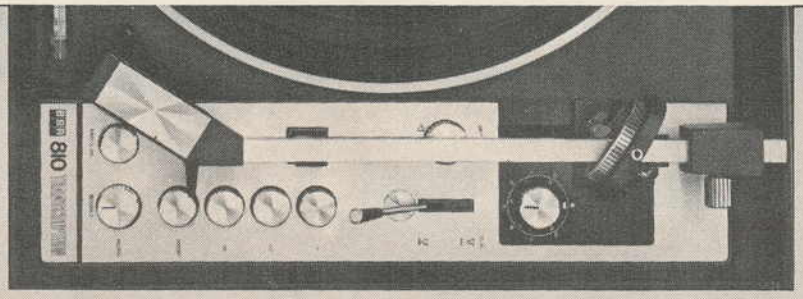

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next to her sun chair. I said yes and went to put the mower away.

When I joined her she was already back in her sun chair, drinking from her can. Another one, opened, was on the table next to her. I took it and squatted next to the chair and began to chat. But my mind wasn't on talking, since she had on a bikini that was the new string type. Naturally I soon had a hard-on, and was afraid to get up, since she might see it. It didn't help any when she let the back of her chair way back into the reclining position and leaned back into it, letting one leg, the one closest to me, slide off so that I had a clear view of a beautiful vee. By that time both of us were a bit high on the beer, and were having a pretty good time. When our conversation became labored she opened her eyes, smiled, and looking down at my hard-on, asked me if I wanted to fuck—that was the exact word she used. I looked at her and nodded, since by that time I could no longer talk—then I pushed down my shorts and climbed aboard.

She reached down and unknotted the bottom of her outfit, then dropped it down next to the chair and spread wide. Her pussy was the best looking one I'd ever seen and since I go to UC and get to screw my share of coeds, that says something. She reached down and took hold of me and slid me into her, wiggling her hips while she did it to get a better fit. I expected her to wrap her legs around me, but instead she planted them on each side of the chair and arched her back so that she was able to get as much of me inside her as she could.

I came quick, but didn't go soft. That surprised me, and her too. That was when she reached behind her and undid her top, dropping it next to the bottom part of her bikini. Then while I played with her breasts she arched her back again and began to twist her hips, meanwhile putting one hand down to her pussy and rubbing herself right above her slit, where my penis was at the time.

When she came she moaned so loud that I remembered for the first time that we were outdoors. But the knowledge just turned me on more. Knowing that we might be discovered made the whole thing more of a trip. It made me harder and I leaned in and began a side to side movement. I'd never done that before, but the position she had taken, and her movements made it a natural thing to do.

After that I lay down on top of her and we just lay there and talked a bit, with me still inside her. I was no longer hard, but my penis was still swollen, and she told me to lay back and put my head on the footrest. It was in the up position so it made a nice pillow. She reached down between us and rubbed her clit again, slowly, and the sensation was out of this world. After a while she climbed off me and leaned forward to suck me off and it was better than any chicks I'd ever made it with before. Catherine was just the sexiest chick I'd run into. She still is. Soon it was time to split up and I pulled on my shorts and went back to my house and took a shower then went to sleep. I was exhausted. We did it the next day and the day after, and many times later that summer, whenever her husband was away and she wanted a lay. I dated other girls, and I'm sure she had other lovers on the side. But we made it at least once a week and sometimes almost every day. She just can't get enough.

When I came back to school I thought that was the end of it until the next summer, but last week she came by and spent a couple of nights at my apartment. Our hometown is only two hours away, so it's no trouble for her to come on over. And when she does, it takes about two days to recover! Every guy dreams about having a chick like that, but my dreams have come true.—*Name and address withheld*

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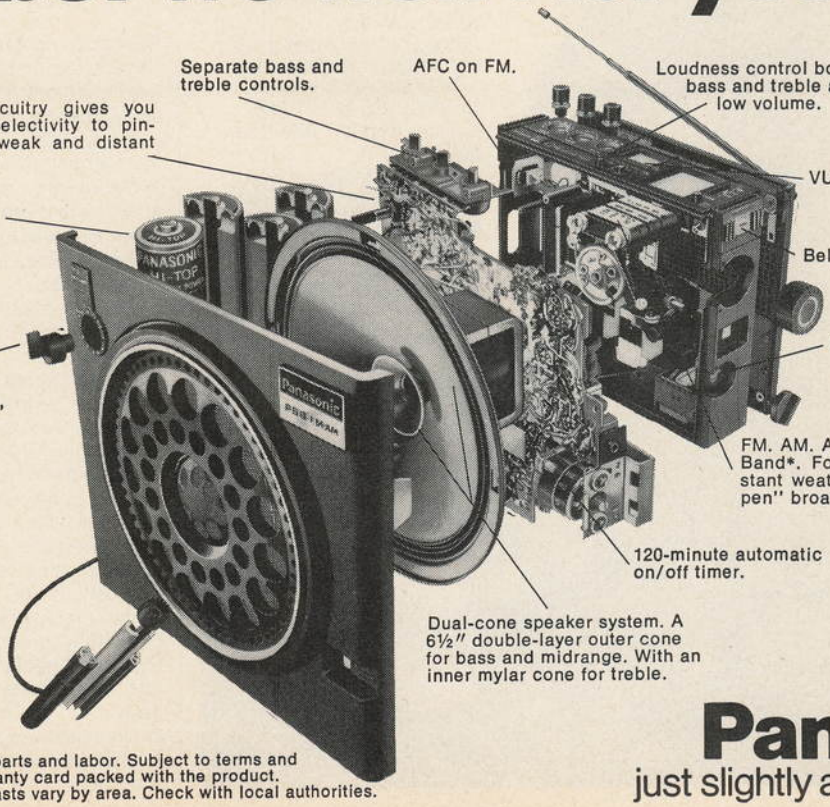


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### Monopede mania

As the result of an automobile accident four years ago, I became a double amputee, losing both legs at the hips. After this most harrowing experience, I thought that my sex life would never be the same. However, to my surprise, it is much better than I could have ever imagined. I am thirty-two years old, and am enjoying sex more than I ever did in my entire life. Men and women, both, are attracted to me as a result of my leglessness, not to mention my obviously alluring proportions (38-24-37). Men like me because there are no restrictions to the number of positions in which we can perform. (We have invented more positions than in Kama Sutra.) I can take men from the front, back, and now on either side.

Sally, my roommate, brought her boyfriend to our apartment to celebrate my birthday. We all started drinking and by the end of the night Joe admitted that he was terribly attracted to my legless torso. We made our way to the bedroom. What resulted was what I consider to be the ultimate sex act. Joe rested on his back as I mounted his huge, throbbing love-muscle—of course with Sally's assistance. In order to increase our pleasure, Sally slowly twisted me around on his penis. We came simultaneously. Joe's erection was so penetrating (like a red-hot poker) that it seemed to stretch my vaginal walls.

The next morning Joe left for work. As I lay exhausted on my bed Sally surprised me with a gift that she bought me for my birthday. She blindfolded me, and proceeded to lie on top of me.

A few moments later I felt something pressing into my juicy pink lips. To my amazement and delight she penetrated me with a dildo, while madly kissing and fondling my erect nipples. I didn't realize until it was over that she had used an electric vibrator on herself. The dildo she used on me was strapped to her hips. She was able to achieve orgasm from the pulses of the vibrator, while she pounded the dildo into me. It was sheer ecstasy!

If you are an amputee, don't worry about your sex life. Just be open to any suggestions, and you will enjoy greater sexual fulfillment than before. "Try it—you'll like it."—*M.R., Bridgeport, Conn.*

### Pain and pleasure

Camille is an attractive, shapely brunette secretary in the office where I work. I recently started seeing her and have dated her two or three times in the past six weeks. Several days before our most recent date, she made a significant mistake in transcribing my dictation. Fortunately for both of us I discovered the error before signing the letter. Her reaction was a mixture of mortification for having erred and gratitude to me for not having reported her.

When I arrived at her apartment for our Friday night date, her roommate had already left for the weekend. Camille greeted me and repeated her thanks for my having covered up for her. She then expressed a willingness to atone for her error. I casually—almost laughingly—suggested a spanking. She agreed that she should be disciplined and that a private spanking, while embarrassing to her, would be acceptable.

I sat down on a sofa while Camille slowly, almost sheepishly, positioned herself across my upper thighs in a prone position with head down and behind up.

Her black slacks were skintight across her beautifully proportioned full buttocks. With my right hand gently roaming over her behind, I lectured her for a few minutes to increase her apprehension. Then the spanking began with firm strokes directed at the crack of her lovely behind so that strokes landed equally on each buttock. After about five spanks, she began to arch her

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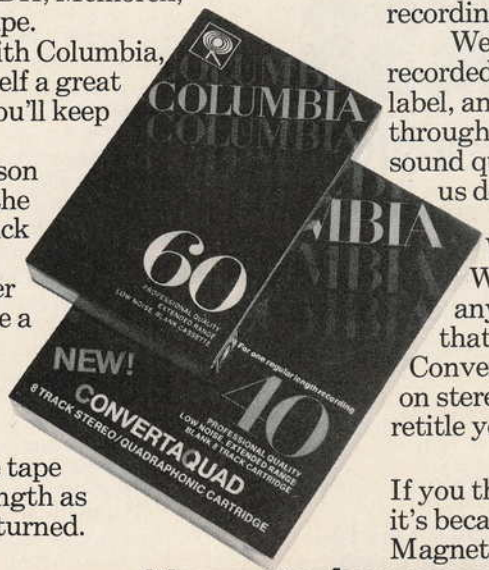

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back and push her buttocks out further toward my punishing hand, signifying to me that she was enjoying her chastisement. I then temporarily stopped the spanking long enough for my fingers to unzip the slacks on her left side. As I gently slipped these down over the buttocks, she uttered a faint moan of protest, but offered no true resistance as the slacks were moved down to her knees. I then completed the spanking on her bare ass. She was enjoying the procedure tremendously—crying out from time to time, wiggling about, promising in mock repentance to behave in the future, but always positioning her crimson ass in such a way that she could absorb the full brunt of the next delicious spank. She was so excited at the conclusion of her chastisement that she could hardly wait. She quickly removed her slacks and practically carried me into the bedroom where we remained for most of the weekend.

Whenever we meet in the office now she gives me that sly smile of hers as she runs one of her hands over a luscious buttock. The typing errors have ceased but the spankings certainly continue.—*Name and address withheld*

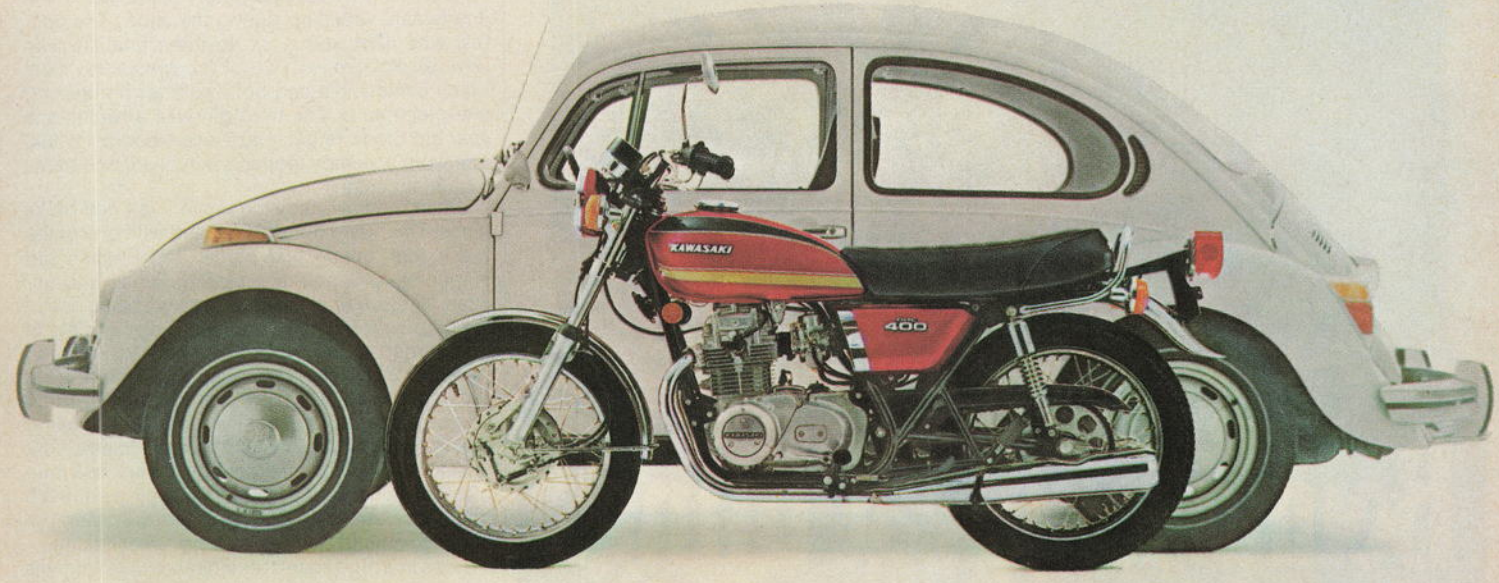
Fighting females
. . . at school

In reading through my husband's copy of *Penthouse*, and reading about women wrestling, I was reminded of an episode that happened to me when I was just out of college. I would like to share it with your readers and see if they have had any similar experiences.

I was supervising the girls' cheerleading squad, and it had been a very bad day for me. It had seemed as though everything had gone wrong, so I was in a rather bitchy mood. In fact two girls had broken into tears because of my criticism. We were practicing one last cheer and couldn't seem to get it right. In my mood I had just said the next one who goofs gets five whacks. Well, as things would have it just then our captain goofed. I advanced on her and told her to bend over and take her medicine, but she refused. I had noticed a janitor standing on the corner of the stage so I was determined to show her who was boss. I made a grab for her arm and succeeded in getting hold of it, but suddenly before I realized what had happened she had me in a headlock. The girls began to cheer her on as she was leading me in a circle bent over from the waist. I knew the janitor must be getting a real eyeful as I was wearing a short skirt.

Determined to break her hold, I reached for what I could get a hold of, which was her blouse. My pulling on it popped the buttons, and her brassiered breasts were showing. "Now you've done it," she said, "you'll be sorry for that." With a sudden show of strength she flipped me on a mat face down and sat on me. I seemed to have no strength to stop her or roll away. She began to unbutton the back of my blouse. I cried out, "Please stop, there's a janitor on the stage," but she replied, "You embarrassed me, now I'm really going to do the same to you." She then called out, "Mr. Janitor, don't leave now, 'cause you're going to get the thrill of your life."

No matter how hard I tried I couldn't get her off me. She had my blouse off, and then I felt her yank my skirt and slip off. I lay there crying, clad only in my bra and panties. The rest of the girls were chanting, "All the way, all the way." I couldn't believe it when I felt her hands on the clasp of my bra, then it was gone. She suddenly shifted her weight around to face my feet. She grabbed the elastic of my panties and pulled them down and completely off. I was completely stripped. I begged her to please stop, but she said, "No, you've humiliated us so much it's your turn now," and with that she pulled my arm way up behind my back and slowly turned me over. The pain was

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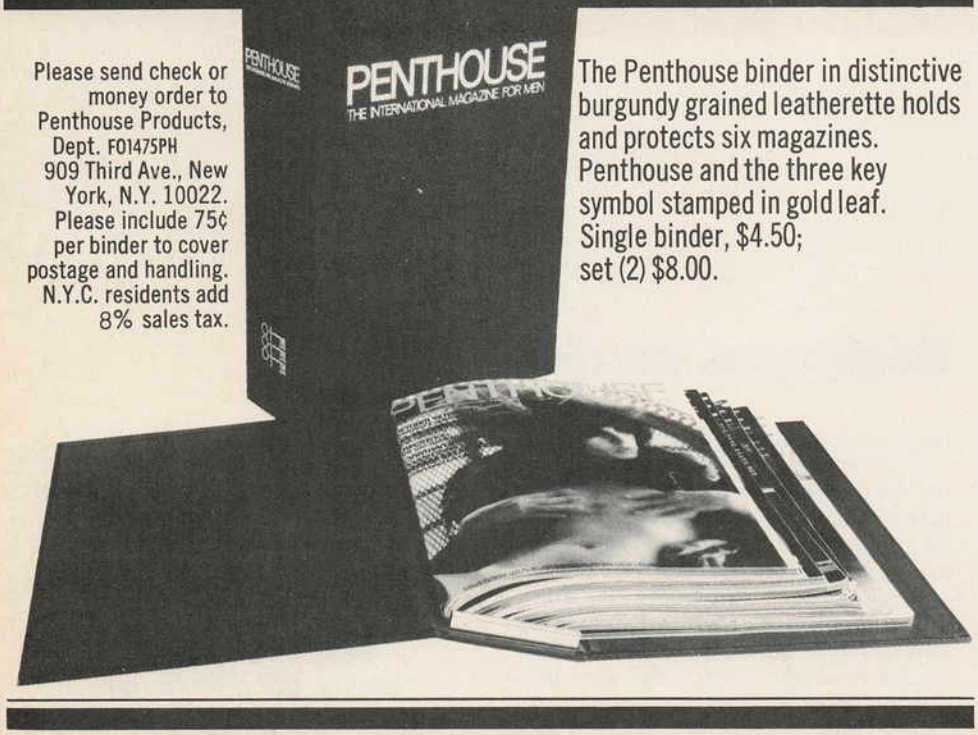


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terrible but nothing like the humiliation I was going through. I was now facing right toward the janitor, who seemed frozen in place by what he was seeing. Sitting up behind me with my arm still pulled way back, she hooked her legs over the top of mine and with a strong steady force, pulled my legs back until I was almost doubled over backwards. My legs were spread almost 180 degrees apart. Then she said to me, "How does it feel to give him the view he's got? Now you know how you've been treating us. It had better not happen again." She then released me and I rolled off on the floor, almost too exhausted to move. I've never forgotten that experience and left teaching soon after that, moving to another town.

It will be interesting to see how your readers react to my humiliating experience.—*Name and address withheld*

**. . . at a beauty contest**

While vacationing in Barbados a few years ago, the wife and I witnessed what must have been the cat fight of the year. We attended a beauty contest held at a night spot and hardly expected to see any female wrestling during the show. The contest was narrowed down to three finalists who were all knockouts. Two of the girls were local black contestants and both wore terrific looking one-piece suits. The third girl was a twenty-one year old blond English lass who stood 5'11" tall. She wore a skimpy leopard-skin bikini and had a beautiful suntan.

When the final decision came in all hell broke loose. The blond finished second with one of the black girls taking first place. The English girl immediately began to protest violently and accused the owner of the club (who was also one of the judges) of fixing the contest. The young blond then turned to the black girl who had won and yelled, "You only won because you sleep with the owner of this place." The black girl ran over to the blond and slapped her in the face. A hair pulling match quickly ensued which turned into an all-out wrestling match on the floor. For the first few minutes of the fight, both girls held their own, each getting in her licks. Both girls were screaming, cursing, pulling hair, scratching, and kicking.

I was in a high state of excitement watching this spectacle, as was my wife. Everyone in the place was obviously enjoying the fight because no effort was made to stop it. Despite a good five-inch height advantage and at least fifteen pounds, the English girl was beginning to tire and was getting the worst of it. The blond attempted to pull the black girl off her feet by grabbing hold of the smaller girl's bathing suit. This really seemed to infuriate the black girl and she retaliated by tearing the white girl's skimpy bikini top completely off. With a look of panic and embarrassment, the blond tried frantically to cover her naked breasts. She had little success, however, because the black girl, seeing a chance to finish her opponent off, thrust out a foot and caught the English girl in the midsection. The young blond doubled over and fell on all fours moaning in pain. Another swift kick soon landed on the blond's derriere sending her sprawling. Before the blond could get back to her feet, the black girl jumped on top of her. Sitting across the English girl's back and facing her feet, she held the girl pinned to the floor. The advantage the black girl now had was too good for her to pass up. She reached down to the blond's squirming hips and ripped the girl's bikini pants off. She quickly followed this by planting several hard slaps to the blond's naked backside.

The poor English girl was in tears by this point and was obviously humiliated and sorry she had started the whole thing. The black girl finally got off the blond permitting the embarrassed young lady to scramble to her feet. She tried desperately to cover her nudity but it was impossible. The

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frantic girl attempted to beat a quick exit offstage but the black girl was not finished with her yet. She grabbed the blond by the hair and spun her around so both girls faced each other. Then, tripping the bigger girl, sent her falling on her back. The black girl straddled the blond's midsection, sitting in a position to totally immobilize the English girl. The black girl proceeded to slap the blond's face and breasts and, occasionally, would reach back and give a good tug on the blond's exposed pubic hair. The beaten girl was screaming for help and bawling like a baby. The black girl ended the fight with an almost professionally applied wrestling hold. Leaning backwards, the black girl wrapped her arms behind the blond's knees and then, rocking forward until her head was almost touching the blond's, bent the girl into a most painful back-breaker hold. With the English girl's naked bottom spread wide and high in the air, those of us lucky enough to be on that side of the stage had a full view of her English womanhood. The blond was still crying and begging the black girl to release her. She finally did and the fight was over. The black girl had not only won a beauty contest, but had proven herself a superior fighter.—*B.M., Richmond, Va.*

The art of wrestling

I have been reading with interest the ever-increasing number of letters on the subject of wrestling. I do a great deal of wrestling on an amateur basis and have conducted a good deal of research on the sport. As most people know, the sport is the oldest known to mankind and much has been written on it. For the past few years I have become very involved in studying the ancient Greeks who looked upon wrestling as an art as well as a sport.

I was rather amused by the gentleman who wrote of his naked wrestling matches with his girl friend (January 1974). He said he was forced to wear a jockstrap because he found it difficult and dangerous to wrestle with a "hard-on whipping around." Let me say that he is not the first to confront this problem. The ancient Greeks wrestled naked and the problem of penis erection was common. The exposed genitals were bound to react to the constant body contact and excitement of the match. In some cases overstimulation even led to ejaculation by a wrestler during a match. This was not only messy but must have been rather embarrassing considering the matches took place before large crowds. To help end this problem the custom of infibulation developed over the years. This is the process of drawing the foreskin forward over the extremity of the penis and securely tying it with a string. This permitted the wrestlers to practice the sport nude and at the same time prevented erection of the penis. I would suggest to the gentleman who had the problem of erection while wrestling that he try this.

Regardless of any steps taken it must be remembered that wrestling is a rough sport and injuries have to be expected. In the pancratium, a no-holds-barred form of wrestling practiced by the Greeks, even a flaccid penis was likely to receive some pretty rough treatment. Punching, slapping, and pulling of the genitals was commonplace and expected of the wrestlers. Even gouging an opponent's anal region was permitted as a method of forcing submission.

I hope to see more discussion of this sport in future issues.—*Carl Stellar, Newark, N.J.*

Bathing cap trap

I am thirty years old, and men have told me I'm attractive, yet I don't consider myself overly sexy.

A few months ago when my husband and I decided to take separate vacations, I opted for the sunny beaches of Acapulco where I was lucky

enough to meet a handsome young man who appeared to enjoy some affluence.

While we were swimming one day, my new boyfriend embraced me from behind, tightly cupping my breasts. I could feel him becoming hard, and I reached behind me and pulled his rock-hard penis out of his bathing suit and placed it between my legs. He climaxed rather quickly, as I flexed my thigh muscles. As he came he put both of his hands on my head and began to kiss and lick my rubber swim cap. Having read *Penthouse* I am tolerant of fetishes and thought nothing of it.

Of course we became lovers that afternoon. I brought him to my suite where he asked me to wear my swim cap during our lovemaking. He seemed to particularly like holding my rubber cap as I sucked his cock.

I must say that he reciprocated and gave me the best oral love I have ever had. After his first orgasm, he went down on me for forty-five minutes at least, making me very happy indeed.

The next day he took me to a leather shop and bought me a red leather minidress, a black leather coat, and high boots. We then returned to the hotel and he asked me to wear combinations of the new gear as we made love. I really turned him on. I had one of those clear vinyl raincoats in my closet, and when he saw that he asked me to wear it with nothing on underneath except my boots. He began to get hard and masturbate. I didn't want him to do that, so I climbed on top of him and fucked him like a wild woman! It turned me on like nothing had before and I had a fantastic orgasm!

We had a wonderful two weeks together and had the most fantastic sex, although sometimes it seemed that he was more interested in what I wore than in me. But I didn't care because I was getting a lot of his hard cock. I think we screwed more often in those two weeks than my husband and I have in five years of marriage.

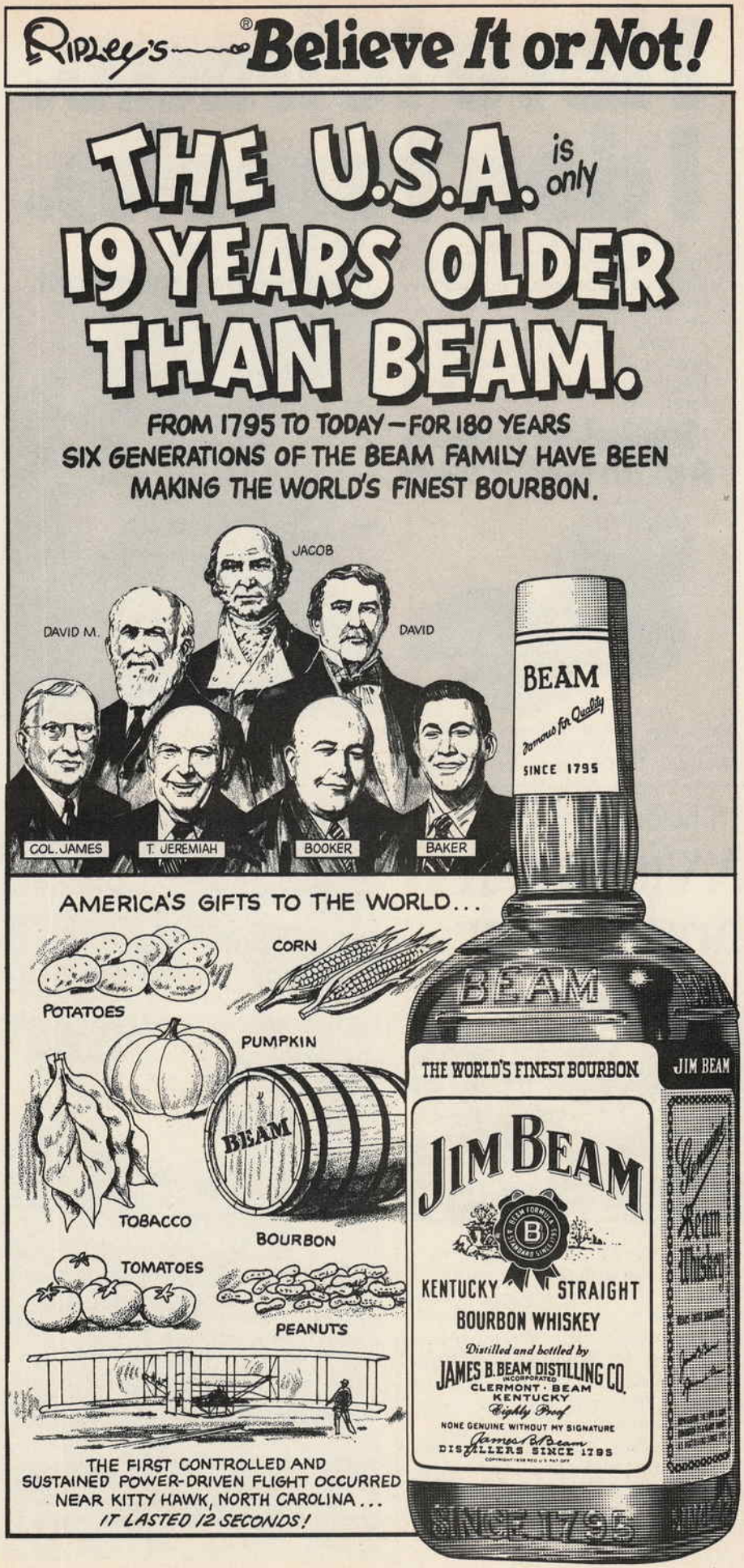
When I came home, I modeled the leather garments for my husband, but he didn't seem at all interested. However, when I wore the gear on a shopping trip downtown, I noticed many men staring at me in a very horny way, which excited me. In crowds, many men would brush up against me with their hands, feeling the smooth leather. In an elevator, one man put his hand on my bottom. As we got out, I turned to him and said, "Like my outfit?" He stammered and nodded. I suggested that we go somewhere where he could really enjoy it. He said he couldn't afford it, and I explained that I wasn't a professional. We went to the enclosed parking lot to my car where we had a sensational fucking and sucking session. This man, too, loved to caress my leather as we screwed.

Now, whenever I'm horny, I put on my "fucking clothes" and I have my pick of most men on the streets. I can be very selective. I just wait until I get an admiring glance from someone who looks good to me.

I especially love rainy days. I bought some vinyl and thigh-high boots like some of your *Penthouse* girls wear. I wear my red leather minidress and my clear vinyl raincoat. It's my most successful outfit!—*Name and address withheld*

### Bubble fun

I am a student at a small southern university, and have been buying *Penthouse* for several years. Lately I have become intrigued by the letters in the Forum, and the various descriptions of how satisfaction is achieved by your various readers. I tended to regard these letters as expressions of fantasies, until recently my roommate and I discovered a way to create a facsimile of female breasts. I realize these other letter writers are not perverts at all, but normal like us.

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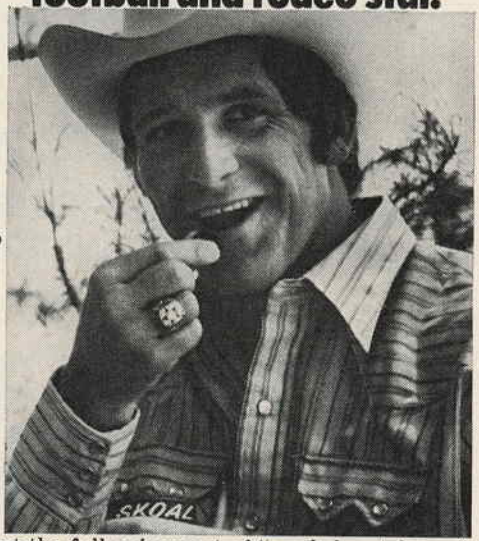


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A guest at one of our parties left a bottle of soap water for blowing bubbles on my desk. So I picked this jar up and began blowing bubbles around the room. I noticed some had stuck to the glass windows. In trying to remove them with the bubble wand, they did not pop, but stuck, and as the stick rubbed over them, I felt tension just like when feeling a girl's boobs. We call our novelty tit-on-a-stick, and it really delivers a charge! Now we never pass a night without sucking and licking these artificial knockers. The only drawback is a slight taste of soap, but a thrill like this merits some flaw. I suggest to all of your *Penthouse* readers that they use our tit-on-a-stick (not yet patented) for plain fun or satisfaction when girl friends are unwilling. It is a quiet companion on a cold, cloudy night, and beats the hell out of class B films.—*T.G., Tennessee*

### All in the family

Here is a true incident that I doubt any of your readers can match.

In June, I went to Puerto Rico for a business meeting. One night in San Juan I met an attractive woman whose age I guessed to be about twenty-five. After a couple of drinks she asked me if I would like to fuck her (for a fee) and I said sure.

We took a cab to her apartment which was quite neat but consisted of just one room, plus a bathroom and a kitchenette. I was surprised to find two other women there, one in her late teens (I guessed) and the other in her mid-forties (another guess). I asked my "date" how we were going to fuck with two other women present.

She laughed, said they like to fuck, too, and if I liked, we'd have a foursome. Before it was over, I had fucked all of them and had been blown by the gal I picked up (that's all I could take).

Here's the kicker: the younger woman turned out to be my pickup's daughter. The older one was her mother. The ages, I learned, were fifteen, thirty-two, and forty-nine. As a joke, I said it was too bad the older woman's mother wasn't around so that I could say I had fucked a daughter, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother.

But it wasn't any gag. I was assured that the great-grandmother loved to fuck, too, and at the moment was shacked up with her boyfriend. As an aside, the best fuck was the grandmother. I learned that the three of them put on lesbian acts together at smokers and then, lying side by side, took on every guy in the place. They did it for money but they all assured me enthusiastically that they just loved to fuck.—*Name withheld, New Jersey*

### Wild blue yonder

I was reading a letter in your December issue about sex while driving and I just had to write and tell you about what happened to me last summer.

I am currently employed as a flight instructor at a large airport. I was up in a fairly large twin-engine airplane giving a lesson to one of my new students. It was a hot day and my student, Stacy, who is a very nice looking, well-built girl, was wearing hot pants and a halter.

Stacy complained to me that she was getting very hot so I suggested that she should take off her halter. Much to my surprise she did! We continued to fly for a while but she kept distracting me. After flying for an hour or so I decided to put on the auto-pilot and stretch out in the back. Of course I asked her if she wanted to join me. She sat down next to me on the small couch and put her hand on my thigh and started to caress my already hard cock. She unzipped my zipper and started to remove my pants, and then started to massage my cock with her soft moist lips. While she was doing this, I bent over and started to eat her beautiful pussy.

We must have layed there sucking and playing

with each other for more than a half-hour.

The auto-pilot buzzer went off indicating it was time to land. We quickly got dressed and went into the cockpit. After landing we taxied into the dark, empty hangar, took one look at each other, ran in the cabin, closed the curtains, and started all over again.—*J.G., Fairlawn, N.J.*

**Study group**

We have always enjoyed reading the anecdotes in Forum so we decided to relate our own incident which, in retrospect, seems quite unbelievable even to ourselves.

Myself, Brad and Fitz were relaxing after studying for finals here at Syracuse University by reading *Penthouse*. My roommate Steve had left word with us that a friend of his was coming up to copy some chemistry notes, and we were to give them to him.

While we were waiting we continued to read Forum, and the bulges in our trousers became quite conspicuous. Being in an all-male freshman dorm "getting off" on *Penthouse* was a common occurrence, therefore we felt no embarrassment over our enjoyment.

Continuing our reading we heard a knock at the door and opened it assuming it was Steve's friend. So it was, but to our surprise (and embarrassment) "he" turned out to be a well-endowed blond, with a rather cute friend! The blond, Kathie, peered into the room looking for Steve. A knowing smile came to her face as she caught a glimpse of Fitz's swollen organ under his jeans. Kathie and her friend Carla came into the room to get the notes, and asked if we were enjoying what we were "studying."

I looked at Fitz with an anticipating grin.

Having finished taking her notes, Kathie came over and sat on the bed in order to read the letters along with me.

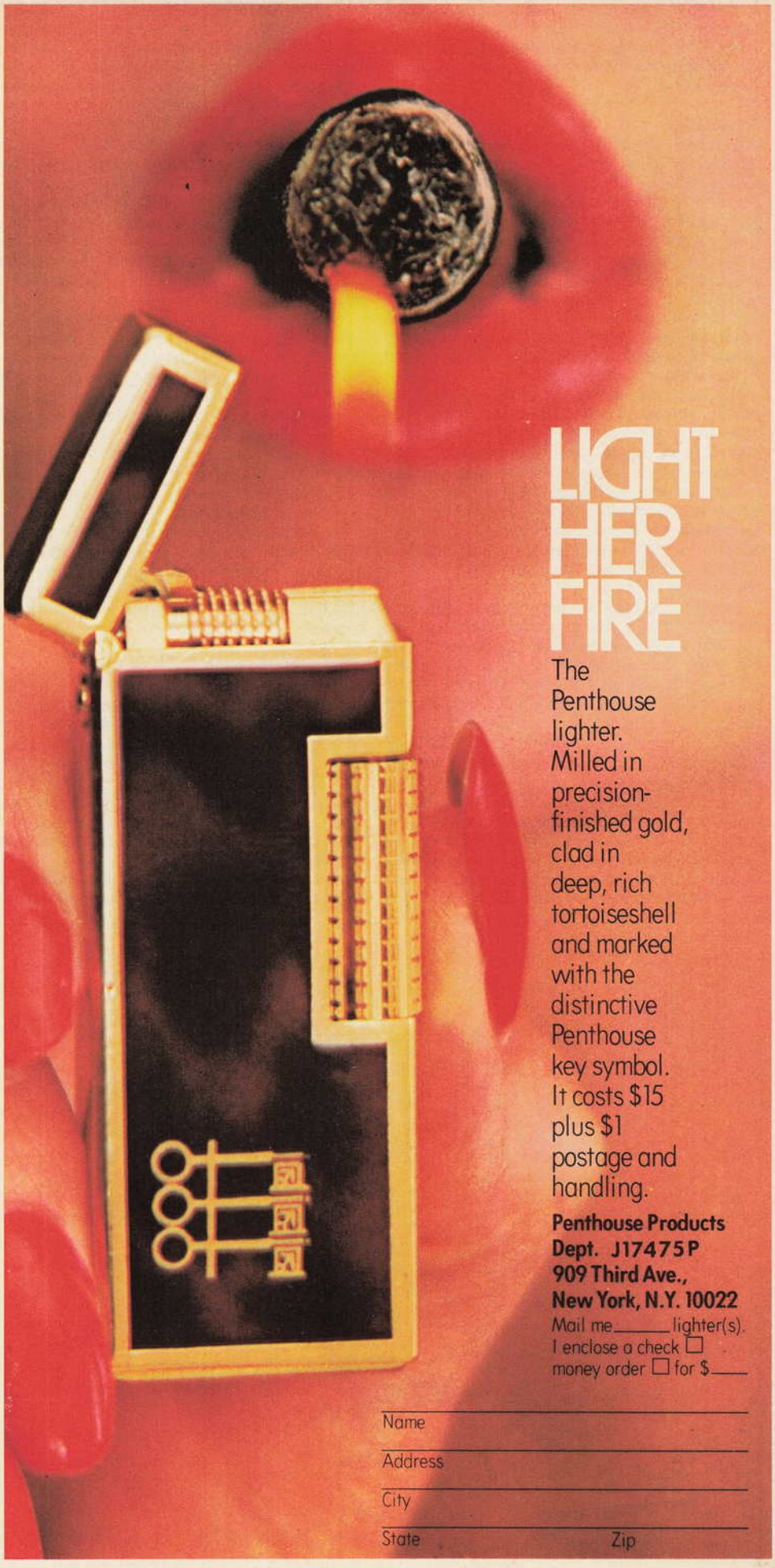
You can imagine my delight when I felt her hand on my leg. My prick, which had subsided, began to rise again. Kathie, noticing my excitement, took the magazine from me and put it on the desk next to the bed—and I responded by bringing her lips to mine.

Hearing movement on Steve's bed I glanced over to see them undressing each other. The dreams I always had while reading Forum were now actually happening, and the letters no longer seemed contrived.

Kathie's nipples were staring me in the face and were so enticing I nearly exploded on the spot! Soon her tongue delicately encircled the throbbing head of my enormous erection, and I grabbed for her as we rolled off the bed in ecstasy, joining Fitz and Carla on the rug. Feeling I was about to come I mounted and penetrated Kathie's succulent pussy! Panting profusely, she gave one last groan before I felt her flaming hot juices drench my undulating thighs.

Rolling over onto my back I now felt the stories of college sex were no longer just dreams to me. Seeing Carla lying there in bliss I realized how beautiful she really was. I followed her long black hair, which lay about her waist, up her small body. Her hair partially covered her well-rounded breasts and continued by her moistened lips. Taking my prick in her hands she led it to those soft lips. Never could I have imagined she could deliver such a sensuous feeling! As she slowly engulfed my burning penis her black hair draped over my thighs. No longer being able to contain myself the semen spurted into her mouth, and she swallowed the cum with joy!

By twelve or so we were totally relaxed, each quiet in our own private thoughts. Fitz turned on Carson and we sat watching, unashamed of our nakedness. Some boring guest came on so the girls decided it was time to leave. We all dressed, talking idly, making plans for seeing each other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soon. After the girls left we surprisingly went back to reading *Penthouse*.

The difference now is that when we read Forum, we can say, "I've been there!"—*Name withheld, Syracuse, N.Y.*

### Good-bi

I'm a young divorcée here in San Francisco, and I wonder why you don't run more articles and photo essays on bisexual people. I'm twenty-five years old, slender, blond, with green-gray eyes, and a good figure. I get my share of men, but what really turns me on is sharing them with my girl friend.

Cynthia is twenty-seven, brunette, taller than I am, and has a very good figure with breasts that lead many people to believe that she has used silicone. I know better! They're for real, soft as marshmallows but firm enough to stand up without too much sag. Just a bit, but I like that, and she tells me that many men do, too.

The first time we shared a man we both felt self-conscious. We each seduced him, then tricked him into coming over to my apartment when Cyn was there. After he got over his initial embarrassment he was all for the idea, but a bit clumsy, as were we. But we practiced, and by the time she and I decided to try it with another guy, we had already decided how we were going to go about it. We've shared four men since then, and we think it's one of the very best ways of making out that can be found.

We've found that nothing makes a guy more tender than having two girls in the same bed with him. And I'm more tender with Cyn, and she with me, when we have a man between us, and are sharing him. Tucking him into her is really a turn on! A really neat way of loving two people at the same time. Since only a girl knows what turns a girl on, it really helps to have "coach" right there. It's fun to teach a guy how to suck a girl's breasts, or eat her cunt. And even more fun to be the object of the lesson. And the guys have told us that it really turns them on to be shared by two girls who really care for each other. We've found that we have more endurance than the guys we play with, so we often end up playing with the body of a man too worn out to do more than just lie back and enjoy what we do to him. But this three-way thing is some turn-on. I wonder how common it is, and if you could find some trios willing to let you photograph them. I know that Cyn and I would love such a photo-essay, and maybe others would too.—*Name and address withheld*

### Pussy skirmishes

As an anthropology student at Yale, I read with some dismay the humorous but profoundly ignorant letter from *R.T.* titled *Muff-divers*. I want to take this opportunity to dispell—once and for all—the dangerous myth that *R.T.* and others continue to perpetuate: that oral-genital sex constitutes a uniquely human "crime-against-nature." Hogwash and balderdash.

Two Yale professors (Dr. Ford of Anthropology and Dr. Beach of Psychology) have written a book, *Patterns of Sexual Behavior*, from which the following excerpts have been taken:

> The male took the female's external genitals in his mouth and sucked at them for long periods of time. . . .
>
> Male apes and monkeys often stimulate the female's genitalia. . . .
>
> Stimulation involving touch, taste, and smell is necessary for full arousal.

I hope that enlightens any and all. In closing, I might add that, while *R.T.* shows a distinct proclivity toward vegetarianism, I staunchly agree with Ashley Montagu who suggests that an omnivorous diet is the most adaptable; I'll eat anything I can get.—*Don Williams, New Haven, Conn.*

### Coming Home High

It took me approximately one month to filter through the various correspondence, pictorials, interviews, counseling, articles, and so on, to finally find the time to get around to reading a bit of fiction by Larry Heinemann, titled *Coming Home High* (December 1974). I was so hyper upon completing it that I had to regroup and start again—this time with personal involvement, a touch of pride, and a feeling of rapport with Mr. Heinemann.

I am an ex-Marine who served with K Company, 3/5, 1st Marine Division in Vietnam; the experiences I had there and later stateside will always remain with me, and will most probably be a contributing factor in what I want to be and/or what I will end up as.

*Coming Home High* set me back and made me reconsider what a "jerked-off" society we are living in today. I realized that Vietnam veterans will have to learn to accept the fact that the "jerk-offs" who sent us there are turning us into "jerk-offs" for going!

Many of my friends from my hometown who served in the USMC between 1966 and 1970 have returned to play in this stupid game. For myself, I have only a beautiful wife and son to make it worthwhile. It took *Coming Home High* to anger me enough to take up a pen and paper, and put down my thoughts. Thank you.—*Donald W. Gladwin, Hightstown, N.J.*

### Peter Townshend

The Peter Townshend piece (December 1974) was an insight indeed. Having listened to *The Who* steadily since their appearance, I was struck by the degree to which the character of Townshend is revealed in their music. Cameron Crowe's interview shows us that at the foundation of *The Who* is truly a remarkable man. More than a superb vocalist and master guitarist, Peter Townshend is a creator of profound depth. He is surely rock 'n' roll's most Perfect Master.—*Gregory Haas, Fair Oaks, Calif.*

### Switched-on Bach

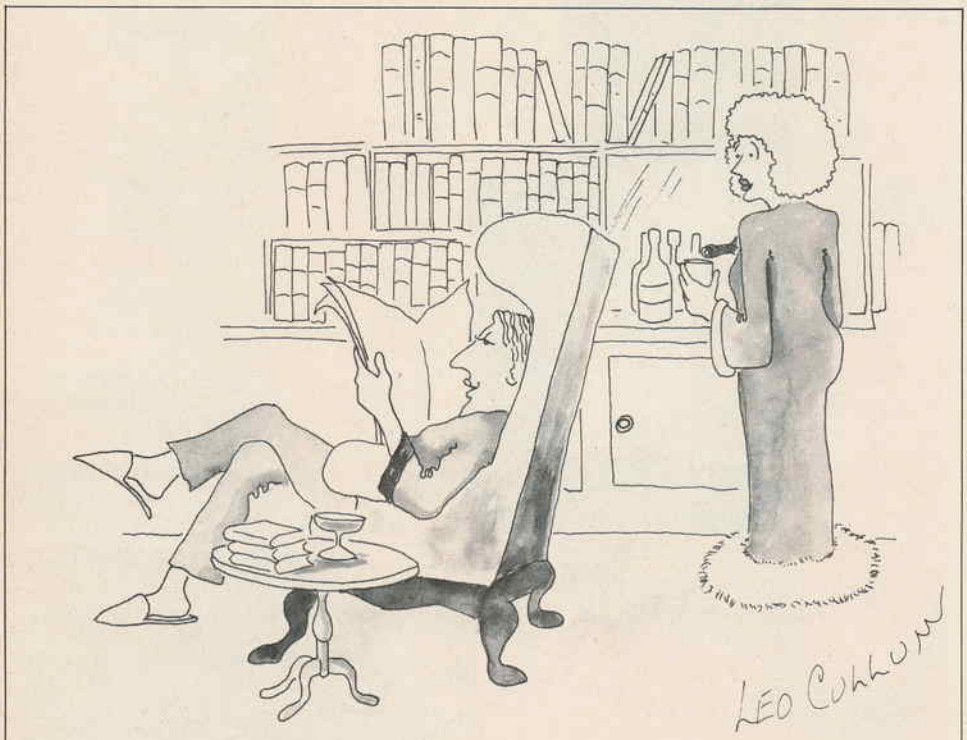
I would like to take exception to a couple points of misinformation in Steve Ditlea's article on synthesizers (December 1974).

His statement that "the synthesizer was brought to prominence by switched-on parodies of classical music" is outrageously unfair to Walter Carlos, the creator of the album in question, *Switched-on Bach*. To label this masterpiece a "parody" is a slap in the face to a man who spent months picking just the right sounds to express the moods of each of the pieces. The pieces are played note-for-note, and differ *only* from the composers' scores in instrumentation. Were the album a "parody" as Mr. Ditlea states, I doubt it would have won the accolades it did from the music community. Also, it might be worthwhile to note that it was none-other-than Walter Carlos who worked in collaboration with Robert Moog to refine the synthesizer from its tone-generator beginnings to its present-day versatility.

Secondly, Mr. Ditlea mentions the synthesizer's "virtually unexplored . . . ability to create non-Western or even totally abstract tonal scales." In this he is only half right. While true that such soul and jazz keyboard men as Herbie Hancock, Stevie Wonder, Ramsey Lewis, Kevin Toney (Donald Byrd's band), and Sly Stone have done much to explore the different sounds that can be drawn from a synthesizer, they are all still essentially using it as just another keyboard instrument, a sort of space-age organ. The synthesizer can be this, but can also be much, much more. And very little is being done in this country to explore the self-programming possibilities of this versatile instrument.

In Germany, however, birthplace of electronic music, there is presently a small community of electronic music devotees, many of them students of the great Karlheinz Stockhausen. Their music is not transcriptions for synthesizer, because their music simply couldn't be played on any other instrument.

So please, Steve Ditlea, don't belittle the synthesizer on limited information, for when its effects are fully utilized it will have as strong an influence on the music of its time as any other musical breakthrough.—*Robert Carlberg, Renton, Wash.*




*"If the truth be known, Sylvia, I too could have married any number of charming men."*

**Marchetti interview**

I read with great interest the interview with Victor Marchetti, in the January 1975 *Penthouse*.

Mr. Marchetti is an idealistic isolationist, which comes from far too many years of pushing pencils in a rear echelon job. To a file clerk, words like "Vietnam," "coup," "Allende," and "Operation Phoenix" become boring with repetition. To those of us who were in the field in Latin America and Southeast Asia during the critical Sixties when the United States was attempting to stay nationalistic movements from becoming communist satellite governments, intelligence work was not "bullshit"!

Mr. Marchetti's policy of letting history take its course is suicidal. What are alternatives to the CIA's existence? Attempting to purchase alliances with massive doses of U.S. aid? Placing sterile advisors at U.S. embassies who play the foreign policy game with diplomatic aplomb while communist guerrillas burn the suburbs of the capitol?

Unlike Victor Marchetti, I have met the communist political officers who direct the action of guerrilla forces. They are not answerable to any public outcry. They do not stop at acts of terrorism and murder to accomplish their one goal: the unification of the world under totalitarian dictatorship. And they are convinced that the basic freedoms of the free world are their tools to help them erode the foundations of our society.

Surely, the CIA must be held in check, but if it is responsible to all the senators and congressmen, and if all covert acts are abolished, then the United States will become the helpless giant that the communists have always wanted.—*Fred L. Rexer, Jr., Houston, Texas*

**Judge Justin Ravitz**

I remain shocked and depressed after reading Ken Kelley's article on Marxist judge Justin Ravitz (January 1975). I wonder what justice is ever done in Ravitz's courtroom after reading about his tragic legal "accomplishments."

How was justice served when Ravitz sprang black racists who had murdered policemen? How was justice served when Ravitz freed the killer of three people "on the grounds that assembly line drudgery was responsible for the killings"? How do poor working conditions excuse multiple murder? All three slain in that incident had to endure the same conditions that supposedly justified their deaths. And the sinister sounding "police commando unit" that Ravitz helped to abolish was merely a plainclothes unit formed to stop street muggings, which contribute a large percentage of Detroit's slayings. The people who have been maimed by muggers since the program's abolition are probably far from grateful to Ravitz. And I wonder how many women may be brutalized by the rape-murder suspect whom Ravitz freed on three different occasions (despite confessions).

And then this same man announces that "corporate crime is much more serious than individual crime, because it is truly a crime against the people." Ravitz doesn't seem to consider rape, robbery, or murder "crimes against the people." For all his popularist rhetoric, Ravitz doesn't seem to give a damn about the victims of the offenders he deals with. And the fact that he is equally lenient with right-wing lunatics and corrupt cops should comfort no one.

The people are not fleeing America's cities because they are being victimized by fascist cops or draconian judges—they are fleeing because they are being victimized by thieves, sadists, and terrorists. Anyone who has ever dealt with violent crime firsthand knows that it is often as tragic for a guilty man to be freed as it is for an innocent man to be jailed. A judge who ignores the suffering of


# You've earned your stripe

...when you can look forward to being forty.

...for finally admitting to yourself that you take better pictures with your Brownie than with your fancy reflex camera.

...because at a staff meeting you noticed you're wearing unmatched socks, but you put your feet on the desk anyway.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.

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present and potential victims of crime cripples justice as much as one who ignores the suffering of an innocent defendant. The violent criminals that Ravitz boasts of freeing will probably claim more victims, who will have Ravitz to blame for their suffering. "Tough" judges are not a panacea for crime, but to do his duty as a human being, a judge must punish the guilty as well as free the innocent. Until Ravitz and his colleagues in Detroit realize this, Detroit will continue to earn the name of "Murder City."—*Walter Russell, Houston, Texas*

**Vietvets**

I disagree with everything *Mr. J. Johnson* said in his December letter to the *Penthouse* Forum. I am currently in the USAF and the experience is priceless. It affords me the opportunity to see firsthand how the country is being run. This trauma is apt to cause apoplexy to anyone who has the slightest bit of intelligence. One realizes that only a moron would make a career of it. If everyone could experience the total stupidity and narrowmindedness that is synonymous with the armed services, the universities would be crammed full of serious individuals begging for a higher education.

Your statement, "If this country stands still . . . freedom stands still" made me sick to my stomach. How jejune. Come on now. Do you really believe that bunk? Don't you see Vietnam for what it was—an elaborate chess game with young American GIs taking on the role of pawns? Tell me, just how is Vietnam better today after 50,000 dead Americans? I'm as patriotic as the next guy but I know a mistake when it stares me in the face. Even if you consider supporting a corrupt tottering regime which tries to perpetuate a veneer of democracy, look what the whole blunder has cost the United States and all of its people.

You say you didn't go to college. What about the guy who does want to go? Try going that route once and see what a hassle you get. The vet doesn't want a handout just a hand. If he's having trouble why shouldn't Uncle Sam help and do everything he can for him?

You and your thirty marine buddies make me sick. How many of them have wives and children and medical bills and just plain can't cope with the world? How many have affluent parents and relatives to carry them over the rough spots?

Why not stop your self-righteous bullshit and try and help or at least sympathize with those who are still striving to find a little satisfaction for the hell they've had to put up with.—*J.B. Davenport, New York*

I would like to respond to the letter of *J. Johnson* of *Modesto, California* which appeared in the December issue of *Penthouse*.

First, I do not believe that anyone has "an obligation to serve in the Armed Forces of our country." Let those who wish to serve in this way do so, and let the rest of us serve in our own way, or not serve at all. If the United States is directly threatened, as it was at Pearl Harbor, then I'm sure that the people would be ready to go to war to defend themselves. If they don't then maybe it's because they don't see anything worth defending with their lives. A society is (or should be) formed to serve the individuals which make it up, and not the other way around.

Second, if the government and some of the people of this country wish to commit themselves around the world then let them. But they cannot make that commitment for anyone else. If 60 percent (an arbitrary figure for the sake of illustration) wish to fight in Southeast Asia or the Middle East or anywhere else, then let them go. Let the other 40 percent stay here at home. The majority, no matter how large, does not have the right to totally control the minority. Nor does anyone else have the right to tell another person to go to war.

I am twenty-one years old. I grew up listening to The Beatles, supporting anti-war groups, and witnessing National Guardsmen on college campuses. I am in my second year of college and up to a year ago wore a bathing cap in swimming pools because my hair was so long. Before *Mr. Johnson*, or anyone else, accuses me of being a hippie, a coward, or a student bent on student agitation, let them finish reading this letter.

Sure, I am going to college—part-time. The rest of my time is spent as an airman in the United States Air Force, Regulars, in which I *voluntarily enlisted* for *four* years, as there was no draft in effect when I enlisted. This is far above the two years which *Mr. Johnson* deems as obligatory. My hair is cut in accordance with regulation, and I no longer wear a mustache. I'm not, and never was, a hippie or gang member. I had to work my way through my senior year of high school and all of my college. I did this by working as a city employee, as a member of the establishment. I am a pacifist and detest fighting, but I am a firm believer in self-defense.—*D.S., Lackland, Texas*

*A photograph of Grant Tracy Saxon, who wrote "The Happy Hustler," was mistakenly identified in the March Housecall.* **Penthouse** *regrets the error.*

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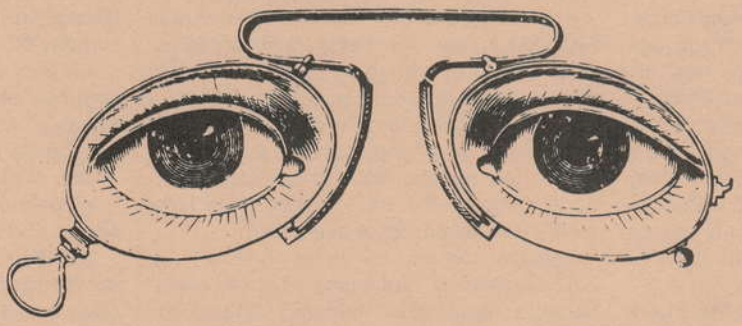


**TO OWN THEM IS TO KNOW THEM—NELSON ROCKEFELLER ON THE CIA**

When Gerald Ford chose Nelson Rockefeller to be his vice president, he was quick to point out that his nominee would come in handy. Rockefeller, Ford assured the evening news, was a man of many talents. The president told no lies. Nelson Rockefeller comes in handy just about anywhere he's used.

Less than a month after his confirmation the new vice president found a ready outlet for his skills. The Central Intelligence Agency was accused of spying stateside, and Rockefeller was called upon to head the Blue Ribbon Commission to Investigate the CIA. Ford was sure that Rockefeller was just the man to sort the charges out. A few folks have cried foul, pointing to the former New York governor's five-year stint on the committee that oversees the agency he is now to investigate. But Rockefeller views his appointment differently. His prior job was, he explained, all part of his "working knowledge of intelligence," and a central resource for a man conducting investigations such as the Blue Ribbon Commission. That kind of working knowledge shouldn't be squandered.

If it weren't for his family's business, Nelson Rockefeller might not know nearly as much about intelligence as he does. The Rockefellers' business is money—its management and its accumulation. In three generations the family has bought control of 250 billion dollars worth of corporations. It has also cornered one-half of the total of American private investments in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Inevitably, the CIA and the family business crossed paths early in the agency's career.

Allen Dulles was appointed director of the CIA in 1953—he came to government service straight from a job as a Rockefeller lawyer. That same year, the CIA, worried that the existing Iranian government might nationalize foreign investments, engineered a coup and replaced the premier with a former Nazi. Shortly thereafter, Standard Oil, the foundation of the Rockefellers' family business, began to tap Iranian oil reserves. In 1961, the same script was acted out in the Congo—Patrice Lumumba, that country's premier, was murdered by his own army and replaced by a soldier named Mobutu. In the aftermath of the Congolese revolution, David Rockefeller, chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank and Nelson's brother, led an expedition of businessmen into Mobutu-land to explore the "investment climate." It must have been good. Using Rockefeller financing, Pan Am acquired the local airline, AT&T built a subsidiary, Esso drilled for oil, and Standard of Indiana went into the copper business.

The *next* CIA director, John McCone, took over the reins of intelligence after working as a Standard Oil attorney. Following McCone's appointment the familiar pattern of CIA intervention in foreign governments recurred. Salvador Allende, the first Communist president in Chile's history, was overthrown by a CIA-financed coup in 1973. The year before, Allende had expropriated the Anaconda copper mines, an important wing of the Rockefellers' family business. Henry Kissinger—chairman of the security council that approved, and may even have ordered, CIA intervention in Chile—is a longtime Rockefeller family employee.

With a background like that, Nelson Rockefeller is establishing a whole new level of expertise in government service. He is also insuring himself of a lot of work in the future. It will be nearly impossible to convene any more commissions without calling on Nelson Rockefeller's mass of "working knowledge."

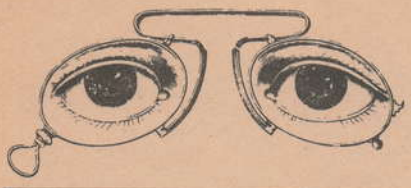
The commission on high interest rates will certainly need the counsel of a man whose family controls 20 percent of the banks in the United States. It would be foolish to pass over his experience. And the commission on gas prices is a natural, too. The Rockefeller family has controlling interests in Standard, Mobil, Amoco, Arco, Esso, American, Citgo, Exxon, and Humble oil companies.

If Gerald Ford decides to take on the insurance companies, we can all rest easy knowing he has expert help. The Rockefellers have their hands on one-quarter of all the life insurance sold in this country.

After that we can look forward to the Blue Ribbon Commission on Consumer Prices. With Nelson Rockefeller in the administration, Gerald Ford has the inside track here as well. The vice president is one of the owners of Mazola Corn Oil, Karo Syrup, Kleenex, Nuco Margarine, Kotex Sanitary Napkins, Skippy Peanut Butter, Best Food Mayonnaise, Orange Crush, and the American Sugar Company.

It's hard to imagine that the commission on corporate taxation would get far without the man whose company, Standard Oil of Ohio, earned $66 million last year and paid no taxes. Or that the commission on the distribution of wealth would be complete without the leadership of a man whose family's personal fortune is larger than the total worth of 100 million Americans. And just think how useful the vice president could be to the commission on urban renewal and safer neighborhoods. The Rockefeller Pocantico Hills estate, which is staffed by five hundred servants and protected by thirty-five armed guards, covers five square miles and is surrounded by electric barbed wire. Living like that must have taught Nelson Rockefeller a lot. It's a shame not to put his knowledge to good use.

Gerald Ford made a shrewd appointment: whatever the subject, Nelson Rockefeller knows it like he owns it.—*David Harris*



# HAPPENINGS

**PEOPLE'S BICENTENNIAL**

Imagine George Washington at Valley Forge. Snow. Misery. Hunger. A bummer. The troops desperately need shelter. George and his aides have been working on the problem all night. Suddenly General Washington looks up, inspired. "I've got it!" he says. "We'll make it a condominium, give a five-percent down-payment credit for vets, call it Revolution City, and cut the Redcoats in for seven and a half off the top, if they leave us alone till it's amortized."

Or Nathan Hale saying: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country—but since there is only one, I'm glad it's insured by . . ."

At a cost of at least ten million taxpayers' dollars a year, a bunch of bureaucrats in Washington are trying to create an image of the American Revolution that would make both of those fantasies quite plausible. The official line of the government's Bicentennial Commission is flatly and exclusively that the American Revolution was fought to make the world safe not for democracy but for business, and that business, particularly Big Business, is the proud and proper inheritor of the American revolutionary tradition.

One group of Americans (usually called radical by the media) has a different view. They honestly think that the American Revolution was the right-on, radical overthrow of a tyranny and that it sprang in large measure from a thoroughly radical and populist sentiment against Big Government *and* Big Business.

At a cost (raised from contributions) of only $200,000 a year, the People's Bicentennial Commission, operating out of not much more than a couple of broom closets at 1346 Connecticut Avenue in Washington, D.C. (20036), is not only pushing the populist version of the Revolution but, so far, has outpaced, outdone, outproduced, and outraged the government's official efforts at every turn.

The government maintains plush offices, pays fat salaries, and launches such revolutionary ventures as a Freedom Train that features among its exhibits the original Howdy Doody puppet from the old kids' show. The People's Bicentennial Commission rolls along with a staff of eight men and women (who each get $85 a week). In spite of the multimillion-dollar Big Business flackery of the government, its total efforts to date have lagged far, far behind the private-sector people's commission. The PBC

- Develops educational materials and action programs for organizations as different as the Campfire Girls, the National Council of Churches, labor organizations, and neighborhood groups;
- Backs up independent PBC's in twenty-five states (there are thousands of individual supporters in all fifty states);
- Puts on daily radio shows ("The Voices of '76") over 924 stations;
- Puts on a TV series featuring such stars as Jon Voight, Robert Vaughn, Quincy Jones, George Burns, and Barry Sullivan over 102 stations covering most metropolitan areas;
- Is publishing nine books with such major commercial publishers as Bantam, Simon & Schuster, McGraw-Hill;
- Sends newspaper feature material to 14,000 publications;
- Operates a touring show of films, workshops, and seminars.

For their trouble, they get some dubious compliments. Arch Booth, head of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, has condemned the PBC because of its attacks on Big Business (all of which are based upon similar attacks launched by the Founding Fathers) and because the PBC is, in his words, the first organization of the sort "to really reach middle America."

The conservative columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick lambasted the PBC for being against Big Business, but then had to admit that "PBC is a lot closer to the true spirit of '76 than the promoters, politicians, and public-relations men in charge of the [White House] Commission."

But it is the official law-enforcement agencies that really seem to be most concerned about PBC. The idea of people in 1975 acting like the colonists of 1776 doesn't strike them as cool at all. The Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, for instance, has set aside a million dollars to aid local police in suppressing Bicentennial celebrations that might get out of hand.

In particular, they have their guns (literally) aimed at some bicentennial celebrating that is scheduled to occur on April 19th when the PBC sponsors a commemoration of the shot heard round the world, right in the area where the shot was fired—at Lexington and Concord, in Massachusetts. Planned as a day when ordinary working Americans can get together to air their grievances against the economy, corporate rip-offs, monopoly, and government red tape (sugar prices will be a main target, just as they were at the time of the Revolution), the April 19th rally is described by the PBC as a giant family day for patriotic Americans with particular gripes. Posters and other materials emphasize the peaceful and orderly purpose of the day-long session; they encourage those attending to bring the kiddies along.

Notwithstanding the peaceful plans of the PBC, the FBI and other federal agencies are said to be planning for the event as an army might prepare for an invasion, with troops and tanks standing by and enough firepower to start a real war, much less put down a

family picnic. What worries PBC staffers is that no matter how hard they work to make the day as friendly as possible, the federal preparations for trouble might turn out to be some sort of self-fulfilling prophecy.

It's no wonder, of course, that government officials and the PBC don't see eye to eye. In Pennsylvania, for instance, where the original Declaration of Independence was signed, the director of the state's own official Bicentennial Commission has called a special committee together to write a new preamble to the Declaration of Independence to make it "acceptable." The original, he has been quoted as saying, is "a pretty revolutionary document . . . a lot of people [would be] unwilling to sign it." The PBC, on the other hand, emblazons the Declaration on all its publications, and uses its spirit to attack those people who want to make the Bicentennial just another way to turn a fast buck with red, white, and blue automobiles.

As one of the PBC's recent publications put it, using Sam Adams's words of 1776: "Let us disappoint the men who are raising themselves upon the ruin of this country."

Or, as Tom Jefferson said in 1814: "I hope we shall crush in its birth the aristocracy of our moneyed corporations."

Interestingly enough, in the best tradition of free private enterprise, you'd have to say that the PBC's anticorporate, common-people approach is outselling the government's Big Business Bicentennial. And, thanks to them, there is a free choice between *which* American Revolution *you* are going to celebrate over the next two years.—*Karl Hess*

# L A STAR REVISITED

**When last we left the sexually liberated *LA Star* (January "Happenings"), all manner of governmental woe had attempted to ruin the tiny newspaper. But the *Star* has been plugging on manfully. Well, sexfully at least.**

**It seems the very first thing the *LA Star* did was to publish a letter from a fan of TV and movie star Angie Dickinson. Accompanying the letter was a photomontage, with a full-face photo of Angie atop the body of a woman who was artlessly displaying her various genitalia.**

**The *LA Star* had hit a nerve.**

**The nerve, unfortunately, was in the police department. Angie Dickinson is the star of television's "Policewoman," and the department was prepared to take care of its own. In fact, the police quickly got Miss Dickinson to okay a criminal complaint against the *Star*.**

**As *Star* publisher Paul Eberle was leaving the office one night, "Two rough-looking guys stepped up to me and said they had a warrant to search the body of Paul Eberle, the body of a white Caucasian female, Shirley Eberle, and the offices of the *Star*." (Paul was not exaggerating about their rough looks—a doctor in the same building called the Beverly Hills police when he saw them in the elevator. Of course, they turned out to be the LA police.)**

**The raid began with just two cops. Finally, however, there were ten of them—the longhairs going through the pictures and editorial matter and the older policemen ("the heavies" says Eberle) going through the *Star*'s financial and business files. Also, there was one policewoman along just to search Shirley Eberle.**

**The next day the *LA Star* hit the PR trail. And the news-media response was across the board. "They never took much interest in us before," says Paul. "We're not very fashionable. But they didn't like the spectacle of a newspaper office being raided by police."**

**Indeed, the media did not like such a spectacle, and the whole affair backfired in the face of the police department. Angie Dickinson was so embarrassed by the whole silly incident that she immediately refused to have anything to do with a prosecution. And the *Star* had made cozy inroads with the media at last. Today, Paul Eberle is being invited to speak at media organization meetings, colleges and universities, and civic clubs. The *Star*'s circulation is up; so is advertising.**

**Actually, Paul was the only one of the *Star* family to be arrested. That came the day after the raid. The cops were also looking for Mickey Leblovic (copublisher) and Shirley Eberle, but they spent the night on the lam, so to speak, at the house of a friend of Angie Dickinson.**

**"The insanity of all this," says Paul, "is that it's like an enema for lung cancer. Sex and dope are just not the great problems of our time."—*John Gibson***

# FILMS

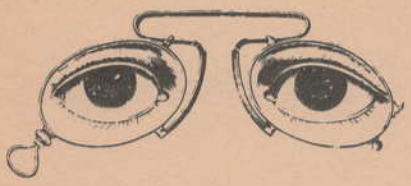
### OLD TIMES

Exceptions notwithstanding, it seems entirely possible that the current veneration of old times in three out of every four new movies, from *Gatsby* to *Godfather II*, will finally prove the dullest single idea in the history of cinema. I know it makes money. In the movies —consider *Sound of Music*, *The Trial of Billy Jack*, etc.—dull things often do. And I know it's nothing new. The past has been an integral part of film since *Birth of a Nation* and before. But it has been a past wholly useful, adaptable to the thinking of the present. If Hollywood's view of history has mostly seemed ridiculously naïve, it has also had some inspired insights to redeem it.

Now it has . . . well, I'm not sure what. Inspired window dressing, misty focus, and a depressing taste for the artier reaches of virtually monochromatic color. The difference between the past that animates any of the great John Ford westerns of just twenty years ago—say, *The Searchers*—and the past that decorates any of last season's successes—say, *Murder on the Orient Express*—is the difference between history felt and understood and history merely checked for style. An elementary truth governs all escapist entertainment: there are no escapes. Everything leads us back to ourselves and where we are now. In the great works, there is a process of discovery, a self-discovery. But in most of the past season's movies it has been merely a waste of time.

But, having attacked the fashion, I shall now praise two of its examples—the first because it truly meditates upon history; the other because it understands in the best American tradition that history is bunk, and all you can do is repeat it. Alain Resnais' *Stavisky* and Billy Wilder's *The Front Page* have nothing in common except their energy, their freedom from dim pseudoreverence, and the fact that they happen to share this review.

Memory has always been Alain Resnais' subject. In *Stavisky* he attaches it to a particular public history, and so objectifies it. Serge Alexandre Stavisky, 1886–1934, the son of a respectable dentist, parlayed a career as a minor-league swindler into the perpetration of a fraudulent bond scheme so grandiose and important that after its discovery and his death (either by suicide or police murder) a whole government had to resign, there were bloody riots in Paris, and the French Third Republic suffered a blow to its stability from which it never recovered, right up to the Nazi invasion in 1940. Stavisky—at least the Stavisky of the movie—never thought less than very big, whether as theatrical entrepreneur, a powerful lover of women, or, at least in his own deluded fancy, a genuine financial innovator, able to lead Europe out of the Great Depression. For Resnais and scenarist Jorge Semprun he is indeed two men: the charming Serge Alexandre, who buys politicians, controls newspapers, and showers his beautiful wife with diamonds, and Sacha Stavisky, the petty crook who broke his middle-class immi-



Charles Boyer and Anny Duperey in new Alain Resnais film
*Placing ordinary lives within a properly glamorous obscurity*

grant father's heart by his life in crime and then never managed to suppress his guilt.

Psychoanalysis, like historical analysis, plays an important part in *Stavisky*, but most people on first seeing the movie will be primarily aware of its visual opulence, its rich and haunting Stephen Sondheim musical score, and the grace and decency of its performances (especially that of Jean-Paul Belmondo—a superb casting against type—as Stavisky, but also those of Charles Boyer as his courtly, loyal, slightly foolish aristocratic friend Baron Raoul; Anny Duperey as his wife Arlette; and Claude Rich as Bonny, the police inspector who effectively tracks him down). For those who know no other Resnais movies, this first experience will probably be a bit confusing. Resnais' method includes a considerable editorial agility, with a certain number of flashes forward out of the film's commonsense time scheme. These dislocations are fairly slight, but they are rapid and frequent enough to have upset some critics, who wanted less method and more matter—though in Resnais' films (*Hiroshima mon amour*, *Last Year at Marienbad*, *Muriel*, *La Guerre est finie*, etc.) the method generally *is* the matter, and the end is not so much to clear things up as to place events and sometimes rather ordinary lives within a properly glamorous obscurity.

Nothing in *Stavisky* is really all that difficult. Resnais has said that he sees the movie as in part a homage to two of the cinema's consummate stylists, Ernst Lubitsch and Max Ophuls, and in its appreciation of intricate luxury it surely is that. The look of roadside trees reflected by early morning light in the polished chrome of a deluxe touring car speeding toward the south of France; of banks of white flowers filling a hotel bedroom; of vermilion lips and large dark eyes in a pale face of heartbreaking loveliness; or of blood dropping into snow—the film's images all but preempt explanation, shading as they do from glistening beauty into a beautiful evocation of death. Every celebration is a kind of funeral. For Serge Alexandre—who lives in the shadow of his father's suicide—each gesture seems to point toward the grave.

And beyond the personal dramas there is a sweep of history, about which the film suggests but never exactly declares a point of view. While Stavisky plays out his last hopeless manipulations of government and finance, the Russian revolutionary Leon Trotsky arrives in France, gains asylum for a while, and is then deported to continue his exile. A German girl (Silvia Badesco) tries out for a part in Stavisky's theater, and then drifts off into a liaison with a young follower of Trotsky. She, too, is an exile, in flight from Hitler's Germany, and—like Trotsky, like Stavisky—she is Jewish. In fact, at each level the film may be defined by its wandering Jews, people unassignable to any specific place or public attitude, symptoms of a world nearing a last great war.

Jean-Paul Belmondo as Stavisky
*Dreams and nightmares*

Stavisky's split personality is ultimately an abyss into which he can disappear—like Trotsky's odyssey or the German actress's disjointed career. To know him, someone says of Serge Alexandre, "you must dream about him—and imagine his dreaming." An absurdly high-flown suggestion, until you realize that half Stavisky's dreams must be nightmares and that through dreaming—and thieving—he becomes the fading consciousness of his fading age.

*Stavisky* plays elegant games with time; Billy Wilder's *The Front Page* virtually ignores it. An old play of no great quality by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, twice previously made into a movie (in 1931 by Lewis Milestone; in 1940—as *His Girl Friday*—by Howard Hawks), this was a film crying out not to be made. And yet it succeeds, despite its irrelevance, its overdone routines, its nonsense about life on a big-city newspaper. It succeeds partly because Jack Lemmon, as *Chicago Examiner* star reporter Hildy Johnson, and Walter Matthau, as his totally immoral managing editor, work so well together. Not even the moronic story situation—about how the editor schemes to ruin the reporter's impending marriage so he will be free to cover a hanging—can defeat the particular virtuosity with which those two feed each other lines.

*The Front Page* is mainly an opportunity for verbal fireworks. Howard Hawks deepened his version by making Hildy a woman and turning the journalistic combat into a kind of mental-sexual seduction. But Wilder mostly lightens things by making Matthau and Lemmon the perfect extension of one another's ambitions. Even more than Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant in the Hawks film, these two are made for each other—in what is, after all, the somewhat disreputable love story that keeps the city-room fast talk going. On the whole I like the Wilder approach better. Despite the influence of the director's well-known cynicism, the whole thing seems a bit more hopeful and less corrosive. In this movie absolutely nobody (except the condemned murderer) is innocent. The satisfactions

Walter Matthau in Billy Wilder remake *Seamy malevolence*

come not from seeing virtue rewarded, but from observing the machinations of such rewarding schemes.

Matthau could probably play this part in his sleep. He doesn't, but he does have the ability simply to stand there and exude seamy malevolence—the way John Wayne used to exude manly competence. So the script becomes an instrument, an extension of a personality that acts and to which everyone else responds. I don't know that I'd call it a great performance, but it is both an especially powerful one and tremendous fun to watch. Since *The Front Page* hasn't much mind of its own, it does well to accept a mind at its center —filling up the void with the glory on an unquenchable egotism.—*Roger Greenspun*

# WORDS

**AN AMERICAN FAMILY**

On the first day of the nineteenth century, a French nobleman landed at Newport, Rhode Island, with twelve relatives and many crates of household goods, including a piano. When the little band walked down the gangway they headed for the nearest house. Finding no one home, they broke in and helped themselves to a full meal.

The Du Ponts had entered American history—in their characteristic style. They are now the richest family in the world, at least according to Gerard Colby Zilg in *Du Pont: Behind the Nylon Curtain* (Prentice-Hall, $12.95). Moreover, Americans can hardly move without making them richer. Whenever we buy: high-test gasoline, a Dacron shirt, nylon hose, a General Motors car, Uniroyal tires, a Coke, Chiquita bananas, Domino sugar, a Remington rifle, and *anything* wrapped in cellophane, the Du Ponts get richer. And these are only a few familiar products of more than one hundred companies worth over $150 billion under direct family control, and of course the Du Ponts own significant blocks of stock in hundreds of other firms, including banks.

That the Du Ponts are wealthy is not news; no other American family has been so rich so long. But the actual figures tabulated by Zilg can still boggle the mind, and they raise the fascinating question of how the Du Ponts got that way. Oddly enough, it is only after 175 years that anyone has provided an answer that reveals more than this secretive clan wants known. Previous accounts have been "authorized" and were orchestrated to the theme of a beneficent chemical company producing—as its slogan has it—"better things for better living through chemistry."

Zilg dug deep for five years and accuses a power-hungry family that has used any available means—including industrial espionage, sabotage, and conspiracy against the government—to achieve the goals.

It was always and only the Family that mattered to the Du Ponts, even in the midst of vicious infighting. During their first years in the New World, the patriarch Pierre and his son Victor sought to improve an already comfortable fortune through a series of blue-sky speculations that failed, and it was Eleuthère Irénée the quiet younger brother who rescued the family's dwindling resources by turning to the obvious. The Du Ponts had owned a gunpowder mill in France before the Revolution drove them out, so Irénée, the only one who knew about powder-making, established a mill on Brandywine Creek in Delaware—a state the Du Ponts would come to own.

From then on the family's fortunes soared on the wings of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company. Fat profits from three American wars earned the family the epithet "Merchants of Death," but the Du Ponts have successfully managed to bury that image through public relations and diversification.

Diversification, however, produced the first rent in the nylon curtain. Never had a man outside the clan headed the original company, and old Pierre would rise from his grave if he knew that the current chairman of E. I. du Pont de Nemours is a Jewish lawyer named Irving S. Shapiro, not even remotely related to a Du Pont. The real power, though, remains in the Family.

**THE CHRONIC COMICS**

You want to learn about suffering, you hang out with stand-up comics. Sick! But a ball!

I don't know how long Phil Berger has been hanging out, but he's in solid. In *The Last Laugh: The World of the Stand-up Comics* (Morrow, $8.95), Phil meets the agony and the ecstasy up close with a style that zigs and zags with the purposefulness of a broken-field runner and charges on with headlong impatience. He's in such a hurry that he will stiff-arm a sentence with "bah bah bah" when he figures you've gotten the gist of it.

To make a living by making people laugh, using only the tools of word and gesture available to conversation, must be the most hyped way of life our Methedrine culture has invented. Where's the monarch who has tasted the power of producing with only a word involuntary spasms throughout his realm? And where's the galley slave who has known the torture of peeling his own hide off before an inquisition of hostile drunks?

Laughter is a drug rush, and a few comics like Lenny Bruce have resorted to the pharmacopoeia to combat the withdrawal agonies between laughs. The mere hope of a laugh-fix can keep a true comic going through a long sordid life.

*The Last Laugh* opens in 1944, when fifteen-year-old Adam Keefe was gigging in barrooms along with an insane variety of acts booked for "amateur nights." And it goes on to cover all the greats and also a gaggle of far-out unknowns. The book closes in 1974, with Keefe back at the scene of his youth, being introduced with the big-time credits he had garnered in the years between.

He's on: "Thank you for announcing that I've been to the heights and am now back to the depths."

And with the laughs starting to come, Adam Keefe goes back to work.—*Norman Hoss*

# SOUNDS

**TANYA TUCKER, THE CHILD BITCH OF C&W**

Rock has always had its Frankie Lymons and classical music its Yehudi Menuhins, but children, prodigies or otherwise, have not fared as well in country music. It is rare to find country artists who achieve any kind of success while still in their teens. Dolly Parton cut her first record at the age of thirteen, but it wasn't until she was twenty-one that she had her first hit. Jean Shepard and Barbara Fairchild had hits at the age of eighteen, Elvis Presley and Lynn Anderson at nineteen—they are as close as you can get to child prodigies in country music. Of course, there's Brenda Lee, who hit the country charts with "One Step at a Time" when she was twelve in 1957. That was a fluke, though, and Brenda Lee was never a real country star. Since that first record, she has had over fifty pop hits and only four songs on the country charts. (Last year, at the age of twenty-nine, she returned to the country Top Twenty for the first time since 1957 with "Big Four-Poster Bed.")

It wasn't until 1972 that country music got its first real child star, a thirteen-year-old girl from the Southwest named Tanya Denise Tucker. In less than three years, she has topped the country charts half a dozen times, and, as her daddy, Bo Tucker, recently put it, "That little girl's gon' be a millionaire by the time she's sixteen."

There has probably never been a child superstar quite like Tanya Tucker. There is very little Shirley Temple in her persona. She wears tight leather instead of taffeta, and she sings of murder and rape instead of the good ship *Lollipop*. She is a grotesquerie of sorts: part baby and part bitch, part brat and part jailbait. People who have dealt with her have described her as stupid, bright, snotty, darling, boring, salacious, charming, and dumb. She dropped out of high school during her freshman year, has pimples, and is no longer impressed by receiving anything less than $5,000 for a night's work. If you offer her a beer, she'll tell you she only drinks Michelob (the *ne plus ultra* of class beers, someone once told her), and she doesn't like pastrami (she's tried it but, yech, too fatty). Little old ladies from the Beehive State write to tell her how cute she is, while some radio stations have banned her records because they feel it's not right for a young girl to be singing such spread-legged songs.

Tanya's debut album, *Delta Dawn*, contained nothing really outrageous. In fact, a lot of people thought it plain silly to hear a thirteen-year-old singing stuff like, "If you think it's hard in this day and time/To hold your man like I've been holdin' mine" ("Love's the Answer"), or, "Well, I packed his bags and I kicked him out/We were havin' bad times" ("If You Touch Me"). Others found something more than mildly distasteful about a pubescent kid whining the lyrics of "Delta Dawn," a subtle glimpse of insanity and Gothic decadence, when she obviously had no idea what she was singing about. But it seems that such was the key to Tanya's success—the unlikely marriage of Grown-up lyrics to her Little Girl mouth—and "Delta Dawn" went down as her first hit.

Things got stranger with *What's Your Mama's Name*, her second LP. The title cut, reminiscent in its elusive moodiness of "Delta Dawn," concerned a man's demented search for a daughter he had never seen, a search interpreted by the local police as a case of pedophilia. "Horseshoe Bend" was a first-person account of defloration: "... when he laid me down upon your banks and made this girl a woman." "Blood Red and Goin' Down," one of the most awesome country songs in recent years, dealt with the murder of a woman and her lover at the hands of the woman's enraged husband, as seen through the eyes of a confused young daughter.

A third album, *Would You Lay with Me (in a Field of Stone)*, had a few new twists. Notorious from the day of its release, the title song, written by ex-con-turned-country-singer David Allan Coe, was a blend of austere imagery and implicit sexuality. In "Bed of Roses," Tanya sang the lament of a child whore. Going one step further than her defloration song on the second LP, here a tune called "No Man's Land" dealt with nothing less than the rape of a juicy young virgin.

Intermixed with all this gore, soap opera, and carnality are morsels of old-fashioned corn. On the album that contains the infamous "Would You Lay with Me (in a Field of Stone)," we find "I Believe the South Is Gonna Rise Again," an embarrassingly trite gesture to racial egalitarianism that might have been jotted down verbatim from the speech of some Miss America also-ran. "Rainy Girl," the only song in Tanya's repertoire that she herself wrote, is a stale piece of bubble gum with all the salience of a Petula Clark B-side. Such a mixture of corn and turpitude is disorienting. It is MOR gone berserk. Like Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*, Tanya is kandy kitsch driven by possession to spew forth the pea soups of sex and violence. Her live performances seem to play upon such a possession: she moves awkwardly, like a puppet; her pelvic gyrations seem to be based upon nothing more experiential than a mail-order course in dry-humping. On the cover of her third LP, she sits loosely cross-legged with her gown hitched up above her knees, girl cleavage peeking from her cotton top—a classically sexy pose. Yet, you see the look on her face and it seems obvious she's thinking about how badly she has to go to the bathroom.

Tanya is sixteen years old now. Soon her prodigy years will be over, and with them the jolt value of the Grown-up lyrics paired with the Little Girl mouth. She has already been lured away from Columbia Records by MCA, and perhaps her work with MCA will go in a different direction. In any case, her age will soon cease to be a factor, and she will be judged by the same standards that apply to Loretta Lynn and the rest of country's sweethearts. Thanks to Tanya's superstardom, her sister LaCosta has been signed by Capitol. Older and more musically sophisticated than Tanya, LaCosta will doubtless have to dwell a spell in her sister's shadow, but it might be interesting to see which of the two sisters shines brighter in years to come.

Billy Sherrill, the man who unleashed Tanya on country music, has already got himself a new bantling, a thirteen-year-old actress-model named Brenda Smith. "There Is a Place" is her first record on Epic, coauthored by Texas Jewboy Kinky Friedman. On it, a full-voiced Brenda Smith carols the joys of a surreal love land "where Marilyn still dances with DiMaggio." It is not known at this point whether or not she likes pastrami.—*Nick Tosches*

Nashville's Tanya Tucker
*Gore, carnality, and old-fashioned corn*

**PHILADELPHIA STORY**

When W. C. Fields declared "I'd rather be dead than in Philadelphia," it had the ring of an eternal truth. Right now, however, people in the rock 'n' roll business couldn't disagree more. Today's Philadelphia Sound—frothy, romantic, semi-symphonic soul music—has dominated the pop charts for over a year. Philly has outpaced Detroit, Memphis, and LA for the title of Soul Capital of the recording industry. In the process, the Philadelphia Sound has resurrected the careers of such singers as Johnny Mathis and Dionne Warwicke, as well as conferring long-deserved stardom on veteran groups like the O'Jays, the Bluenotes, and the Spinners.

"Some people say what goes around comes around," sing the Spinners and they should know, having been together some twenty years. These days, four of the original five Spinners and lead singer Phillippe Wynne form the hottest vocal group around. On top of a pair of million-dollar albums and a half-dozen gold singles ("Mighty Love" and "Then Came You," on which they accompany Dionne Warwicke's return to the hit charts), they seem assured of continued success with their latest LP, titled for commercial purposes *New and Improved*.

Second-billed to the Temptations at last year's Apollo Theater Easter show, the mighty Spinners demonstrated the supremacy of the Philadelphia Sound by scoring a first-round, technical knockout of Motown's finest. They easily outscored the Temptations with fast footwork, vivid vocals, and broad impersonations of the likes of Al Green and Diana Ross and the Supremes. To prove that their triumph was no fluke, the Spinners returned to the Apollo as headliners for Thanksgiving. This time it was the bespectacled Wynne who dazzled the sellout crowds, weaving inspired lead lines in a voice that echoed the sweet soul of Sam Cooke, Billy Stewart's jazz-inspired phrasing, and the improvisational skills of the classic bluesmen. Capturing the group's onstage exuberance is the difficult objective of a "live" album now in the works.

Philadelphia's pop charms are nothing new. Over the years, the city has managed to produce strings of hit records when other major music centers suffered from droughts of inspiration, and, coincidentally, when the nation faced economic uncertainty. Back in the late Fifties, in the midst of the "You Auto Buy Now" recession, Philly gave us Fabian, Frankie Avalon, and Dick Clark's TV show, which promoted local stars and dance styles. During a Kennedy business slump in the early Sixties, the Cradle of Independence provided us with Chubby Checker and the Twist. With discotheques and parties to dispel the recession blues, it's only natural that the Philly Sound should return—this time in its funkiest and most popular incarnation to date.

Thom Bell *Producer as superstar*

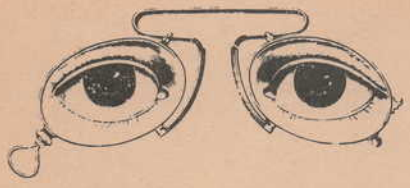
The current Philadelphia Sound combines a driving Latin-accented dance beat with syrupy movie-music strings and crisp big-band brass. It may be unashamedly escapist in its lush enveloping textures, yet some of its best songs include timely lyrics like the O'Jays's "For the Love of Money." The high-pitched vocal harmonies complement the elaborate theatrical arrangements and dramatic production techniques.

Producers and arrangers are the real superstars in the City of Brotherly Love. "The Sound of Philadelphia," now a registered trademark, belongs to the town's ace songwriting/producing team, Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff. Their work in the Sixties with the Intruders ("Cowboys to Girls") marked the beginning of the current Philly style. Though Gamble and Huff have been hitmakers for individual artists like Jerry Butler ("Only the Strong Survive"), Billy Paul ("Me and Mrs. Jones"), and even Laura Nyro (*Gonna Take a Miracle*, with Labelle), their best efforts have been with the groups on their own Philadelphia International label, earning Top Ten honors for the O'Jays ("Love Train"), Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes ("The Love I Lost"), and the Three Degrees ("When Will I See You Again"). Gamble and Huff also wrote the "TSOP" theme music for television's "Soul Train"—the Seventies's black version of "American Bandstand"—and then turned the big-band tune into a Number One single for MFSB, the group of studio musicians first assembled by Gamble and Huff at Sigma Sound Studios and now an essential ingredient at any Philadelphia recording session.

Just about all of today's top Philly producers got their start with Gamble and Huff. "Backstabbers," the O'Jays's first million-seller, was arranged by Thom Bell, originally a keyboard player for Kenny Gamble. In addition to being one of the founders of the pioneer Philadelphia group the Delfonics ("La La Means I Love You"), Bell, along with songwriting partner Linda Creed, also put together most of the chart successes for the Stylistics ("You Are Everything" and "You Make Me Feel Brand New"). When Johnny Mathis wanted a new sound, it was Bell who gave him a blacker emphasis on *I'm Coming Home*. As the head of his own newly formed label, Thunder Records, Thom Bell has stopped working on outside projects, except for his continuing fourteen-carat production of the Spinners.

The production Rookie of the Year for 1974, (another former Gamble and Huff arranger and sometimes MFSB rhythm guitarist), Norman Harris scored impressively with two gangster-of-love-themed albums for the fiery

Spinners in concert *Scoring against Motown's finest*



females in First Choice (*Armed and Extremely Dangerous*, *The Player*), and a pair of circus-of-life hits for Blue Magic ("Sideshow" and "Three-Ring Circus"). On his own record label, Golden Fleece, Harris has released several disco favorites by the Trammps ("Where Do We Go From Here"), featuring Earl Young, who doubles as a drummer for MFSB. Bobby Martin, arranger extraordinaire and MFSB conductor, has also stepped out on his own, producing an eclectic Philly album for the Manhattans (*That's How Much I Love You*).

These days, the Philadelphia Sound is no longer confined to that city. New York producers Hugo & Luigi, who used to work with Sam Cooke, have been responsible for the Stylistics's recent hits ("Let's Put It All Together" and "Love Is the Answer"). Philly's most promising new group, Sister Sledge, recorded their debut LP in the Manhattan studio of Atlantic Records under the direction of Tony Sylvester. At the same time, LA's own particularly successful brand of orchestral soul music is the first cousin of the Philadelphia style.

O'Jays and the return of the Philly Sound
*Combining movie-music strings and big-band brass*

As the home of Philly soul, Sigma Sound Studios has become a mecca for established recording stars. B. B. King's straightforward instrumental homage, "Philadelphia," was a finely wrought parody of "TSOP" and a hit in its own right. Elton John is one of Philly's biggest fans and David Bowie's latest album is leading the way. It's just a matter of time before the rock Who's Who beats a yellow brick path to Sigma's door.

The Philadelphia Sound has also become a major American export. Like the Detroit and Memphis sounds before it, Philly soul is a solid favorite in England. The Three Degrees were full-fledged stars there long before they ever gained wide U.S. exposure. For an idea of how rabid the British fans can be, listen to them cheer despite mediocre performances by Billy Paul and the O'Jays on their *Live in London* LP. Meanwhile, off in the Far East, the Stylistics have just completed a major tour of the Philippines and Japan, where they happen to be the top vocal group on the pop charts.

There is one cloud on the Philadelphia horizon—a Newark Federal grand jury that has been investigating the record industry "drugola" scandal for over eighteen months. Rumors persist that government prosecutors have targeted Philly's black-owned labels for especially close scrutiny. The payola investigations of the late Fifties also aimed at Philadelphia. Last time around, however, public accusations brought no convictions—only the end of a thriving music scene. Will history be repeated? That's the chilling cliff-hanger in the latest episode of the Philadelphia Sound story.—*Steve Ditlea*

# SHORT TAKES

**CURRENT RELEASES**

*Everything I Feel in Me*/Aretha Franklin (Atlantic SD 18116). Aretha Franklin is in the midst of a particularly productive and mature phase of her career. After an initial burst as Lady Soul, she settled back into a period of groping around for something new. That period produced several dull albums. However, the last two albums have been straightforward, confident, and deliberate. She feels at ease with the big horn and string arrangements provided by Arif Mardin, and she has begun to wail and moan just like in the old days of the soul explosion.

*Heart Like a Wheel*/Linda Ronstadt (Capitol ST 11358). Prior to this album, Linda Ronstadt never quite hit the nail on the head. Her previous albums were nothing to be ashamed of, but they were reflections of her own uncertainties. In this *Heart Like a Wheel* album she has come so close she is awarded the cigar. First off, it is a brilliant selection of songs. Secondly, it is an inspired and inspiring performance. If "Faithless Love" doesn't melt your heart into a puddle, then something is wrong with one of us. "You're No Good" is, of course, getting heavy airplay and is worthy of the attention. Each cut has something special. Worth twice the money.

*The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway*/Genesis (ATCO 2-401). Genesis' studio albums never sound as good as what they do onstage. They continue in that tradition with this LP, a curiously ambitious work about a New York City boy named Rael, who has dreams, delusions, and visions about Upper Broadway. Genesis' sound is large, baroque, and colorful. But on their records the dramatics sometimes get in the way of the dynamics. The group adamantly refuses to call themselves a rock-and-roll band. They can rock, but they often break the rhythm for a turn into fantasy.

*Dark Horse*/George Harrison (Apple SMAS 3418). George Harrison's last tour included a stop in the LA Forum where he got angry at the crowd for not getting into his new music properly. He then lectured for a few poignant minutes on his new band's merits over the Beatles. This new album goes a long way toward proving that the Beatles *were* better. Technically speaking, this *Dark Horse* album may be the sort of thing a musician daydreams about, but for mere mortals it is boring, tedious, and beside the point.

*For You*/Eddie Kendricks (Tamla T6-335). This new Eddie Kendricks album is merely a sign of Kendricks marking time and covering it up with flashy packaging. Eddie Kendricks is a remarkable singer, and it is more than a little disappointing to find him singing things like "If" and "Time in a Bottle." The cuts are generally long on sentiment and a little shopworn for anyone but an MOR singer.

*Relayer*/Yes (Atlantic SD 18122). Since Rick Wakeman paraded off to solo ventures, the Yes guitars have replaced the sweeping synthesizer nicely. But Yes is still devoted to baroque grandeur, three-dimensional space, and their tradition of taking themselves awfully seriously. Much of the time, Yes seems to be performing simply to prove their virtuosity, and some wonder why they don't just get to the point. Occasionally they do, as in the third part of "The Gates of Delirium," a touchingly calm, languorous passage. But such moments are all too uncommon for Yes.

*Get Up With It*/Miles Davis (Columbia KG 33236). This two-record set is, in part, Miles Davis's reaction to the death of Duke Ellington. The album makes no attempt to explain itself except to say "for Duke." "He Loved Him Madly" takes all of side one, and it is a grieved, raw, painful work. Another, "Calypso Frelimo" is side three—an instrumental chant inlaid with Ellington's phrases that are whispers of melody here. It is never easy to listen to but is nonetheless a great work.—*John Gibson*

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Penthouse presents the first scientific evidence from CBS tapes that the alleged assassin of President Kennedy was telling the truth when he said, "I didn't shoot anybody."

# LEE HARVEY OSWALD WAS INNOCENT

By George O'Toole

The assassination of Napoleon Bonaparte was a perfect crime: it went undiscovered for 140 years. There had been rumors and suspicions, of course. Napoleon himself wrote, just three weeks before his death, "My death is premature. I have been assassinated by the English oligarchy." But the official autopsy report stated that Napoleon died from natural causes, and there the matter rested for nearly a century and a half.

In 1961 two Swedish researchers decided to investigate the death of Napoleon through the use of one of the newest weapons in the arsenal of forensic science, a technique known as neutron activation analysis. They obtained some strands of hair taken from the head of the exiled emperor immediately after his death. With the help of a scientist at the University of Glasgow, the Swedes placed these hairs in a nuclear reactor at Britain's Harwell atomic-research laboratory and subjected them to a beam of neutrons. After twenty-four hours the specimens were sent to Glasgow for analysis.

The irradiated hairs yielded up their secret. They contained over ten times the normal amount of arsenic. Additional samples of Napoleon's hair were then obtained, and the experiment was repeated. This time the hair was cut into segments, each corresponding to two weeks' growth. The distribution of arsenic in the segments showed that the exile of St. Helena had received regular doses of the poison during the last year of his life. The Swedish and Scots researchers were convinced: Napoleon Bonaparte had been slowly poisoned to death by his jailers.

There is, of course, no doubt that the death of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas was an assassination; yet, like the death of Napoleon, the event has been obscured by questions and doubts. During the ten years since the assassination, the facts have been sifted again and again, first by the Warren Commission and then by a host of independent investigators. Few of the latter have been able to agree with the official conclusions of the commission, but none has offered a satisfactory account of what really happened on that November after-

noon in Dallas. With the passage of time, the details of the controversy have dimmed in our minds, leaving a dull residue of doubt and a despair of ever learning the truth. And yet we may hope that, as with the assassination of Napoleon Bonaparte, new scientific discoveries will perhaps someday shed some light on the murder of John Kennedy. It was just this hope that I began to cherish when I first heard of a remarkable device called the Psychological Stress Evaluator.

There is no simple way of stating accurately in lay terms what the Psychological Stress Evaluator (or PSE) is or what it does. But if the precision of scientific language can be abandoned for a moment, it can be said that the PSE is a new type of lie detector that works through the medium of the voice.

I first heard of the Psychological Stress Evaluator in 1972, when I met two of its inventors, Allan D. Bell, Jr. and Charles R. McQuiston. Bell and McQuiston, both former lieutenant colonels, retired from army intelligence several years ago to form a company called Dektor Counterintelligence and Security, Inc. It was a logical second career for the two men. Both are experts in the technology of espionage and either one could pick the lock on your front door in less time than it takes you to find your key. Colonel Bell wears a Black Belt in karate, is an accomplished swordsman and small-arms expert, and has a dozen inventions to his credit, from antibugging devices to a miniaturized microdot camera. McQuiston is one of the foremost polygraph experts in the U.S., a specialist in radio and audio surveillance, and a qualified locksmith.

The PSE grew from an effort to improve the polygraph. Standard polygraphs measure four variables: pulse, blood pressure, respiration, and perspiration. Some also measure additional physiological variables. The more variables measured, the more reliable the polygraph.

Bell and McQuiston discovered that the frequencies composing the human voice are not fixed; they shift very slightly from eight to fourteen times every second. But when the speaker is under stress, this normal frequency modulation disappears. What remains are the pure component frequencies of the voice. And a strong indication that the speaker is lying.

The two men developed a device to detect this phenomenon and planned to use it as an additional "channel" on the polygraph. Then they discovered that the new variable was so reliable and accurate a measure of psychological stress there was really no need to measure the other polygraph variables.

Freed from the necessity of strapping the subject into a chair, stretching a pneumographic tube across his chest, gluing electrodes to his palms, and clamping his arm with a blood-pressure cuff, Bell and McQuiston found the PSE to be much more versatile than the polygraph. Because it can work from a telephone or tape recorder, the PSE can be used without the knowledge or even the physical presence of the subject.

Sound-recording technology is almost a century old (Edison invented the phonograph in 1877), and an enormous amount of history is stored away in the sound archives of the world. There are scores of mysteries from the past hundred years that could be cleared up once and for all if the related interviews, public pronouncements, and press conferences could be retrieved from the archives and subjected to the scrutiny of the PSE. But none of these mysteries can compare in terms of sinister murkiness, frustrating paradox, or sheer historical impact to the question of what really happened in Dealey Plaza at 12:30 P.M., central standard time, November 22, 1963.

Throughout the long afternoon and evening of that November 22, the reporters poured into Dallas. Nearly every major newspaper, wire service, and television network was represented. In the homicide and robbery bureau on the third floor of Dallas police headquarters, a police captain and agents of the FBI and Secret Service were questioning Lee Harvey Oswald. Outside in the corridor, television cameramen were setting up their equipment and newsmen were beginning to assemble. As the evening wore on, more than one hundred reporters jammed into the narrow third-floor hallway.

Inside the homicide and robbery bureau—according to reports by the Dallas police, the FBI, and the Secret Service—Oswald was advised of his rights to legal representation and to remain silent, and that any statement he made could be used against him in a court of law. Sometime during that night, Oswald was asked about the shootings, and he emphatically denied killing either President Kennedy or Dallas police officer J. D. Tippit. He refused to discuss the assassination with the FBI agents until he was represented by an attorney. When he was asked to submit to a polygraph examination, he refused to do so until he had had an opportunity to consult a lawyer.

Several times during the evening, Oswald was taken under guard from the third-floor office to appear in lineups and to be arraigned for the murder of Officer Tippit. At midnight he was taken to the basement for a brief and confused "press conference." Whenever Oswald was brought out of the third-floor office, the reporters elbowed forward, vying with each other to get a statement from the prisoner. In answer to their shouted questions, Oswald expressed bewilderment at his situation and protested that he had not been allowed legal representation. When asked if he had killed the president, Oswald replied that he had not. Although nothing he said in the police interrogation room was recorded, the newsmen's microphones captured Oswald's statements in the corridor and at the press conference. At least two of his claims to innocence were recorded on tape.

He couldn't have known it at the time, but when Oswald spoke those words, he was taking a test. Seven years would pass before the lie detector would be invented that could actually test for the subtle and inaudible vocal clues that are evidence of truth or deception. Another three years would elapse before anyone used the Psychological Stress Evaluator to test Oswald's denials that he killed President Kennedy. In 1973, I obtained copies of those recordings and processed them with the PSE.

The CBS tapes contained this brief exchange between Oswald and the newsmen, recorded at the midnight press conference in the basement of police headquarters:

> Oswald: I positively know nothing about this situation here. I would like to have legal representation.
>
> Reporter: [unintelligible]
>
> Oswald: Well, I was questioned by a judge. However, I protested at that time that I was not allowed legal representation during that very short and sweet hearing. I really don't know what this situation is about. Nobody has told me anything, except that I'm accused of murdering a policeman. I know nothing more than that. I do request someone to come forward to give me legal assistance.
>
> Reporter: Did you kill the president?
>
> Oswald: No, I have not been charged with that. In fact, nobody has said that to me yet. The first thing I heard about it was when the newspaper reporters in the hall asked me that question.

The press conference was held under circumstances very unfavorable for stress-deception analysis. Oswald was shackled between two policemen. He had been brought into the basement lineup room to face a battery of television lights and cameras and a surging mob of newsmen. Each reporter was trying to outshout his fellows in the competition for a statement. I expected to find a uniform level of hard stress in both relevant and irrelevant statements, but I discovered that this was not the case.

The first statement, "I positively know nothing about this situation here," showed good-to-hard stress. The stress was moderate-to-good in, "I would like to have legal representation." It remained at that level until he said, "I protested at that time," when it went back up to hard. The stress dropped back to good, then moderate-to-good in the phrase, "I really don't know what this situation is about." It continued good until he said, "I know nothing more than that," at which time it turned hard again. "I do request someone to come forward to give me legal assistance" was moderate-to-good, except for the word "someone," which was hard.

The statement, "No, I have not been charged with that" showed an unusual range of stress. It began with almost no stress, but there was hard stress on the word "that." On listening repeatedly to the recording, I noticed that Oswald ran the words "no" and "I" together, producing the same phonetic effect as "know why." Electronically, it was a single, two-syllable word, and it produced a single waveform on the PSE chart. The waveform began with almost no stress

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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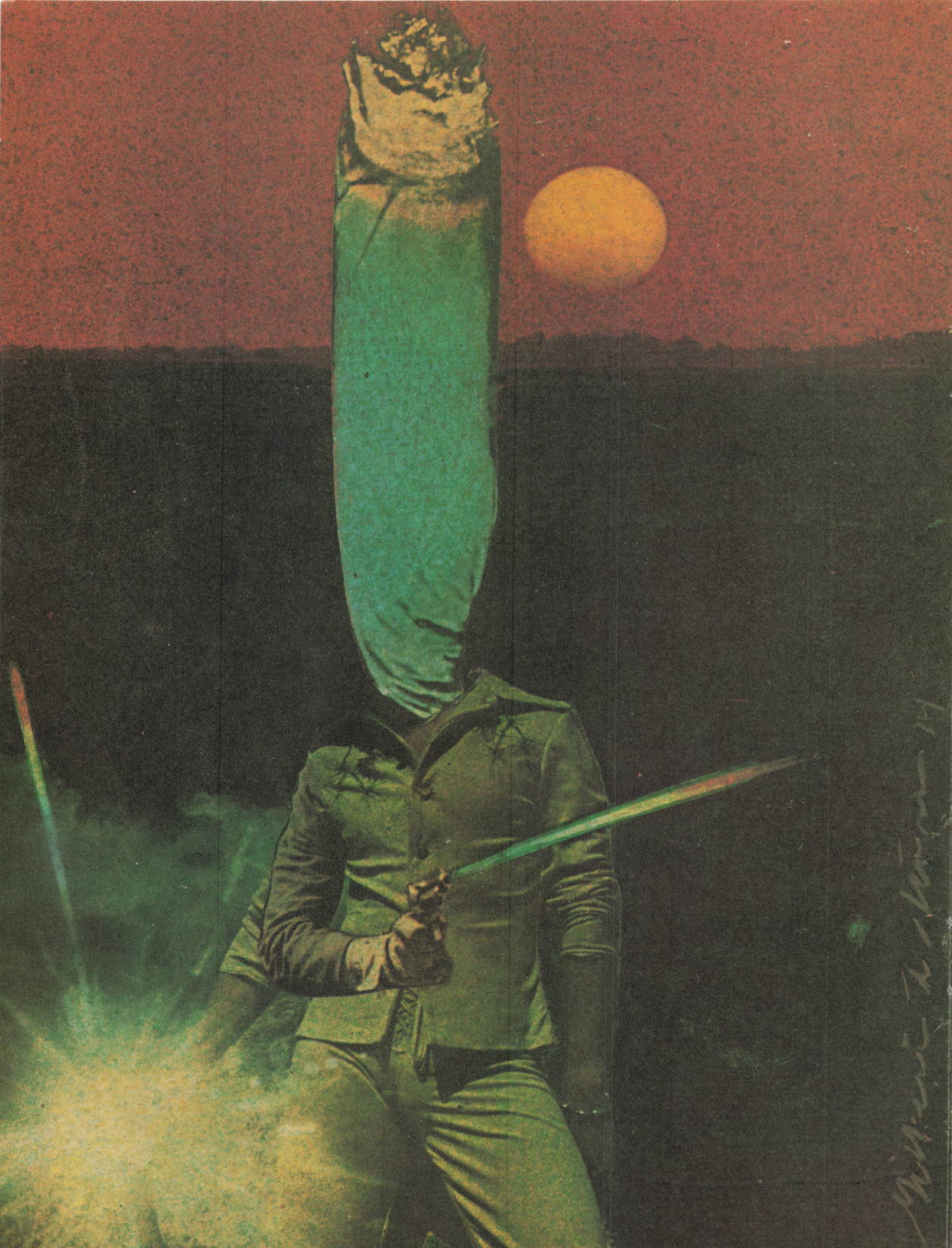

# BABY AL CAPONES

A juvenile aristocracy has appeared in Tucson, our marijuana capital—rip-off artists who retire at nineteen with $100,000 in the bank.

By Alan Harrington

A famous counterculture poster you can find in shops near almost any college campus shows a leggy chick in jeans, smiling, with one foot placed triumphantly on a pile of marijuana bricks. Close by, a van waits to carry away the shipment, and painted on its side in large flowing letters is the cryptic message *Try Tucson First*.

Everyone in the smuggling business has long since known this. Tucson—among its many other attractions—probably qualifies as the marijuana capital of the United States. Not in terms of use, but rather as a marketplace and distribution point. Just sixty-five miles from Nogales, Mexico, Tucson attracts dealers from all over the country—Chicago, Boston, Seattle. They come here because, even for just an occasional dealer, profits can be tremendous.

A young man, known to me only as Jack, explains almost apologetically: "Oh, I've just run a small-time operation. I haven't been greedy. I just set up the arrangements . . . made a few phone calls. For three years, you know, without getting too deeply into it, I saved sixty thousand a year, tax free, of course. But then I figured that was enough, so I used it to go back east and start my furniture business."

He and his partner, both twenty-one years old, would travel down to Mazatlan in Mexico and score kilos for twenty-five dollars apiece. Then they would either go back to Wisconsin or connect with Wisconsin dealers in a Tucson motel and sell each kilo for two hundred and fifty dollars. Since their expectations were modest, they did this only a few times a year.

Somehow Jack never had the slightest trouble at the Mexican border. During Operation Intercept several years ago, when the federal and customs people were ransacking cars, vans, and trucks coming in from Mexico, "our deliveries weren't even slowed down."

He might have gone on indefinitely, but "finally, for the preservation of my style, the problem was to know when to quit. And I *did* know. There was no problem really. Tucson had started to fill up with guns, and the whole drug scene was falling into anarchy. Everybody either had a gun to pull a rip-off or to protect themselves from rip-offs. Put very simply, it got too dangerous for me."

Rip-offs? I knew about them in a general way. This art came into full flower in Tucson during the early 1970's. It's like hijacking liquor trucks during Prohibition days, except that modern rip-off coups are beautifully symmetrical. The confrontation is meticulously staged, and everybody's waiting for it. Most dealers in Tucson are armed now . . . waiting, afraid. In theory, no one is surprised, only in practice.

The game is as structured as chess. First a deal will be approached cautiously by both sides. One individual and his partners will have cash and want to buy. The other side will have the stash of marijuana, heroin, whatever, ready to move. So the two parties will arrange to meet in some well-guarded, out-of-the-way place to avoid a third group of players—the narcs, federal or local. There, in a routine arrangement, the product is offered, samples are tested and checked, no narcs show up, the transaction is consummated, and everyone splits. And, say, nine times out of ten a deal like this goes off without incident, and all concerned depart the richer.

But each time out, every deal he does, a good player will be aware of the two wild cards that can drop at any time. For one, the guy you're dealing with may turn out to be a narcotics agent, which almost certainly means Florence, the state penitentiary. And the second wild card is that the one you're doing business with may suddenly be joined by friends you haven't expected. Guns may suddenly appear, and either your money or your dope can be ripped off. So you lose either your thousands of dollars or the dope consignment—and it's not at all unlikely that you'll get the top of your head blown off as well.

Recently a lawyer who has defended many smugglers and street people described Tucson's drug scene: "These kids, they live in a completely different dimension. What they're into is a war, people being killed every week, bodies strewn all over the desert. There's no mystery about it. With luck you can score for a lifetime here. The amount of tax-free money up for grabs in Tucson will surpass any guess you can come up with. Two or three sizable scores—and a kid can retire. I'm not exaggerating; they *do* this. He's home free. What took his old man twenty or thirty years of wearing himself out in some office or factory, these *children*—and that's all a lot of them are—can accomplish in four or five months, well anyway in a year or two. *If* they have reasonably good luck, and, of course, if they know what they're doing.

"Now," the lawyer went on, "that's a sizable *if*. Remember that everybody from here to El Paso has a gun. It's the new Wild West, and most of the players—I mean the illegal ones—are under thirty. Correction, under twenty-five!

"All of these people are involved in a number of interlocking multiple wars. At the border, there are the customs and federal narcotic teams against smugglers from Mexico, coming up through Ambos Nogales, Agua Prieta, Douglas, Bisbee, Sasebe, Mexicali—not that the border makes very much of a barrier. They tunnel under it. Airplanes filled up with grass or heroin, fly over at night and land in secret cow pastures. And every day of the year, including Christmas, sweet-faced old ladies are carrying stuff across . . . and straights with flat-top haircuts. Why, you've got smack stuffed up baby bottoms. . . .

"And then we have more battles going on, between the local narcs and the dealers, between narcs and street people, and—most important—the rip-off wars between dealer and dealer. So here," the lawyer drained his coffee cup, "a star is born. A new aristocrat has made his appearance, the top man in the drug elite—the rip-off artist. He disdains anything so bourgeois and tedious

as straight dope-dealing. He specializes in just one activity—only one—busting the deals of others. And this is *all he does*. Would you like to meet the best in town? Phone Gene Enesco. He's got this kid reporting into him now. . . ."

"Go ahead and talk to him," the probation officer said. "You'll find he's not in the least reticent. And if *you* can find out where his head is, please tell me."

Gene Enesco ran a hand through his gray hair, and I noticed that his hand trembled with a slight palsy. "I have to confess that this boy, Joel, eludes me completely. I don't know how to work with him. To start with, he's only nineteen years old. I have to keep reminding myself of that. And when he sits across from me in your chair I look at the two of us, Joel and me. Well, Joel must have a hundred thousand dollars in the bank, perhaps more. He drives a Mercedes . . . dresses sharp. They're two-hundred-dollar suits he walks around in.

"So what wisdom can I offer? I'm a public servant making twelve thousand five a year. I never get my case load off my back. Fridays, I can hardly drag myself home. And I've been doing this all my adult life. Now at forty-nine I feel gray, fat, and ridiculous. My digestion is shot and I take two Bufferins every night to get to sleep.

"And Joel just sits where you are—polite, bored. A fluke brought him to me. A friend was driving and made a wrong turn. A cop came out of nowhere, and Joel was smoking a joint in the backseat. I got him off a prison term, so he's nice to me, but we have long silences. . . . How in the world do I counsel a brigand? Why the truth is I feel inferior to this boy. After all, hasn't he mastered his life better than I have? He's really the master of a complex art form. Somebody called him the Bobby Fischer of the rip-off. Police say—but they can't prove it—that he's Tucson's 'Grand Master.'

"Nineteen years old, and a legend. And this may be his only dissatisfaction—that he's, you might say, *anonymously* famous. Well, obviously, you can't be known and still work the rip-off. Luckily from his standpoint the supply of out-of-towners to prey on is always being replenished. Yes, you talk to Joel. He'd like to be famous and he can't be known—there's the paradox! I'll put you on the phone with him."

Now to provide Joel Freeman—as we'll call him in this article; it's not, of course, his real name—with a mask: Upper-middle-class origins, his father the vice-president of a bank in Philadelphia. Sent to Tucson because of a slight asthmatic condition which no longer bothers him. One semester of idleness at the University of Arizona was all he could put up with. Then, in the bars along East Speedway, he fell among thieves. The drug circus excited him, and the rip-off became his craft.

Joel Freeman is a thin, tall boy, about six feet, with narrow black eyes. His manner comes across as polite but cold; he seems always to be measuring you. Joel's presence is superkinetic, staccato. He paces around a room, laughing in a peculiarly humorless way. Life itself has turned out to be too slow for his speech, and going over our tapes I've run into acoustical riddles: he speaks so voraciously that his words run together. Whatever he gets going on overruns and seems to be trying to annihilate what's gone on before. Every second he's on, up . . . moving about. This has nothing to do with drugs. He only steals those, doesn't do them. On occasion he'll smoke a little hashish, but that's it.

Joel is crash, all percussion—his life seems one extended riff. There is no way to "use" his conversations in an orderly fashion. I don't know him, and I will never get to know him. I see no point in trying to explain this stranger—besides, I *can't* explain him. So let him explain himself. Here's Joel:

"You've got the people coming into town, talking, you know, number-one marijuana town in the United States. They're met. Normally stay in a motel or in town with a friend. There may be a lot of middlemen involved, and like us, our side, they'll work as a crew of four or five people. Say the five of us, we would all have a piece of the action. In dope circles, you know, get in with a circle and so forth, that shit, then start the conversation.

"When the deal begins coming close, someone's got ten thousand dollars, thirty thousand, forty thousand—whatever—depending on how much grass they want to buy. Now our side really starts moving, show a sample brick, toke. 'My, my! Great.' Negotiate. Take 'em out to dinner—wine and dine your visitors, you know. Big shots. Just charm the hell out of 'em. Brother this, brother that. Lay it on them, and get them to where you're meeting fifty-fifty. You know, I'm righteous, *you're* righteous. When I'm our man up front, I'll normally rap that, young as I am, I've got a wife and kids, live out on a ranch. Yeah, love my ranch, and, you know what? I'd like to do a thing with you at the entrance gate in front of my ranch. I'll bring you only that far at first, 'cause, brothers, we still don't really know each other, right? But we will.

"All right—so far we're cool. Before I take them out there, you know, ask if they're bringing guns. Well, we sure hope not. No, no. Show them I haven't got guns . . . don't like guns. *You* got guns? Just go home; I don't want to do business with you.

"But say they want to bring guns and there's no way around it. All right—let 'em. The main thing is that we're going to meet on our grounds, not theirs. We yield a point about the guns; they've got to yield one on the place to do business. That way, lure them anyplace. Could be a motel room all set up. Bring 'em on in, you've got your fake suitcases, the stash they've come for. . . .

"Let's say though we lure 'em out on the desert—which is what we usually do. Okay! Three or four people on each side. Come on, come on, what are you waiting for? Let's move. Everything's cool. Now when we get close to where we're going to cop at, this is when things *really* start to get nervous. Conversation starts up—deliver, deliver.

"My three or four partners are ready. The sample brick is seen. Everything's set. I'll have come to the scene in their car. That way I'm not going to have to worry about what to do with mine later on. Now toke—toke it all down. Get 'em loaded, stoned, way out there in the cactus. It's nighttime, stars out. Rap about the future, the future things I'm going to do for you people. Now for the nitty-gritty—we're going to do them in the desert.

"There's one particular spot out there called Mona Lisa. It's a great big ravine. The hour and a half I'm gone from the motel-meeting—supposedly out getting their grass—I've put my men there, hiding in the ravine. And we'll have filled garbage bags or suitcases full of trash, whatever looks presentable potwise, and we're ready. I'm now in the car alone with our visitors. The ride is long and they're nervous, but I say wait, wait, we're almost there.

"We arrive and one of my guys steps out from behind a dune, cool, my only partner so far as they know. We get out of the car and he meets us. Like I'm the negotiator and he's my partner sitting on the stash. I say, 'Okay, let's see your money.' They come back, 'No, no. The *stash*. Let's see that first.' We point it out, and my partner goes down into the ravine. We watch him, and like at random he reaches into one of the bags and picks out another brick, actually the only one we have, and brings it back for them to inspect. Now I'm the one who comes on in a hurry. 'Let's go, let's go!'

"They're all out of their car now except the driver. We tell him, 'Back up! Come on back!' Have him keep backing toward the stash. Suddenly—we know the exact place—their car is stuck. And my guys come running out from behind the organ-pipe cactus and throw down on them. Our guns are out. They're trapped, falling down into the ravine. At our mercy—but there's no mercy. *'Freeze!'* Now we start kicking everybody's ass, yelling, putting them down with their mouths in the sand, macing them till they vomit, handcuffing them, grabbing their money.

"'Eat shit!'

"'Beat it!'

"'Split!'

"'Don't ever come back to this town, motherfucker!'

"Get them running off in different directions, out there in the middle of nowhere.

"Then in a few seconds we get our car out from behind the dune, and we're gone, back to Tucson. We divide our money and don't see each other for a while—maybe never."

"You've got to be able to convince yourself that what you're doing is righteous. Whenever I go up front in a scene I always sit down and, like, rehearse the part I'm going to play. You know, like I've got an airplane and I'm running dope out of Santa Ana. I drop it in Tucson, I've got my ranch, man, and I'm a dealing son-of-a-bitch.

"So I've got all those details right there in the back of my mind. When I get a deal going and start talking that shit, I've been doing it so long and so hard I believe it

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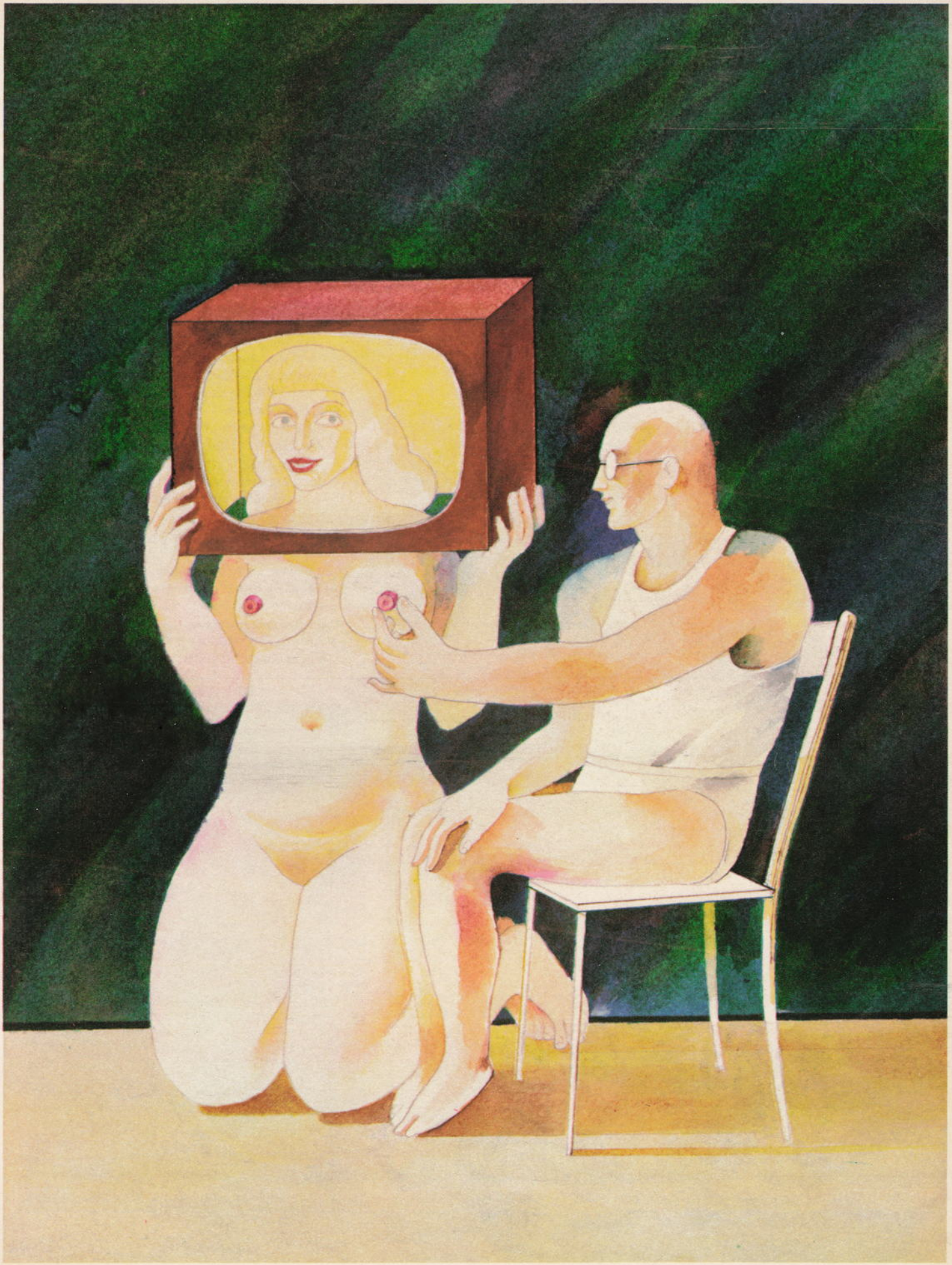


Paul Psorakis

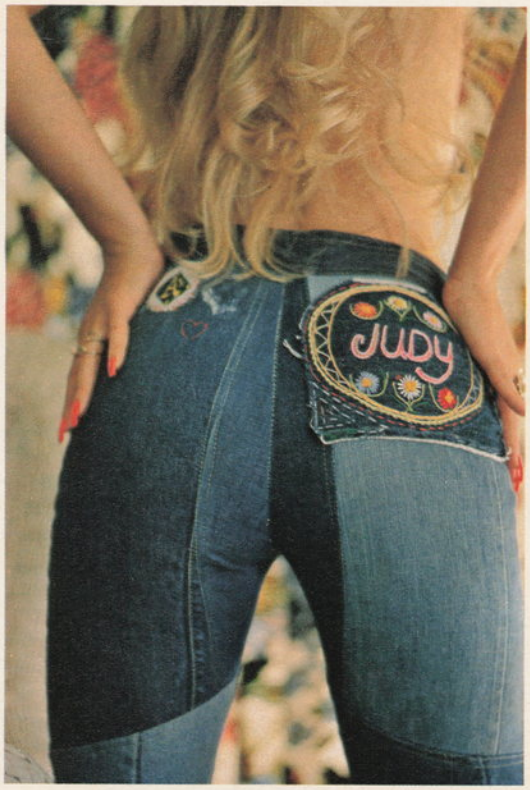
# Lady of Laurel Canyon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

Judy. Green eyes. Like the man said... there ought to be a song. Make it sweet and melodious, but keep the cool. Keep the contradictions. The lyrical 37-22-35... the leonine good looks... the animal beat. And your syncopated search for all the wonderful pleasures of the flesh. After all, aren't you the twenty-year-old Lady of Laurel Canyon, California—you in your patchwork jeans and skimpy undershirt? And aren't you emphatic about what you want? "I'm striving for perfection," says Judy Clayton, a manicurist and a model. "And getting there is half the fun."

Not so long ago the libretto of Judy's life had a very different tempo. "I was a sheltered little girl, born in Portland, Oregon, and I was raised on the notion that I should never ask for what I want. Men would bestow it on me if I was good, my mother said."

But in the last few years, Judy admits to a re-awakening. "Mostly, it's been sexual. For years I didn't understand what I wanted in



bed . . . I thought a guy didn't have to do anything to turn me on. But now I know that I was wrong. Now I know what I really want. I want an aggressive man, a very, *very* aggressive man—a guy who is going to fuck me like a tiger, hard and constant and whenever I want." According to Judy, "whenever" is almost anytime and anywhere. "I want sex, and that's *good* sex," she says. "It

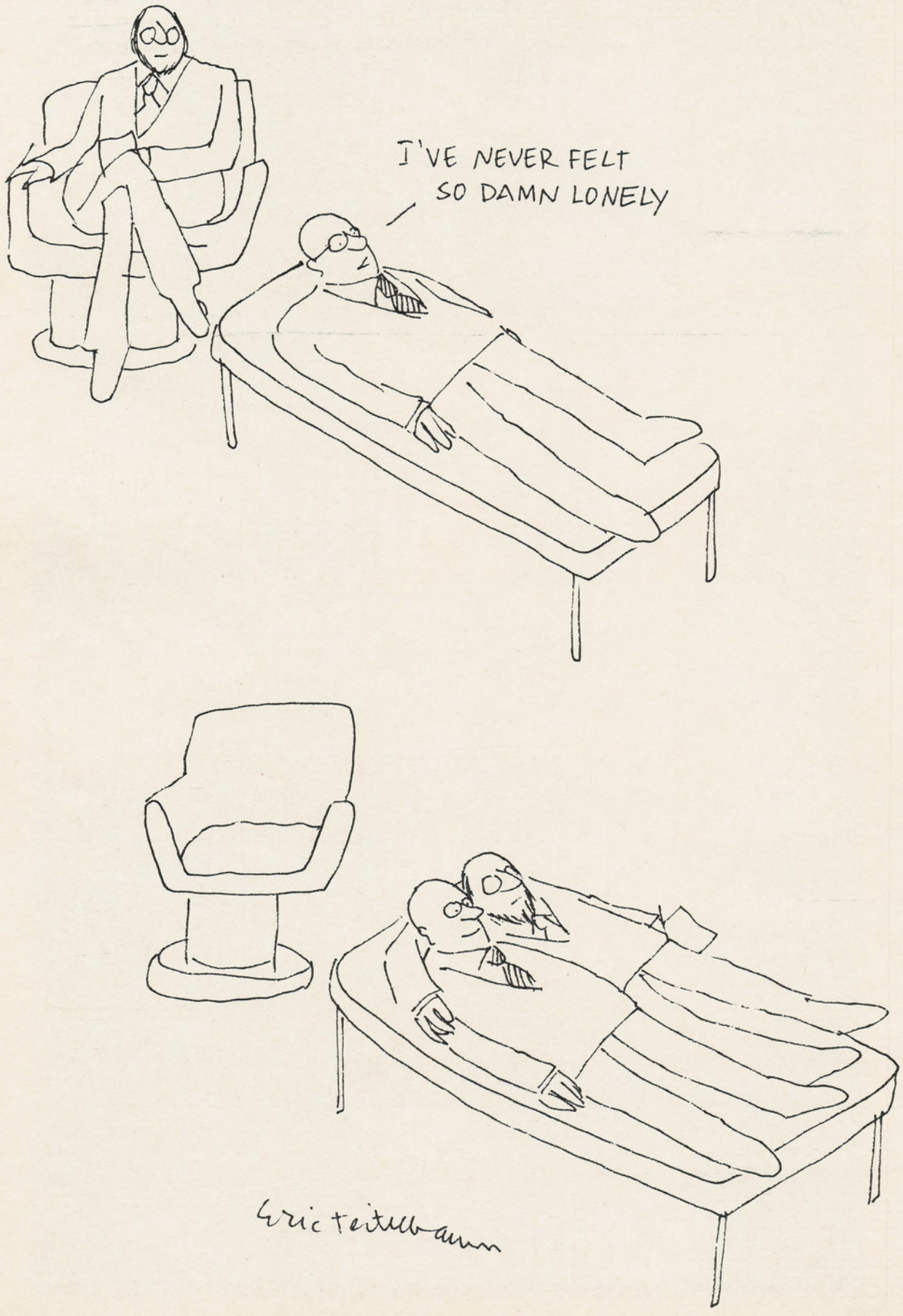
relaxes me and makes me feel secure." But of course, there are a number of preferences that a sensualist like Judy Clayton would naturally demand. "I really love balling in my bathroom, which has an enormous sunken tub and a really plush green carpet. Doing it in the shower or in the tub makes me feel very clean and pure inside. Water is my element. It gives me an incredible

high." She also prefers her sexual highs delivered from the rear. "My second choice is standing up," says Judy, "and I really dig young men. I like a boy with a lot of fire. I dig passion when I ball. But guess who my ideal man is—my personal ideal? Frank Sinatra! Not exactly a young boy but I dig the way he sings, the control he has over women, and the way the women flock to

him. They just about beg him! It's his control over women and the way he uses it that really turns me on."

And to remain turned on to life and its myriad surprises is what Judy Clayton seems to thrive on. "I want to partake of every pleasure. But while I partake I want to feel comfortable and loved. Without a man to love me, I'd go crazy."

Therapy anyone?


I'VE NEVER FELT
SO DAMN LONELY
Eric Teitelbaum

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Longer... yet milder

# Pall Mall Gold 100's

19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

FIGHTING FOR PEACE
IS LIKE
FUCKING FOR CHASTITY

# THE VIETNAM VETERAN

# BACK IN THE WORLD

FICTION BY JOSEPH JAMES

One of the faces above me raised a shiny needle to the light, then lowered it and planted the long point in my side. I jerked my head up to look, only to have another face, this one behind me, gently but firmly press it back to the table. Voices soon became animals and the big round lamp got as bright as the sun, its terrible brilliance reflecting my screams back towards me. My voice was the worst animal in the kingdom, the others having drifted away until they were but cowards moaning from the forest. The light went to harvest moon, and then I was made invisible.

Dreaming that my body had burst into flames, I woke up screaming. There were quick footsteps, and then I was made invisible again. After another trip to the table and lamp, there was a dream of giant camels eating all the world's babies, and though I was invisible and a man, I too was eaten —dropped upon the sand and eaten again. Cellular pain was in command, allowing me to stick my head through the haze only long enough to scream for thicker fogs. Unconsciousness emerged as conscience.

*This place is dis: uze iz feelin' de bark of death's watchdog. See dat gate hez watchin'?*

Yez, I sees it but I shall come to a special-deluxe defenz; I shall make dis place Jimmy Bowie's Alamo bed. Doze crack Mex GIs comin' thru any moment to lop off dis bad laig I got, so now iz a time for carefulness. Dey iz comin' now, all disguized with tubes and medicines.

*Watch dat laig of yours lest u lose it; dis mite be de time dey want to take it and bury it out back.*

"Look, nobody's going to cut off your leg, so how about cutting out all this yelling."

"Don't lie to me, fucker! You're just waiting to catch me off guard; I heard the orderlies talking about it."

"You heard nothing."

Morning. A chopper with a cross on it took me to a bigger hospital, where a frail Vietnamese girl came around in the afternoon passing out Red Cross cookies. She had a miniature bird tied to a thread and let the patients who could move feed it crumbs from their hands. I only saw her twice. Someone accidentally gave her bird some Pepsi and the acid killed it, so the girl quit coming around.

Between shots, I counted the dots in the ceiling's acoustical squares.

"Hey, you!" The voice came from a bed across the aisle.

"Who, me?"

"You can quit counting. I already figured it—somewhere around 76,000. All you're doing is ruining your eyes."

He only had one.

The leg got worse, taking on the size, texture, and odor of a monstrous sausage that had been left to rot in the sun. After the operation, a meat wagon carried me to an Air Force jet that lifted me and two dozen other stretcher cases into the clouds. Stacked in our blankets in tiers of three, we looked like loaves of rye. The man below me had no legs and only part of an arm, and he died halfway to Japan. During the flight, we encountered turbulence that sent the aircraft reeling, causing IV bottles to crash in the aisle and soldiers to scream in pain, their already tender bodies discovering new terrors.

There were needles.

*Uze been tricked into lying down in dis airborne Alamo. Yo' livin' iz ovah. Cannot u see dat dey iz takin' u to de sky to die? Dare iz nevah gonna be land for u no mo'. Uze on yo' way to heaven o' hell, pendin' on what u believed befo' takeoff.*

I vomited and squirted, the internal explosions causing my body to surge against the straps that secured me to the canvas stretcher. An Air Force lady/captain Lysoled-up the aisle. I mumbled for ginger ale or 7-Up but passed out before she returned, falling into unconsciousness without so much as a thought about the fevered shit that was sloshing between my legs.

When I woke up, I was in a hospital in Japan. My leg felt as if it had been beaten with a mace, and I vomited while voices wearing blue pajamas shouted for a nurse. She came and gave me a shot.

Waiting for the velvet, I heard a loud, watery fart and turned just in time to see the sleeping soldier in the next bed shit through his side into a plastic pouch. There were twenty other patients in the ward, but probably only enough arms, lungs, and testicles for ten. A human garage.

In the bed on my other side was a young GI with a dark, leathery tan. There were two kinds of tans in Vietnam. There was the buttery Coppertone tan that was produced at the brigade headquarter's poolside, and then there was the one this kid with sandy hair was wearing, the one that said, instead of sit-down latrines with thick rolls of tissue, his lot had been a squat in the vines with coarse squares of C-ration paper or letters from home.

There were two yellow pads where his eyes had been, and most of the facial flesh was red and purple with patches of black mixed in. He looked like a big fly. I tried not to look at him but couldn't help myself.

Depending on a patient's condition, he either returned to Vietnam after a convalescence or continued on to the States. At eight o'clock one morning, three doctors came by my bed and flipped through my charts. Handing them back to the nurse who was trailing along with them on their rounds, they examined the leg and asked one another questions and nodded at the answers.

Later in the morning, one of them returned and told me that I was going to be sent back to the States the next day. Then he crossed the aisle and told another patient that after a two-week convalescence he would be sent back to his unit in the delta.

*Brrrap-rap-rap. . . . Brrrap-rap-rap. . . . BRRRAP! BRRRAP! Ka-womp! Ka-womp!* Rolling over, I screamed in agony as the weight of my body came down on my leg.

"Hey, easy now! Easy."

I saw that I was in a private room, and then I heard someone turn off the TV movie down the hall. There was a nurse at my side.

"Easy does it," she said softly, cooling my forehead with a damp cloth. I looked at her, then looked out the window and watched two cars drive by in the parking lot. It was snowing.

"Better let me take a look at that leg; you may have hurt it when you rolled over."

She pulled back the covers and leaned over to inspect the leg. Her breasts strained against her uniform, the confinement sharply outlining their perfect contour.

"Where is this place. . . ? I mean, where. . . ?"

"You're at Andrews Air Force Base Hospital, and in a couple of days you'll be flown to another military hospital closer to your home. You arrived late last night. Don't you remember?"

"No. I don't remember."

"Well, it doesn't matter; all that's important is that you're here. Now, whom do you want to call?"

"Call?"

"Sure. And the first one's on us, free to any place in the country." Smiling, she placed a hand on the receiver of a telephone that was on my bedstand. I looked at the receiver, then at her.

"Mind if I wait awhile? I'd like to think about it."

"Sure," she replied. "Take your time. Listen, we didn't wake you for breakfast, but they'll be bringing lunch around in about an hour. Now, if there's anything you need, just squeeze this button."

"Thanks," I answered. Then I turned to watch the snow. A gusty wind was beginning to build drifts out in the parking lot.

The snow held my attention for a long time, the whiteness gently shaping and then caressing my thoughts, until they were no longer thoughts at all. It wasn't until a phone rang down the hall that I remembered the one next to my bed. Twice I reached for the telephone receiver, only to replace it in its cradle unused.

Later, I reached again. I would tell my parents that I was back in the United States and that they would see me soon. The operator tried several times, but there was no answer. When she told me that it was Saturday, I guessed that they were possibly out of town for the weekend. I was confused by the strange sense of relief I felt.

By late afternoon, the snow was beginning to let up and the sky was showing traces of blue. In the parking lot, the hospital staff was changing shifts.

"Well, who'd you call?" the nurse asked, leaning against the door. Her legs and arms were crossed in a casual fashion, suggesting her fatigue from the day's work.

"Forfeit," I laughed.

"How come?" she asked, coming over to my bed.

"Just didn't feel like it."

"Oh, come on. Nobody forfeits around here. Surely there's *somebody* you'd like to call. Somebody," she added after a pause, "who'd like to know you're okay." She walked to the window and, hands thrust deep in her uniform's pockets, looked down at the confusion of traffic in the staff's lot.

"I just didn't feel like talking to anyone. Everybody feels like that once in a while."

"How about your folks?" she asked, still looking out the window.

"Nobody home."

"Nobody home? Nobody?" she asked incredulously.

"No answer; I tried a couple of times."

Pulling her hands out of her pockets and slapping them together, the nurse laughed out loud.

"No-bod-y *home*?" she repeated, her laughter growing.

"That's right," I said, feeling the approach of my own laughter.

"You mean. . . ." But she was cut short by her next wave of laughter. "You mean, you're lying here in this bed, fresh out of Vietnam, and no-bod-y's *home*?" She slapped the end of the mattress with one hand, and then tilted her head back and laughed anew—just this side of hysteria.

"Well, it's not as if they were expecting me to call, you know," I said, trying to control my own laughter. But she continued to laugh, and I laughed with her.

"Yeah," she said, brushing tears from her eyes. "I suppose it could happen to anyone. I'll bet they'd die if they knew you were lying here trying to call them while they're out shopping or something. I'll bet they'd just die. Well, tell me . . . who else did you call?"

"Nobody. Just didn't feel up to it."

"Well, now," she said, sitting on the end of my bed and wiping mascara from her cheeks with a finger and Kleenex, "there must be a girl somewhere."

"I couldn't think of any I wanted to talk to. I don't have a fiancée or steady chick."

"Hey, listen! None of this is any of my business anyway. I just felt like. . . ."

"Forget it. I needed the laughs. Haven't had any in quite a while."

"God, I almost forgot to tell you what I came in here for. They're flying you out in the morning. They'll tell you which hospital in the morning. It should be one near your home."

There was a silence while she stared at the opposite wall and I stared at her.

"Doesn't that make you happy?" she asked, suddenly aware that I had not responded to her announcement. In the darkening room, I could just make out the look of concern on her face.

"I just don't know. I'll have to see."

The activity in the hallways and parking lot seemed light-years away.

"Well, I'd better get going. I've got two boys who like their food." She laughed softly as she stood up. Halfway to the door she stopped and turned around, then returned to where I lay. Leaning down, she cupped my face in her palms and gently kissed me. Then she rose and left without a sound.

After the plane touched down, I was unloaded and carried to a small green room inside the Army hospital, a few blocks from the airstrip. The northern sky had been blue that morning, but the southern one was gray. There was no phone in my room, but a nurse called my parents for me and reported that they would be coming in less than an hour. On the nightstand next to my bed there was a green vase with five daisies in it, all of them still fresh; stapled to the white ribbon on the vase was a get-well card and a note to the person who had occupied the room before me.

As the hour began to run out, I listened for approaching steps in the hallway, a long corridor, so long, in fact, that nearly a full minute passed between the time I first detected approaching steps and the time they passed my door. Listening to the various clicks and clacks, I tried to imagine their makers before they passed outside the door. But after a dozen people, I quit because I was losing and getting a headache. I did, however, keep my ears tuned to the hall because I wanted to hear what my family sounded like when they came.

There were three, maybe four sets of footsteps, I decided at first, but by the time they were halfway down the hall, I was sure there were four, two adults and two children. As the clattering of the eight heels grew into a single concentration of sound, I knew that it was them—they were almost running. And when they burst into my closet of a room, they were crying. I had never seen everybody in my family crying at the same time and it frightened me.

Through the cluster of shoulders, I could see two doctors and a nurse smiling from the doorway. I don't remember what was said then, but within a few minutes the embraces were over and my father and I were alone. My mother, sister, and brother were back in the hallway.

My father pulled up a chair alongside the bed and studied the length of my body, buried beneath two blankets except for the bad leg, which was covered with a white sheet and elevated above my chest. Very slowly and gently, he lifted the sheet and held it a foot or so above my leg.

"How did it happen?" he finally asked, still studying the limb.

"I don't know. I was unconscious for a long time."

"There must be something somewhere in the records."

"They were lost in transit somewhere between med-evacs, so when they made up a new file they just listed the cause of the casualty as unknown."

"What about your unit?" he asked, covering the leg and leaning back in his chair. "They must know."

"I wasn't with the company. We'd just come out of the field on a chopper lift, and I was riding to headquarters in a jeep."

"A mine?"

"I don't think so. I think I would have remembered an explosion."

"Well, wasn't there anybody else in the jeep?" he asked in an irritated voice. "A driver?"

"He was killed."

My father rose from his chair and went to the lavatory for a cup of water.

"Maybe. . . ."

"All I can remember is that I was lying under the jeep in a lot of gasoline. Just my leg. All I could see of the driver was. . . ."

"Was what?"

"All I could see of the driver was his arm. My head was lying on it." I reached for a cigarette.

"Was there anybody else on the road?"

"No."

"Well, how in the hell. . . ."

"A group of Vietnamese. I remember them trying to roll the jeep over. There were about six of them, I guess. When they tried to move it off my leg, I blacked out."

"Maybe somebody shot the driver."

"Not likely. We were inside the wire. There was nothing on either side of the road, no place for a sniper to hide. It was just a strip of road between the chopper pads and the rest of the base."

"What were the Vietnamese doing there?"

"They work there." My father dropped the cup into a wastebasket and returned to my bed, lifting the sheet a second time.

"Do you suppose. . . ."

"That's all I remember," I interrupted, feeling a mixture of weariness and resentment rising. "Maybe the driver flipped the damn thing. Maybe . . . Christ, maybe *anything*! What the hell difference does it make? Why don't you ask me how I'm feeling?"

He released the sheet and lit a cigarette, but he said nothing. He continued to stare at the leg, even though it was covered now.

Chin resting on folded hands, he looked tired, troubled.

"Look, I'm sorry I yelled like that," I said as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

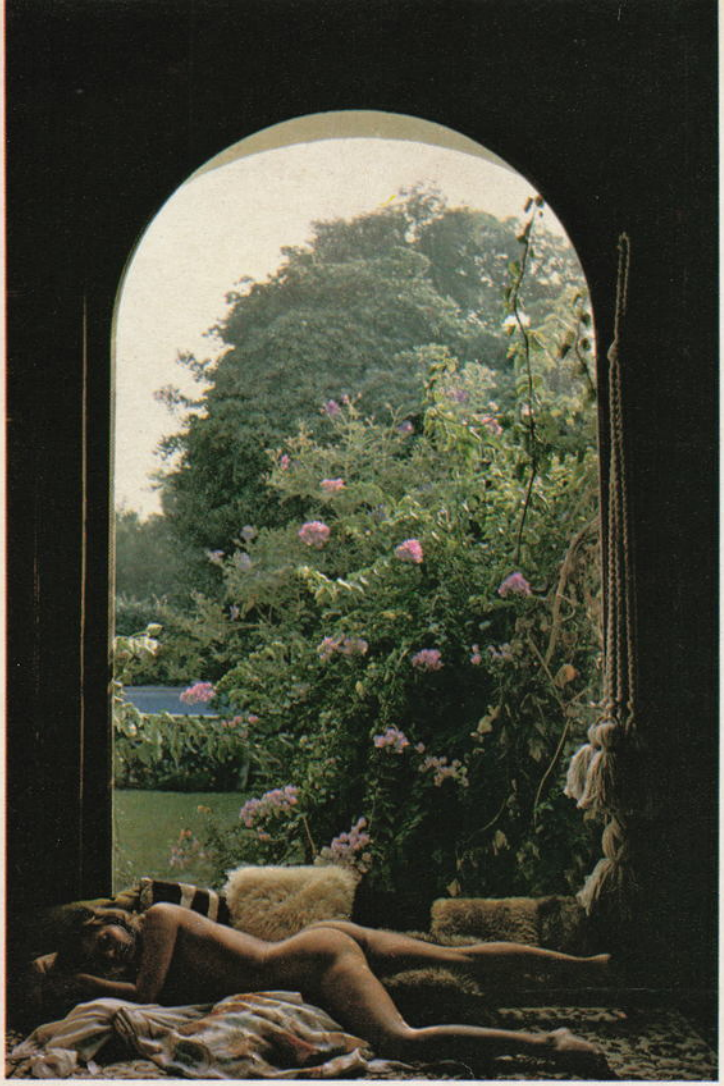
"My religion has always been contained in my belief in myself—in my totality as a human being."

# SIGNE

# CHOICE BERGER

**Signe Berger—calm, self-assured, together. A woman who knows where she's at and what she wants. A woman who grew up fast—who found herself early and still enjoys the company. "What is it with most people anyway?" asks Signe. "So few find any real satisfaction in knowing**

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER**



themselves. To them, being alone is as uncomfortable as being with a stranger. Life is not an endurance test! It's the realization that the rest of the world could carry on quite happily without you—that you really matter to you—that you are your own first obligation. I don't think anyone can fully appreciate life until they understand that much."

In her twenty years, Miss Berger has lost little time in the practical application of her philosophy. "I've seen a lot and I've done a lot, and nothing jars my confidence in number one. I suppose it's because I've come to terms with my own world and nothing in it can frighten me. In a nutshell, I'm a fatalist and a realist. Whatever I do, I'm honest. Wherever I go, I enjoy."

A simple enough credo, from a girl whose ostensibly simple mountain roots—try Evergreen, Colorado—instilled in her a certain uncluttered vision of the human condition. In this regard, her thoughts on men are refreshingly direct.

"I hate these guys who say, 'Hey, let's get turned on and get into some wild fucking!'—my fucking is *always* good...."

"My ideal man doesn't have a face, but physically he's very masculine—strong, sleek like a jaguar, with a lot of power and yet with a big cat's gentleness and capacity for play. That kind of man can really get me off. Why should I care what in the world he looks like?"

And Signe is far from being immutably fixed on any one level of personal expression. "On the contrary," says she, "experience is necessary to learning, and learning is necessary to life." And, whilst in pursuit of the same, our peripatetic Pet has been—among other things—a cocktail waitress in Vegas, a model in New York, and now seems to have found her niche as an aspiring actress in Los Angeles. Even that, she's convinced, is the result of her belief in herself. "No one imposes anything on you...*you* let it happen. I truly believe I'll make a fine actress because I have the *feel* for it. It's a matter of timing."

She feels the same way about sex. "I can meet a guy in the afternoon and know that by evening we'll be balling. It just depends on the vibes and the mood and the chemistry. And I don't believe in sex simply for its own sake either, but if it's right, it's right...and both of you know it."

Signe prefers her erotic interludes to be pure. "I don't need artificial aids or anything else that's supposed to compensate for whatever might be missing in lovemaking. I hate these guys who say, 'Hey, let's get turned on and get into some wild fucking!' My fucking is *always* good, and I want to remember every last detail of the night the next morning."

Does this mean that Signe takes a theatrical view of sex—that it becomes some kind of performance? "Hell no!" she replies. "I never act in bed. I'm just myself. And 'myself' has many parts that are suggestible at any moment. It's the same technique I use on stage. All I do is summon that little particular part of me that resembles the character I'm playing. It's like walking a tightrope. No matter *how* hard a director tugs at the wire, it's me—and I'm unshakable."

According to Miss Berger, her unflappable self-confidence began to manifest itself way back in the Colorado mountain years. "It's really just a state of mind that took hold and began growing. For example, my religion has always been contained in my belief in myself—in my totality as a human being. I believe in God, but God is me... I don't need someone telling me to sit, stand, pray. I have all that within myself."

In the very best sense, she is also a pragmatist who more than makes do in a given situation. "I might love a cute ass and I can adore a lean, straight back, but with each man it's different—with each man there's a very special part of him that I can enjoy and savor and look forward to."

Which is another way of saying that our Pet of the Month, complete with her apparently intractable individuality, can still flow with the universal tide. "There's a time for dreaming," says she, "and a time for doing. Like I said before, the trick is believing in yourself, so that absolutely no one or nothing can impose on you. *You* make it happen!"

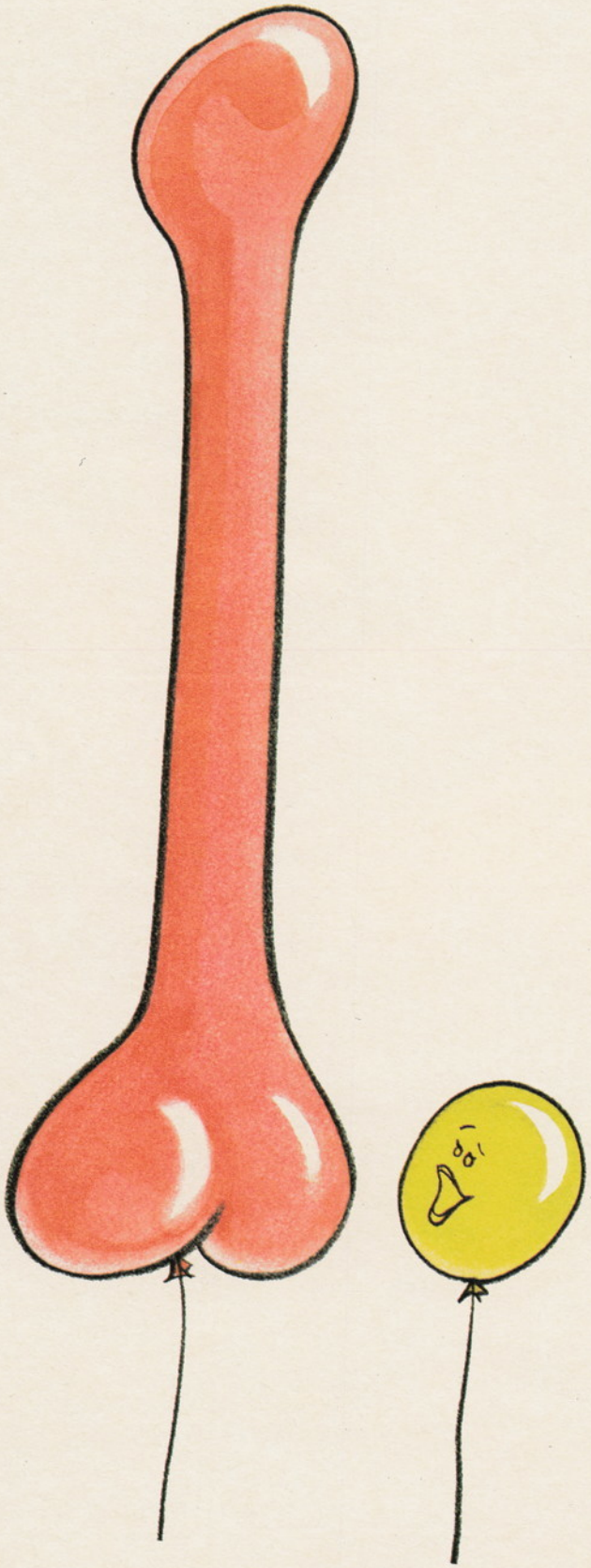
And Signe, it couldn't happen to a nicer person.

Clothes by Strip Thrills of Los Angeles

MISS SIGNE BERGER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

# Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



*"You're still numero uno with me baby."*

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# If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.

Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.
All Winston will ever give me is taste.
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

"I came in and they'd been making love.
The air was thick like honey,
seaweed,and sweat all churned together."

# SEX

Well the man downstairs makes love all the time. He and his wife. Through the floor their music comes, banging away—slap, slap, slap. "That feels good, oh, that's so good!" she keeps saying—slap, slap, slap. They make love all the time.

My name is India. I am nineteen; have been annually, for thirteen years soon. But in the mirror I am, still am—wearing my blue pajamas with darker blue stripes. My hair is curly, my eyes are blue, my lips are full, my skin doesn't look anything over nineteen, and I have a beautiful ass. Small breasts, but there are ass men, leg men, thigh men, cunt men, even belly men . . . shake it. I have it all, except large breasts. But even so I have beautiful nipples. Everybody shake it. They stand out like round buttons. Or peas. My areolas are large too, I'll look to see what color, pale pink. I always have the music on, night and day, Monteverdi and rock. No one complains, the people downstairs certainly don't, they're always making love. Shake it, shake it, the man on the radio is saying over and over, singing a song called "Shake It." He even shakes it with his voice, "sha-a-a-a-a-a-ke it," and his electric guitar while the audience wails. No, the audience whistles, I'm the one wailing. And the people downstairs. And now Maybelline. From when I was thirteen and always played poker with my brother and all his boyfriends and often won, with everyone saying lucky at cards unlucky at love. And now the radio station keeps playing old rock songs from the Fifties, which is when I was thirteen. Strange, considering I'm nineteen now. But I am.

Downstairs their rocking becomes audible.

They make love on a chair. With a straw seat, black-painted wooden legs and back, a high back which she grasps with her hands the better to move free. He sits on the seat and she sits on his lap and his prick, facing him, her feet high up on rungs and her legs spread wide apart as she moves with nothing to stop her, and the chair, which is not a rocker, creaks and rocks as she rocks, wagging her tail. They also smoke a lot of grass. Then they go at it. He deals hash. No, he doesn't. I'm making it up—I make it all up. I look through the floor and see them. I can see through wood. No, there's really a

EILEEN FOSTER

crack in the floor, for me to watch them through, so I do. Of course. He's a beautiful man with long, tightly curling, fine blond hair, like golden wires, slender limbs and smooth skin, hairless except for dried yellow grass under his arms and in his crotch. His wife is pretty, tiny and pointy-breasted and amber-colored, but he has skin so smooth and pink it looks like gleaming porcelain. I often think of him as an elegant Dresden figurine, maybe the base of a bedroom lamp, delicately glazed, shining pink and white and yellow, with the gold that outlines his ears, nipples, navel, and toenails shining under the light.

He has other women sometimes—actually often. Many different women, though he makes love with his wife a lot to begin with; but whenever she's not there. And probably she has other men and that's where she goes, because she goes out a lot, and they both like to fuck so much. But listen, that's nothing. I have a friend who makes love more than anyone. She and the man she lives with, they make it every morning and every night and sometimes in between, and have for two years so far, all the time they've been together. Once she was here. She is my best friend and I love her. She knows this. I mean her no harm. But she was here alone, without him. I went out, I came back, and there was another man here! They were sitting up front, under the plants. The plants came down all around them, trailing in their hair. Leaves growing obscenely out of old potatoes, asparagus fern dipping its sprays in their hair, and the poinsettia tree branching up to the ceiling over their heads. And everywhere else other plants. Green, green, green, and purple for the wandering Jews. And radio music filling the little up-front room, melodic Prokofiev romantically filling the air as they sat under the plants, and colors filling the room, two patchwork quilts, orange cushions and yellow flower pots. The shining silver pail with a dracaena in it. I came in and they'd been making love. Obviously. The air was thick like honey, seaweed, and sweat all churned together. It was rich and sweet and heavy as cough syrup. I wondered if the man downstairs had watched them through the crack. You can look up through it as well as down. He and his wife—if she was home. They could have sat together in their chair, making love, couldn't they, even rocking back and forth as they watched Anna and the man through the crack. I had told Anna about it, so maybe they all did—Anna and the guy fucking and looking down, the man his wife fucking and rocking and creaking and looking up. There is so much *perfume* in here. There is so much *sweat*. I didn't ask her to leave, my home is hers. I simply went to sleep. And I'll tell you what: they went on. I knew even though I was going to sleep, because long before I could have time to, they were at it. So I sat up and they got up and went out, to a bar, and had a drink to wait for me to fall asleep and then sneaked back and went in the *kitchen*, which is only two-by-three feet in size, and did it there. Against the sink—there's no other room available. She, Anna, giggling and giggling, in rhythm, and he with a deep, deep voice rumbling so low, reverberating like a motor, so low his words were indistinguishable, with Anna giggling and not saying anything. It was exactly like counterpoint, or what . . . medieval music, Elizabethan music, crewel embroidery! His voice booming deep and even so all of it in *whispers*—except not—boom boom, and she giggling, she has such a very high-pitched voice and she's beautiful. I didn't say that? My friend Anna, I love her. She's so delicate, tiny, thin, thin wrists like a baby, and soft, bouncing breasts. A sweet face with a very full sensual mouth, lips so wide she could eat you, and she smiles and laughs and you think she might swallow you, if she wants to. But she's a nympho and a psycho. She's been in Bellevue. She sat on a bench and doctors made a wall around her, and all she would say in response to their questioning faces was, "Do you want to fuck?" She told me this (she's better now). She also wrote it in a poem.

"Four orgasms! Petting and stroking, stroking and pounding, fingers and hands and other things...."

I have known her for years. I have no fear that her reading this might ever sadden or depress her. She knows I care for her.

She has a box. A big, dark-green wooden box, old, cracking, heavy. It has a catch and a lock, but she has the key, and inside it are—what do you think? Pills! Pills! You know, she was really sick, in Bellevue, and besides that the years of analysis *and* of sleeping with her analysts—yes, all of them, three, together, at once, in orgies in the end. You know I'll say anything, oh, Anna, don't be mad. She did. So she has a lot of great pills left over and saved up. From every prescription they ever gave her, filled and refilled until all the drugstores said no, but most of it hoarded in the box. There must be thousands of pills, of all kinds, tranquilizers and antidepressants and pain pills and sleeping pills and syphilis pills. And, of course, plenty of penicillin, good for all kinds of infections. I guess this is really about her. She was born in Dane, Nebraska, in 1937. She attended local elementary school, junior and senior high schools, and junior college, and didn't leave home until her third year of college even though her mother came down on her so and her father teased and taunted, baited and belittled, and her two sisters teamed up against her and made her the scapegoat and broke her toys and spoiled her birthdays. She first masturbated at eleven. After that she never stopped masturbating. Her mother established a pattern with her of seduction-rejection-punishment, beginning with, "Come and sit by me, dear, won't you?" and ending with, "Your father will hear about this, Anna. You know how he feels about this type of behavior."

But she didn't leave home until she was twenty. She masturbated every morning and every night, sometimes making herself come three or four times. Four orgasms! Petting and stroking, stroking and pounding, fingers and hands and other things, but she didn't start with boys until very late. Till she was twenty-one, in fact. Then she fucked them all. Married one. Fucked it up by fucking another one and got divorced. Then she fucked everyone she could for ten years, and then, finally, met Ray.

Now they've switched to folk-rock on the radio. Nineteen-seventies music where everybody fucks. Every way. But the best way, of course, is this. It's complicated and hard to get, so read carefully and try to follow it.

Actually, I don't think I *can* describe it. It's really fantastic—I think the man downstairs must have made it up, it's so strange, and it's too hard to describe. But I'll try. It's so good, it shouldn't be a secret. Well, the woman lies on her side, with her legs bent and almost all the way up so her knees are about five degrees from her chest. But her folded legs are far apart, and between them aren't one but two things, which is what makes it so fantastic. The man is behind her, on his side facing her, and angling out from her at the hips until by his shoulders he's at more than a right angle, but he's still close enough to reach most of her without moving. He reaches her back, her neck, her breasts, her belly, her thighs and her ass. And between her legs, that is in her crotch and going *in* her, is his prick. And then, in between her thighs, and which she is squeezing like mad on, is one of his thighs! And it is just the right size. This position has everything. So if it seems hard for you to picture it, keep trying; read the instructions carefully and try again. Because even if you can't, you have to, it's so great—and it is possible. They do it all the time.

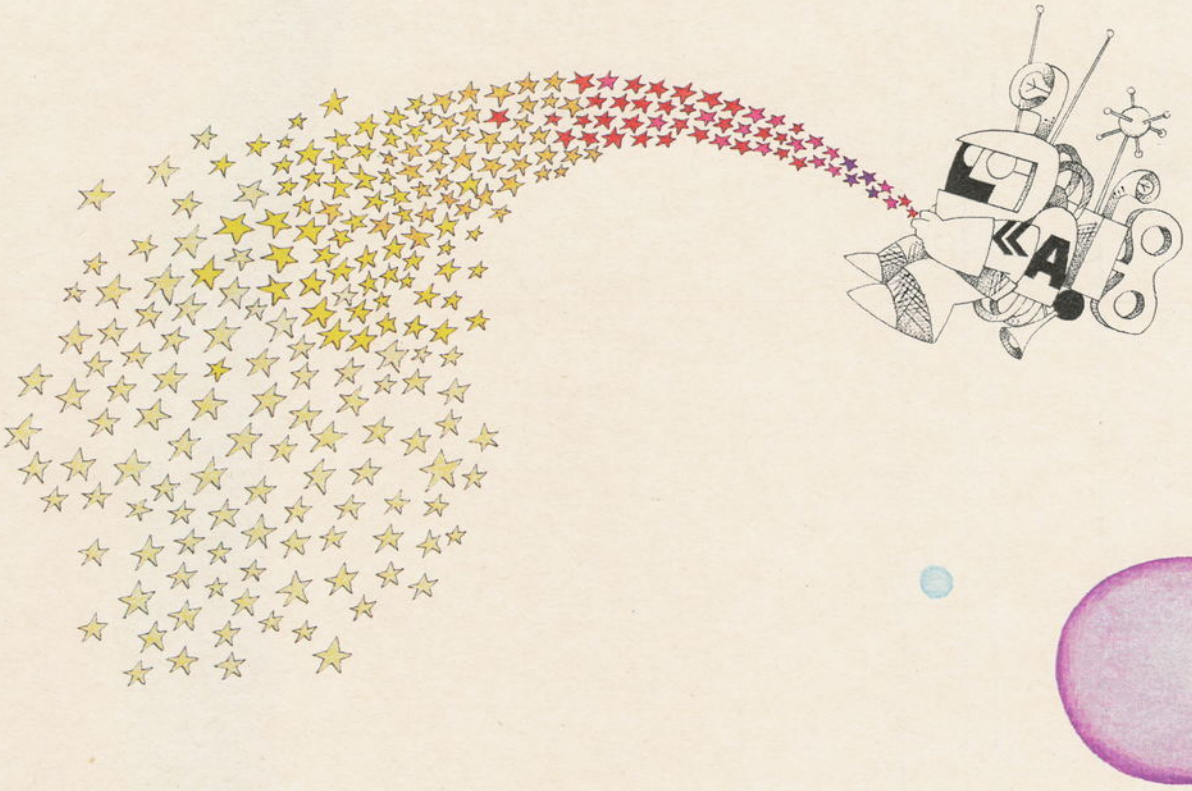
I don't know if Anna does this one. I'm sure she does though, because if they do it morning and night of every day of forever, then certainly they must have hit on it at some point. Though maybe not—it is unusual. Well, she should. Everyone should.

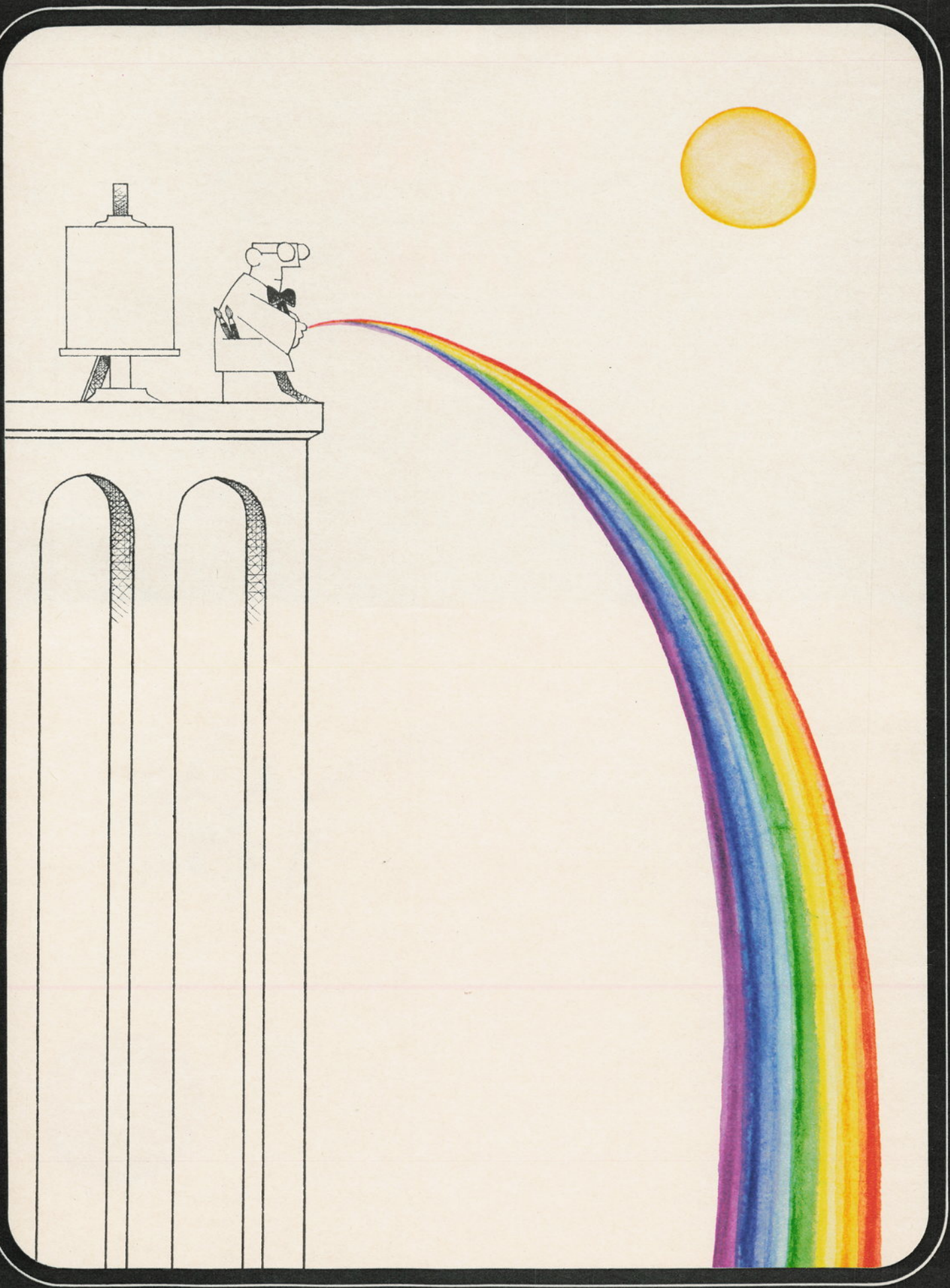
CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

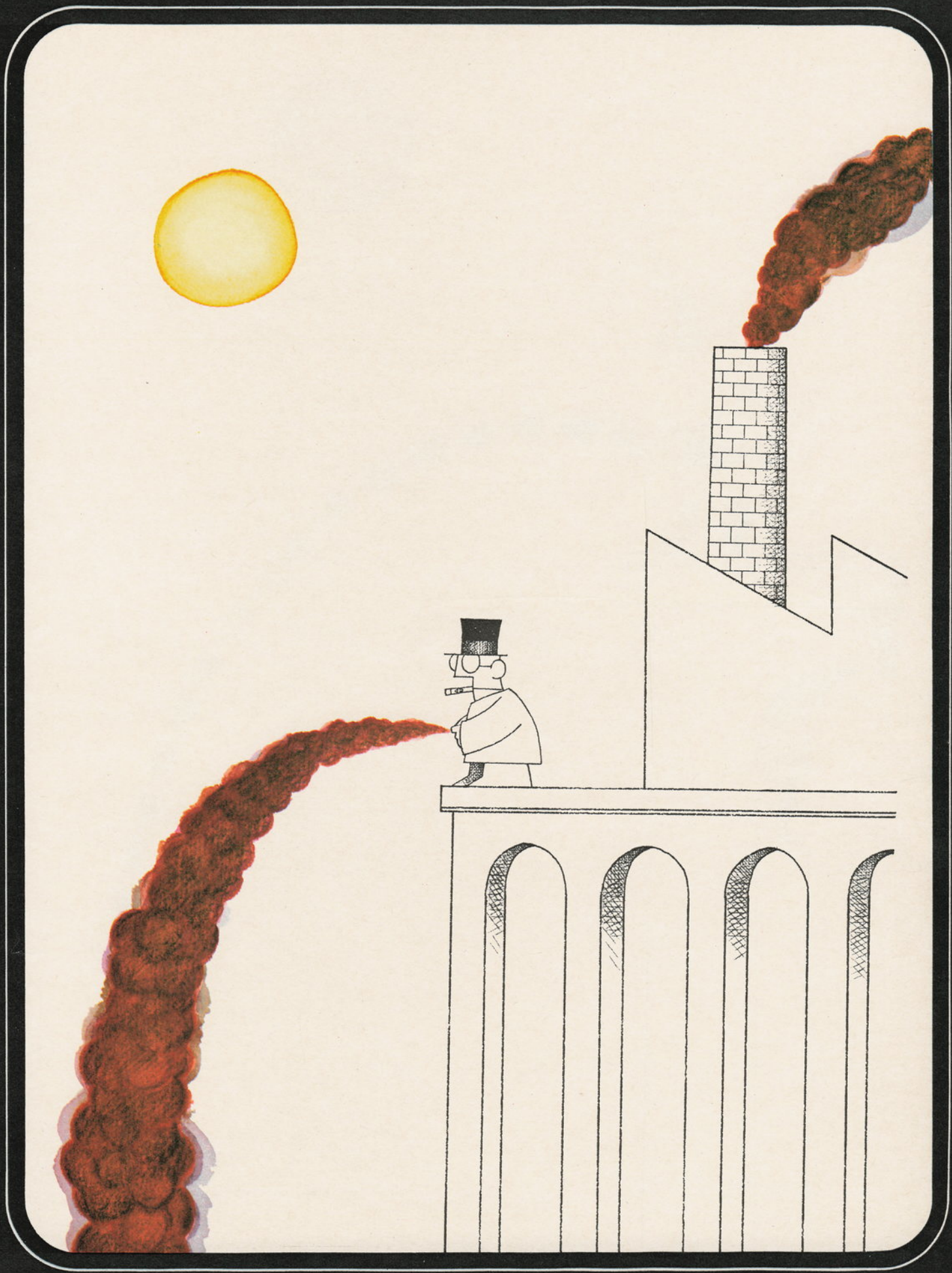
# TO PEE OR NOT TO PEE

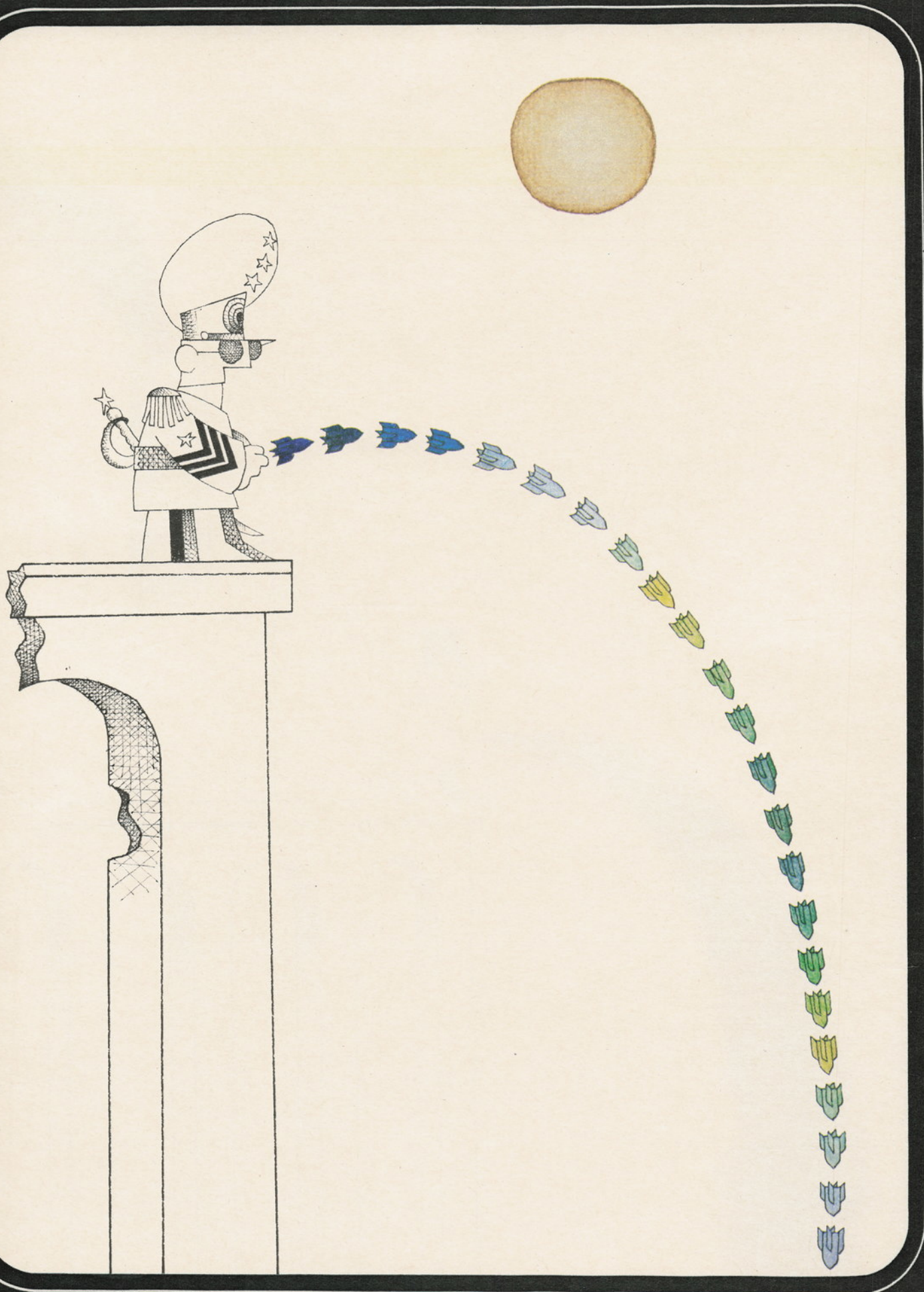
By CAULOS

Being an earnest comment
on the
pause that refreshes

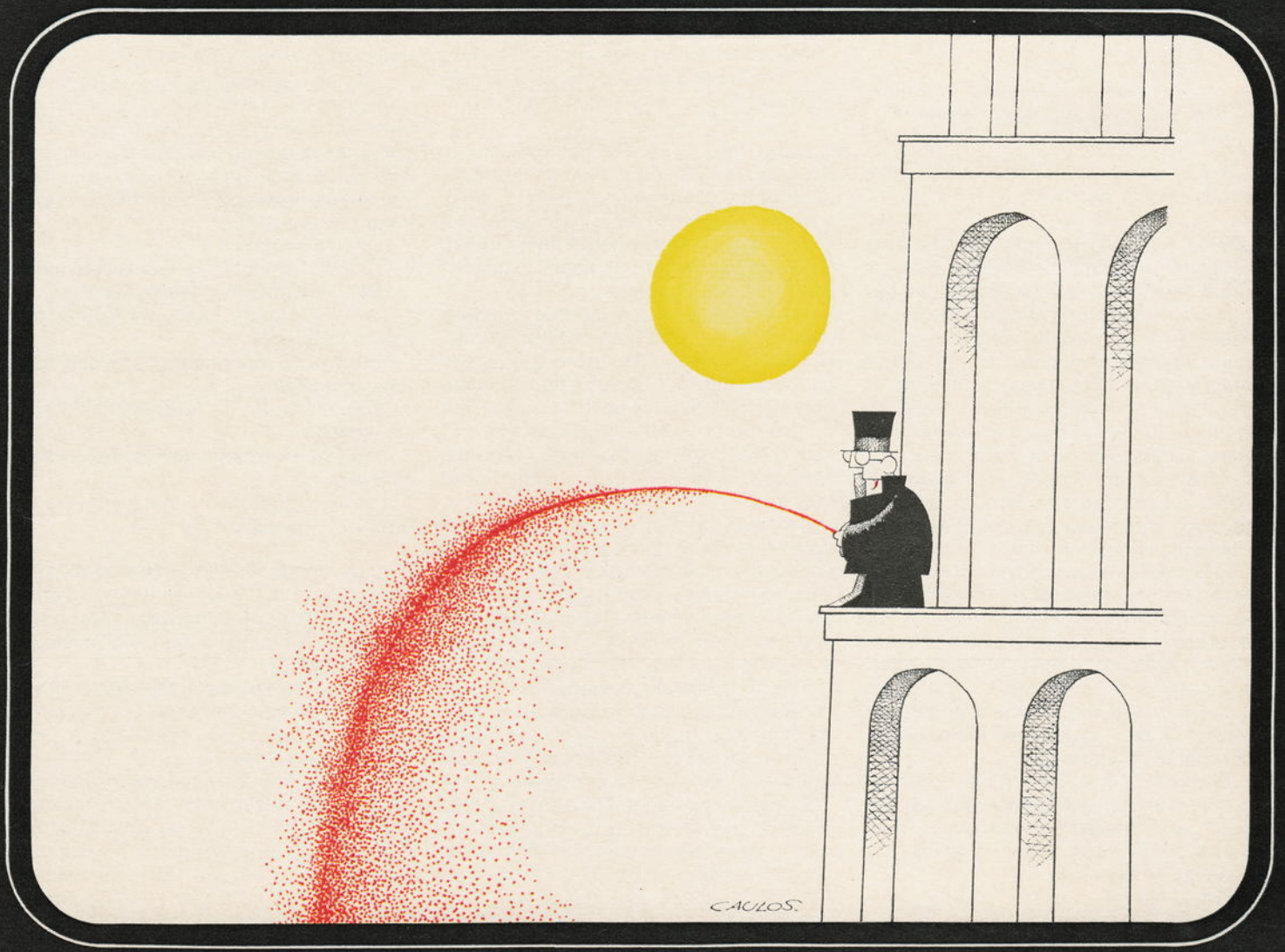








Whether 'tis better to pee or not to pee may or may not be the question, but satirical artist-cartoonist Caulos, like Schopenhauer before him, sees a direct correlation between individuality, thought, and evacuation. Schopenhauer, concerned with the cosmological implications of the simple bowel movement, once said "nothing so clears the mind nor prods the psyche...." Caulos, on a somewhat less grandiose level, simply implies that whatever we are is not very important after all since most of us spend half our lives pissing it away in any case.



# SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

From Anna's diary (she showed me; I can't forget it):

> "Craziness is leaping and bounding again. Today I leapt out at them and called them bastards. Then I stepped into a bathtub of almost scalding water and lay down in it in a fetal position, my eyes closed. But I kept my head out. Because I still wanted to breathe. But when I stopped and opened my eyes, the water was over the top of the tub. There was a flood on the floor, and I had to get out and clean it. I decided I should use tranquilizers again."

But who is "them" that she leapt at? And on another day, another entry was:

> "If they told me I was dying (my heart hurts, it's hard to breathe) what would I do?
>
> Ask them to please not tell me?
>
> Cry and not be able to stop?
>
> Write a book, insistently, and refuse to think about it?
>
> Decide it didn't matter?
>
> Get drunk or numb somehow and stay that way?
>
> Resign myself to it tearfully but quietly?
>
> Pretend it wasn't true?
>
> Be insistent and demanding with Ray and Indi? Are there any other possibilities? All those things?"

Indi—that's me. I'm Anna's best friend. And I love her dearly.

When I woke up this morning, I was a washcloth. It's something I've always been afraid of. My mother was a washcloth too. Lifting the corner of it and peering underneath, in the morning, sometimes you could see her—but often not. Then, as the years went on, it was harder and harder to lift up the corner and see her. It stuck. By the time she was fifty it had entirely adhered to her face from the tip of her nose to her hairline, and if she ever wished to come out she couldn't. And no one ever saw her again—not just bad-headache-mornings, either, forever.

And now I woke up and there I was, from nose to bangs only a dried-on strip of red washcloth. Even smelling a little, an old washcloth. Apparently sometime in the night I woke up with a "splitting headache"—that's my mother's phrase—made my way to the bathroom, and got the washcloth on. Awake now, there was no possibility of removing it.

Someone stirred beside me, just some casual overnight guest. I couldn't see him, but I remembered he had long hair in tightly curling fine blond tendrils. And beautiful smooth skin.

"Hi," I said.

"Hello?" he seemed to answer. "Where? Is that you?"

"Yes, kiss me . . . okay? I can't remember when anyone last kissed me affectionately."

"Last night, all last night I did," he insisted.

"But I was asleep then, it didn't count!"

"Sorry, but that's all the time I've got. I've got to get out of here."

So creaking out of bed he left. He disappeared. Of course I'll never hear from him, of him, see him again. I won't see at all, I'll see nothing.

I'll have to get the washcloth off to watch them through the crack.

"Well, it's better than waking up as a pill," Anna said, "or water, or a no."

"How could you wake up a no?"

"Easy, saying it. Wake up saying it and be unable to stop. That happened to me, you know. One day I lay down. Then I said, 'Oh, I can't believe it. As soon as I lie down all this fatigue comes washing over me. I am so tired. It's lying on top of my body, all over me, like a big dying bird. I'll never get up again.' And from then on I said no."

What am I talking about, Anna couldn't be here. She's nowhere around here, she doesn't even live in this city.

I am walking toward him with my head down, my cheeks burning, red with shame, all in black—and he is standing there watching me, round red spots high on his cheekbones, with ruddy skin, a big nose with a red tip, pale eyes, gray wig, checkered suit and an Alpine hat, laughing.

I'm on a bus. It's freezing cold, arctic. Everyone is huddled in their seats alone, or against each other if they're lucky enough to be with others. I'm alone. The bus is going to a city where I have a friend. But it has stopped. I only want it to go on. I only want it to get there.

There are others on the bus I know—many of them. But they aren't talking to me. No one is talking. Everyone has winter coats on, survival jackets, that icy sea-green color. Fur on the hoods. Hands in our pockets, and if we pull them out you can see, they're like red sausages. Ten little sausages, swollen, frozen, mottled. And they hurt.

It's freezing. Our noses and ears are past pain, numb. We can't feel them. We can hardly move our lips to speak, they're so stiff. I want to unzip my zipper for one second to get something out of a pocket, and I have to look down to do it, because now I can't feel the zipper anymore.

The air is like static snow, like a whole snowstorm has been compressed into just the shape to fill the bus. You can see it, touch it, and move it around, push it aside and back, pile it up like bubbles in a bath. But no one is doing it. They are all sitting like statues in their seats, too cold to move, huddling. Faces are red and suffering and no one speaks. You can't—it splits your lips, cracks them. Just to turn your head would crack it, your neck is a block of ice.

I suddenly think I will try to get out of the bus. It isn't moving anyway, and until it does the doors should open. I get up and start for the door, though at every movement there are cracking sounds and pain tearing from behind my closed lips, like paper across metal teeth. After the first few steps though it is better. I reach the door and lift my hand to pound on it. I pound once—and it opens.

A blast of heat hits me, more concentrated than summer on a beach in Spain.

Outside, it is so hot the exposed skin on my face and hands begins to simmer, to cook, and then to blister. I try to undo my survival jacket, to remove it so that I can stand this heat better. My hands come near my face and I see them. They are thawing as I watch, layer after layer bubbling into blisters while I can feel the still-frozen inside. I try to grasp the zipper and pull, but it is so painful I can't hold on. I can't get the jacket off. I suffer a sensation of melting, as all over my body ice that was frozen in all my pores like crystals of salt changes rapidly back to liquid again, rises in the pores, wells over the edges and trickles down my body, joining together to form streams and finally pool in my shoes and at the hem of my jacket, where a string is tied tightly for just the purpose of better keeping my body heat in. The water collects.

Suddenly, behind me, the motor on the bus begins to hum loudly. I turn and run back, climb painfully up and on, and the door vacuums shut behind me.

The bus begins to move. I return to my original place and sit down. I begin to cry; my tears freeze. It is as cold as before. The belt of water around my hips is almost frozen. But at least the bus is moving again—perhaps we will get there. I stop crying. I try to speak and do:

"Oh, I'm so cold."

"I know, I am too," Anna answers me.

"But I can't stand it, Anna," I cry.

"We'll get there soon, we're moving again," Ray says.

"Breathe on your fingers," says the man from downstairs.

"But my breath is freezing too! Can't someone. . . ."

"We'll be there soon now, honey," Anna whispers.

The bus goes on. Night comes and darkness envelops it.

A chair creaks louder and louder. And something else. I wake up. Oh, I'm freezing! Where are all the covers? All I have over me is a thin bedspread and I'm absolutely freezing!

The sounds that woke me catch my attention. The chair creaking, "Oh, that feels so good," slap, slap, slap—and a giggling, high-pitched.

I struggle from bed and fall to the floor, gluing myself to the crack. They're rocking hard and stirring the air up. They must be heating it a little, and of course it's rising. If it comes up through the crack it may warm me a little, and I'm so cold. I huddle closer. I hope they're not going to stop.

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**Don Sloan, M.D.**
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# BACK IN THE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

I snuffed out an unfinished cigarette. "I don't feel very good."

He shifted his eyes from the leg to my face. "How bad is it, son?"

"Wish I knew. One doctor said I might not be able to walk again, at least not without some kind of braces. But a couple of other ones said I have a good chance of regaining the use of it within a year, maybe less. The problem is the nerves; some of them got pretty messed up."

"How much does it hurt?"

"A lot."

"You getting anything for the pain?"

"I was but now they're cutting me back. The stuff's not good for you."

Leaving his chair, he opened the door to let the family back in, and we all talked for a while longer about hospital and airplane food and ugly nurses. Then they all left, my mother promising to come back by in a couple of days.

"Anything we can do for you?" my father asked at the door. "Anybody you want us to call for you?"

"No. Nobody I can think of."

"Have you talked to your doctors here yet?"

"No, but the nurse said they'd be around this afternoon to run some tests."

"It's only an hour's drive over here, so Mother and I will drop by day after tomorrow. In the meantime, if there's anything we can do give us a call and let us know. Anything at all, understand?"

"Fine. Thanks a lot. See you later. And Daddy . . . ," I began as he turned to leave through the doorway. "Thanks for coming."

"I just wish we could do more for you, but I guess all that we can really do is pray. See you later, son. Now get some rest." Everyone waved one last time from the doorway before leaving.

I spent the rest of the day thinking about my father. Although he never spoke about it, my mother once explained to me why he had refused to buy me a battery-operated machine gun like the one a friend of mine down the street had. At first, there had been just the mere refusal to give in to my pleading, but when that failed my mother took me into her bedroom and told me how my father had been wounded and captured and strapped to panzer turrets as a shield against Allied aircraft. And how in prison camp his captors piled dead American prisoners on him during the night to weaken him for an intelligence-gathering session in the morning. How he ate sawdust to keep his stomach from collapsing, and how he came home with no teeth and weighing less than a hundred pounds. He never told his children these war stories, and he never drank whiskey at the VFW.

It was impossible for me to stop thinking about my father. For the first time in my life, I tried to figure out what he really thought about things.

"I understand you got back from Vietnam just recently."

Accepting a Scotch from the lawyer, I sat down on the sofa beneath a Bierstadt reproduction.

"I've been back about six months—five and a half, to be exact."

The lawyer, a football watcher with an early Beatle haircut, pushed a cube around in his whiskey with his pinky and searched for another question. There were twenty to thirty people in the room and, save only a handful, they were all strangers. Neighborhood people.

"What did you do over there? I mean, what was your job?"

"I was an artillery FO."

"What's that?" he asked, snapping a handful of peanuts from a passing tray.

"Forward observer. I was assigned to an infantry company; it was my job to call in artillery fire whenever we needed it."

> "The leg got worse, taking on the size, texture, and odor of a monstrous sausage that has been left to rot in the sun."

"Oh."

He would have gone on, but his wife, a pretty girl who had wrecked the lines of her face by tortuously teasing her hair, joined us. After the introductions, she dragged her lawyer across the room to meet someone who couldn't wait. When they were gone, I slid across the sofa so that my leg was adjacent to the arm, out of the way of anyone who might trip over it or hit it when sitting down. I'd been out of the hospital for nearly three weeks and didn't want to go back.

The lawyer's wife had given me a cool glance when I had failed to rise, so I retrieved the aluminum cane from beneath the couch to make certain she would notice. But no one else was seated, so I finally stood up and pointed myself in the direction of the bar. The moment I was erect every fluid in my body rushed to my lower leg, giving my limp to the bar a drunken quality. A few people caught peripheral glimpses of me sloshing Scotch on my coat sleeve and went on with their conversations, taking note to approach me when I was not moving. I hoped that they were all paranoid.

I accepted a refill from the bartender and took a long sip. My leg was beginning to throb badly, so I returned to the sofa, plopping down at the end, a cushion away from a girl I'd noticed before. She was drunk and yelling for Tom Jones. Somebody at the end of the room put him on the stereo, and she went on with her conversation with a man kneeling in front of her.

"Well, tell me, how was it over there?" It was the lawyer again.

"How was what?"

"Well, you know. How was it being there? I mean, like was it real bad . . . as bad as it used to be?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"It depends on a lot of things. Where you were, what you were doing . . . it depends on a lot of things."

"This guy named Kalmkirk, one of the guys in our law firm, was over there last year, and he said it's not as bad as it used to be, that things are winding down."

"What was he doing over there?"

"He was a JAG officer in some place along the coast. I think it was—"

"Da Nang? Cam R—?"

"What was that first one?"

"Da Nang."

"Yeah. That might have been it. Is that close to the ocean?"

"Yeah."

"Well, anyway, he says things aren't that bad anymore, at least not as bad as they say on the news."

"Like I said, it depends on. . . ."

"He used to tell me about these two girls who used to come around to clean his room for him—some really, really wild stories." He drained his glass and crunched ice between his teeth. "He said they were pretty good but nothing compared to the chicks he had on his R&R in Thailand.

"Hey," he went on, turning to make sure no one would overhear him. "I hear the weed's out of this world. That right?" He was grinning like a teenager who had just asked his best friend whether he'd gotten laid the night before.

"Listen," I said, placing my glass on the coffee table, "I want you to do me a favor. When you go into work on Monday, I want you to—"

"Hey, come on, Philip, honey. We gotta go. That baby-sitter's gonna put that kid out in the street if we don't get a move on."

"Yeah, I guess it is getting kind of late. Have you got your purse?"

"Yeah, come on, we gotta go."

The lawyer was on his feet and was scanning the room for some sign of his host and hostess. The party was quite loud now, someone having increased the volume on the record player.

"Hey, what was that favor you wanted?"

"Never mind. I was just using the phrase in a manner of speaking."

"Oh well, see you around. I enjoyed talking to you."

I was considering a return trip to the bar when I was approached by a middle-aged

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Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar" 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

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couple whom I recognized to be friends of my parents. Their brother-in-law's nephew had worked in an Armed Forces television station in Saigon. A few feet behind them, my parents were signaling with raised eyebrows that they were ready to leave.

"Now that you're back," the executive asked, "what are your plans? Are you still in the service?"

"No, I was medically discharged last month. I'm really not sure what my plans are just yet."

"Maybe go back and finish school?"

"I've got my BA."

"Oh, well that's fine, that's fine. What kind of work you thinking about?"

"Well, like I said, I'm really not sure what I want to do yet. How's Don doing these days?"

"Oh, he's still in law school. Hates it," he emphasized, "but he's sticking it out. I suppose he'll finish one of these years." I joined them in their laughter.

"Tell me," the man said, suddenly shifting to a dark frown, "what do you think of that war over there?"

Taking the cane into my left hand, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my Zippo and handed it to him. He looked at it, his frown turning into a curious smile. Then, despite his wife's pleas to see it first, he handed it back to me. "I guess so," he said.

A little later my parents and I said our good-byes to the hostess and left the house. During the short ride home, I slipped my hand into my pocket and wrapped it around the cigarette lighter that has a map of Vietnam on one side and "Fighting for Peace is like Fucking for Chastity" on the other.

Stepping out of the elevator into the hallway of the eleventh floor, I followed the red, white, and blue arrows on the wall to the Veterans Administration office, thumbing through the contents of my manila envelope along the way to make sure I had all the necessary forms and papers.

I pushed the heavy, frosted glass door open with the tip of my cane and groaned when I saw the thirty or forty people ahead of me. They were all sitting disconsolately in chairs arranged in neat rows of ten, theater style. It was five minutes till nine.

"I have an appointment to see a Mr. Collier this morning at 9:20," I said, stepping up to the desk that formed the dam between the sea of veterans and the offices they had come to enter. "Here are all the forms I was supposed to fill out."

The woman behind the desk was a thick, meaty mess who, despite the earliness of the day, was already building up wide arcs of wetness under her arms. I stood waiting while she shuffled through the papers, alternating between low snarls of dissatisfaction and silent frowns. She was a perfect civil servant.

On the wall behind her desk was a large "Hire the Vet" poster. One half showed an infantryman with an M-16 wading across a flooded rice paddy; the other showed the same youth striding into a factory with a toolbox.

"These ain't right," she finally said, making no effort at concealing the delight she gathered from her powers. "They gave you the wrong ones. Where'd you get them?"

"Your office mailed them to me."

"Well, somebody sure messed up. These won't do." As she shuffled through them a second time, I surveyed the collection of veterans. No one in the large, sleepy group was talking; nobody knew anybody else. No one was smiling either. The collective feeling was that it was going to be a long, long morning.

"Wait here while I get you the right ones," she ordered in her Brillo voice.

She returned after a few minutes with the new and better forms and a cup of coffee. "Can I fill them out right here?" I asked, looking at the chair next to her desk.

"No," she answered, parking her barrel ass behind the desk. "Over there."

"Do you have a pen I could borrow? I seem to have lost mine." I anticipated her reply and continued to fumble through my pockets.

> "There were twenty other patients in the ward, but only enough arms, lungs, and testicles for ten."

"Now if I were to loan out pens to everybody that came in here, there wouldn't be enough worth counting at the end of the day! No, you'll have to borrow one from somebody over there."

"Thanks a million, sweetheart."

"Look, don't you try getting smart with me, son!" One look into her bureaucratic eyes and I could count on my 9:20 appointment slipping away towards noon.

At 11:40 my number was called, and I was instructed to go down the hall to Mr. Collier's office. It was one of perhaps fifteen square cubicles that lined both sides of the narrow hallway.

"Let's see, now," he said as he looked through my forms after introducing himself. "You plan to go back and finish college, is that correct?"

"No, I graduated before I went into the Army. What I plan to do now is get an MA."

"Fine, fine!" Mr. Collier probably didn't like his job, but he was pleasant and saw it as a primary priority. I felt a little sorry for him. "What do you plan to study? International relations?"

"No, I think I'll take some English; I'd like to get into something a little different from what I was doing before." Mr. Collier's smile slackened somewhat.

"Well, what do you plan on doing after you get your MA? Thinking about teaching?"

"I really don't know right now. That's one reason I want to go back to school; I'd like to get some fresh perspectives."

"And you don't know what you'll be doing when you finish?"

"No," I repeated, irritated that he hadn't appreciated my explanation. "Will it make any difference?"

"No, no, of course not," he said, taking off his glasses and rubbing his red eyes. "It's just that we like to help *guide* the veteran, especially the Vietnam veteran, towards a particular goal. And if the veteran doesn't have one in mind, we like to help him find one, something he can work towards, so he can go out and take his place in society."

"Mr. Collier, I appreciate the VA's concern and all, but I think it's something I'll have to work out myself." The counselor stared at me intently for a moment, chewing on his glasses; then he returned to my forms. Occasionally he would make a notation of something that interested him and enter it into a block on the counseling file he was building. "Mind if I smoke?"

"No, of course not," he answered, shoving the glass ashtray across the desk. "It says here that you're drawing disability compensation for a leg injury."

"Right," I confirmed, leaning on my new maple cane with my wrist as I checked the form. "They computed it at 30 percent."

"Let's see, that means you'll be drawing, what—seventy dollars a month?"

"Yeah, I believe that's the figure. But they said I wouldn't begin receiving it for a couple of months."

"Yes, these things take a while to get initiated. Now, according to this statement, you'll be going to an out-of-state school, is that correct?"

"Yeah."

"Well, you realize that we'll have to forward this through another regional office for their approval. It'll take a little while longer to get a formal reply, but I don't see that there'll be any problems. Do you have a letter of acceptance from the university you'll be attending?"

I handed it to him. Graduate school had been the last thing on my mind when I finished my undergraduate work, but now it seemed like a good idea, mainly for lack of an alternative.

"Looks like everything is in order with your file. Now, if you'll just sign these forms, we'll be finished." He leaned back in his swivel chair and stretched, while I read and signed the papers.

"You deal with a lot of paper here."

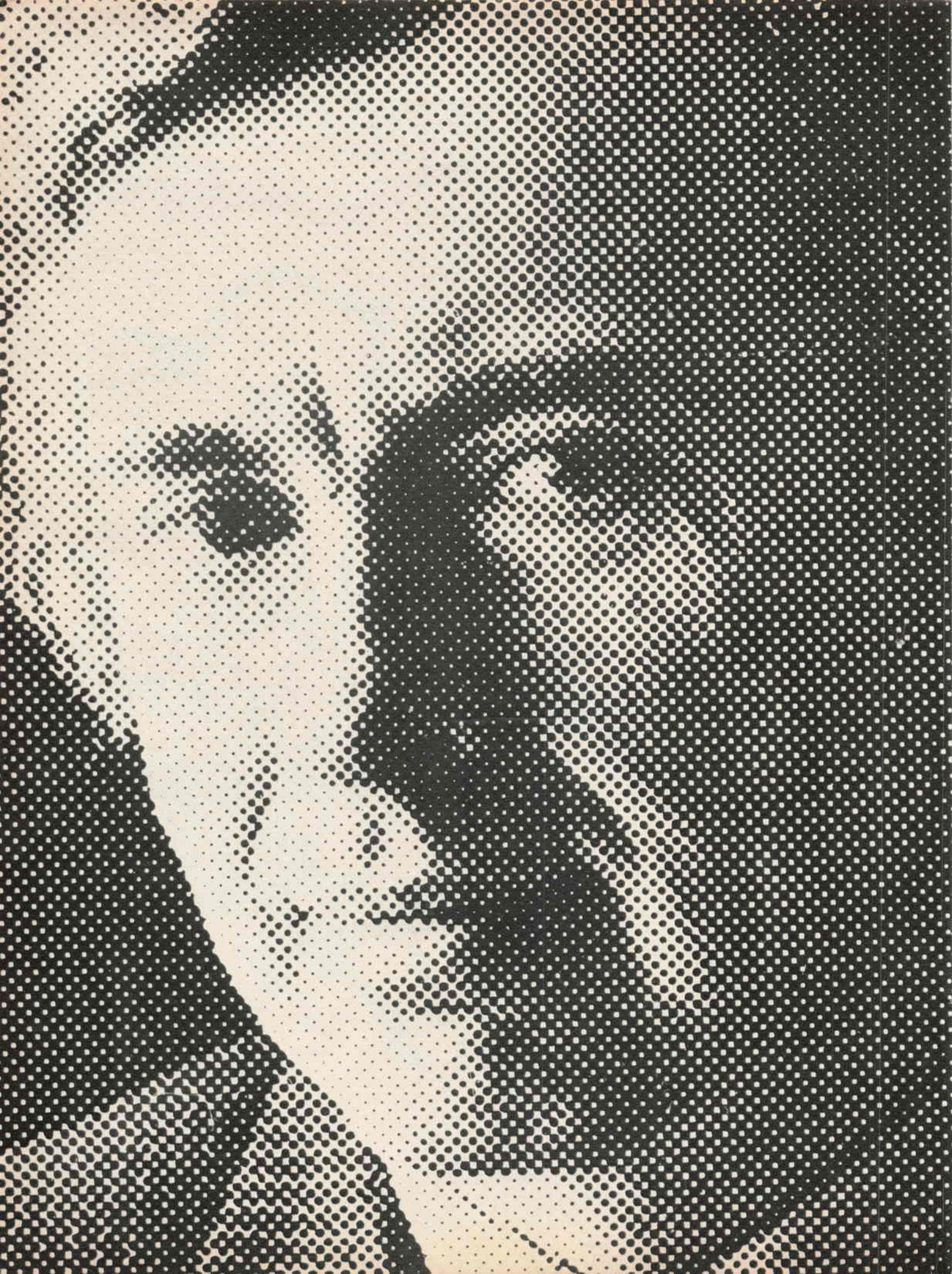
"More paper than people, but there doesn't seem to be any way around it."

"I guess not," I said as I handed his pen back to him.

"If you'll just wait out in the outer office, I'll

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

*"Just wait 'til she realizes that isn't his* lance *Sir Rodney's holding in his hand."*



# GORE VIDAL

"I hope that by saying the unsaid
I make change possible—by opening people's minds to things
they haven't heard or thought about.
I suppose one could become a messiah that way."

When Gore Vidal published his first book, *Williwaw*, he was just twenty years old and stationed at an army base in Idaho. The book received critical praise as an excellent first effort by a young writer. Three years later, in 1948, Vidal published his second novel, *The City and the Pillar*, and the terrible swift sword of the literary establishment came crashing down upon him. The book's hero is a red-blooded American boy who, it happens, enjoys sleeping with men as well as women. Critics in that postwar neo-Victorian era were not about to stand idly by and watch American morals be corrupted by "perverts." Many critics decided that they would never review another of his books, and Vidal found himself banished from the literary mainstream at the very start of his career.

Looking back, it seems peculiar by today's standards that such a relatively mild work as *The City and the Pillar* should have been so controversial. Vidal at the time was unaware that he would be risking the wrath of what he calls the "American heterosexual dictatorship," although he knew that the book would negate his childhood dream of becoming president—which, he told *Penthouse* interviewer Ken Kelley, was his ultimate sexual fantasy as well.

Vidal's family belongs to the American aristocracy. His grandfather, Thomas Gore, was the first elected U.S. senator from Oklahoma; his father, Eugene Vidal, was a West Point football star and a member of Franklin Roosevelt's inner circle of advisers; and his stepfather was Hugh Auchincloss (who was also stepfather of the Bouvier sisters—Lee, who married Prince Stanislaus Radziwill, and Jacqueline, who, of course, became Mrs. John F. Kennedy). Because of his family background, it was often assumed that Vidal was affluent in his own right. He wasn't. He took a job as a copyeditor for E. P. Dutton, wrote screenplays for the budding new medium of television (one of which, *Visit to a Small Planet*, would later become a Broadway hit), and turned out a plethora of potboilers to pay the rent.

In the Fifties, Vidal became a member of the new literary set—with Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, William Styron—and befriended Anais Nin, a middle-aged French writer who had been unable to get a book contract in America. She has now become a feminist heroine with the publication of her multivolumed diaries and Vidal is somewhat piqued that she never admits the influence he had on her career and, in fact, snubbed him in her own works.

In 1960, Vidal made his only stab at electoral politics. He had written several books and had been on enough TV shows to gain a national reputation. He decided to run for Congress from New York State's Twenty-ninth District, a Republican stronghold. He nearly won. And though he could have easily won a seat in the Johnson landslide of 1964, he declined to run—"I just couldn't relegate myself to the anonymity of the House of Representatives."

During the Sixties, Vidal rose to preeminence among contemporary American authors. In addition, his play, *The Best Man*, was tremendously successful and became a hit movie. Virtually every book he turned out became a best-seller: *Julian*, *Washington, D.C.*, and the controversial *Myra Breckinridge*, the story of a sort of American Gothic transvestite. Vidal's latest book, *Myron* (Random House), is the story of Myra becoming masculated once more. "I'm the latter-day Mark Twain," boasts Vidal, only slightly tongue-in-cheek. "Myra is Tom Sawyer, and Myron is Huckleberry Finn."

Vidal is also one of America's premier essayists. His book, *Homage to Daniel Shays*, is a collection of ten years' worth of his essays. It is named after the leader of Shays' Rebellion, who, Vidal feels, would have plucked the United States from the clutches of George Washington, "America's first millionaire," had the rebellion been successful. "It's dedicated to the road not taken," Vidal told interviewer Kelley.

Included in this collection was an essay attacking his in-laws and former friends, the Kennedys. A former intimate of Jack Kennedy (for whom, among other things, Vidal admits he served as an ersatz pimp, telling the president which Hollywood starlet he thought would be amenable to his amorous attentions), Vidal was appalled by Kennedy's term in office and what he saw as a potential Kennedy dynasty, with Bobby Kennedy succeeding his older brother, to be followed in due course by Teddy.

Vidal now spends much of his time in an Italian villa, journeying to America occasionally. *Burr*, Vidal's fictionalized biography of America's third vice-president, was last year's runaway best-seller, and Vidal is currently involved in turning the book into a five-part series for ABC Television. Although he lives on foreign turf, Vidal maintains that he is not an expatriate, inasmuch as he still pays American taxes and is one of this country's foremost critics. "Most of my time is spent commenting upon or thinking about America," he says.

His current project is a book to be titled *1876*—due out in 1976—about Samuel Tilden and the Tilden–Hayes election of that year. To Vidal that election signaled the first wholesale selling of American democracy to the highest bidder. "It was the Watergate of its era," says Vidal, "and the story that Mark Twain tried to write, but couldn't." No doubt our new Mark Twain will succeed where his predecessor failed.

Photograph By Jill Krementz

***Penthouse:*** You've said that in publishing *The City and the Pillar* in 1948 you took on single-handedly the "American heterosexual dictatorship." Yet, by today's standards, it is rather tame. What was all the fuss about?

**Vidal:** The only value of that book is that I was saying that the homosexual act has parity with the heterosexual act, and this was unheard of at that time—nobody would accept it. Homosexuals were criminals and/or insane, and there was no other position to be taken on the subject.

So although *The City and the Pillar* was melodramatic, to say the least, and very demure by today's standards, its assumption blew everybody's mind. I took a perfectly normal, all-American athletic stud and showed that he was wildly in love with his old boyfriend. It would have been all right if he were an interior decorator or a ballet dancer or a freak of some sort, but I used a dead gray style that sounded like James T. Farrell to make him seem like the boy next door. And, indeed, that's what the boy next door probably was up to.

Every man in the country knows this—or knew this. And yet this is the one thing he must never say—what buddies do on hunting trips. That's cheating. The fact that men in America are bisexual is a phenomenon that people just haven't confronted.

I remember when Adlai Stevenson was running in '52, Anaïs Nin said to me, "Of course, he's a homosexual." And I said, "What on earth makes you think that?" "Well," she said, "because no heterosexual American man can have such wit or such charm." And I said, "Do you realize that you've said the most devastating thing that I've ever heard said about the United States? That only a homosexual can have wit and charm?" She said, "It's true." Whether it was true of Stevenson or not, I don't know.

***Penthouse:*** Did you anticipate that the book would make the waves that it did?

**Vidal:** Oh, yes. By publishing it I was putting an end, I thought, to a political career—something that I wanted very much. In fact, not only could I not have a political career, I almost didn't have a literary career. Nobody would review me. So I vanished from sight, really, for quite a while.

But actually, even at sixteen I knew that I was going to have to deal with this problem sometime—but I didn't know how I would deal with it and I didn't know that I was just going to come head on with an axe and take on the heterosexual dictatorship, which nobody had ever tried to do or dreamed of doing. That was a surprise and a slight variation from the script. But I did expect that there would be trouble. And it simply never occurred to me I'd ever lose. That wasn't part of it.

***Penthouse:*** But you knew you were giving up any chance of becoming president.

**Vidal:** Yes. I certainly wanted to be president, but I realized it was not in the cards. Before *The City and the Pillar*, I thought I had a very good crack at it. But I turned it off. It was a decision done with open eyes. I knew that I was eliminating something from my life that I might have wanted.

But in retrospect it makes no real difference one way or the other. So there have been thirty-eight presidents, there's only been one me, one Hawthorne, one Whitman. Thirty-eight presidents—think of that range of mediocrity!

***Penthouse:*** At the beginning of his administration, you were hopeful that John F. Kennedy might be different—a fresh approach, rather than the same old mediocrity. What happened to change your opinion of him?

**Vidal:** That was a curious piece, that first article I wrote on Jack, because I read it again about a year ago and I was rather startled at how wary it was. And how I struck the note that he might not live through his first term. I always did think he'd die—terrible health would do him in or some angry husband would shoot him. Or else he'd be driven from office for moral turpitude. I was always positive something awful would happen to him of a sexual nature, though it never did.

> "I always thought that something awful of a sexual nature would happen to Jack Kennedy . . . that he'd be shot by an angry husband or driven from office for moral turpitude."

Anyway, when I had my row with Bobby Kennedy, which was both personal and political, I saw that they were going to pass the presidency to Bobby after Jack had enjoyed two terms. I thought this was a bad idea. Bobby was really a child of Joe McCarthy, a little Torquemada. So I really was out to see that this didn't happen.

Moreover, Jack's presidency appalled me. He began with an invasion of Cuba that failed and he ended with the Vietnam War beginning. That was Jack Kennedy's contribution to American history.

***Penthouse:*** You knew Kennedy personally. When he became president did you continue to call him "Jack" or did you call him "Mr. President"?

**Vidal:** I called him "you." I couldn't call him "Jack" and I wasn't about to call him "Mr. President," so I said "you." It's funny—people always had to stand by and let him go into the dining room first. Everyone, even women, had to stand to one side as he went in. It was very royal, that place. Eleanor Roosevelt told me she went down and saw him right after he was elected, and he stepped aside for her to go through the door. She drew back: "Oh, no—you are the president." He said, "I keep forgetting." "You must never forget," she said.

One thing he never forgot was sex. He used to ask me about this girl and that girl. What was she like? Could it be arranged? He checked out everybody. He just went down the line. He was wild for Joanne Woodward. He knew that Joanne and Paul Newman and I were all living together in a house and wanted to know all about that. He said he found her very attractive and would like to meet her sometime. "Oh, come off it," I said. "She's all wrapped up in Paul." "Well," he said, "what difference does that make?" He was very royal about those things.

***Penthouse:*** And Jackie, of course, knew about it?

**Vidal:** Yes.

***Penthouse:*** Did she have any of her own trysts?

**Vidal:** In the spirit of revenge, perhaps she might have. I wouldn't say if I knew.

***Penthouse:*** If you thought that *The City and the Pillar* destroyed your chances for public office, why did you run for Congress?

**Vidal:** Well, years had passed and generations change. It was twelve years later, and I'd become quite well known through television as well as writing. And there was an impossible Republican district, so I got the nomination very easily, and then I nearly won it.

In '64 I *could* have won, but I decided not to expose myself to the anonymity of the House of Representatives. I could have had a sort of half-assed career, but the career is not worthwhile unless you become president or unless you get so close to the president that you're able to push whoever gets there. And I could never have done that. Curiously enough, I think the country is now going through another great change. A person might be able to be sexually candid in a campaign. But then I'm getting a little old for that.

***Penthouse:*** Do you really think you'd be anonymous as a member of the House of Representatives?

**Vidal:** Well, it's a great leveler, I must say. People have vanished down there never to be seen again. But I might conceivably be drawn to it again, simply because I think this country is now going into its terminal phase and I wouldn't mind at all being at the center of it in some spear-carrying—well, spear-throwing—way. And it might be interesting

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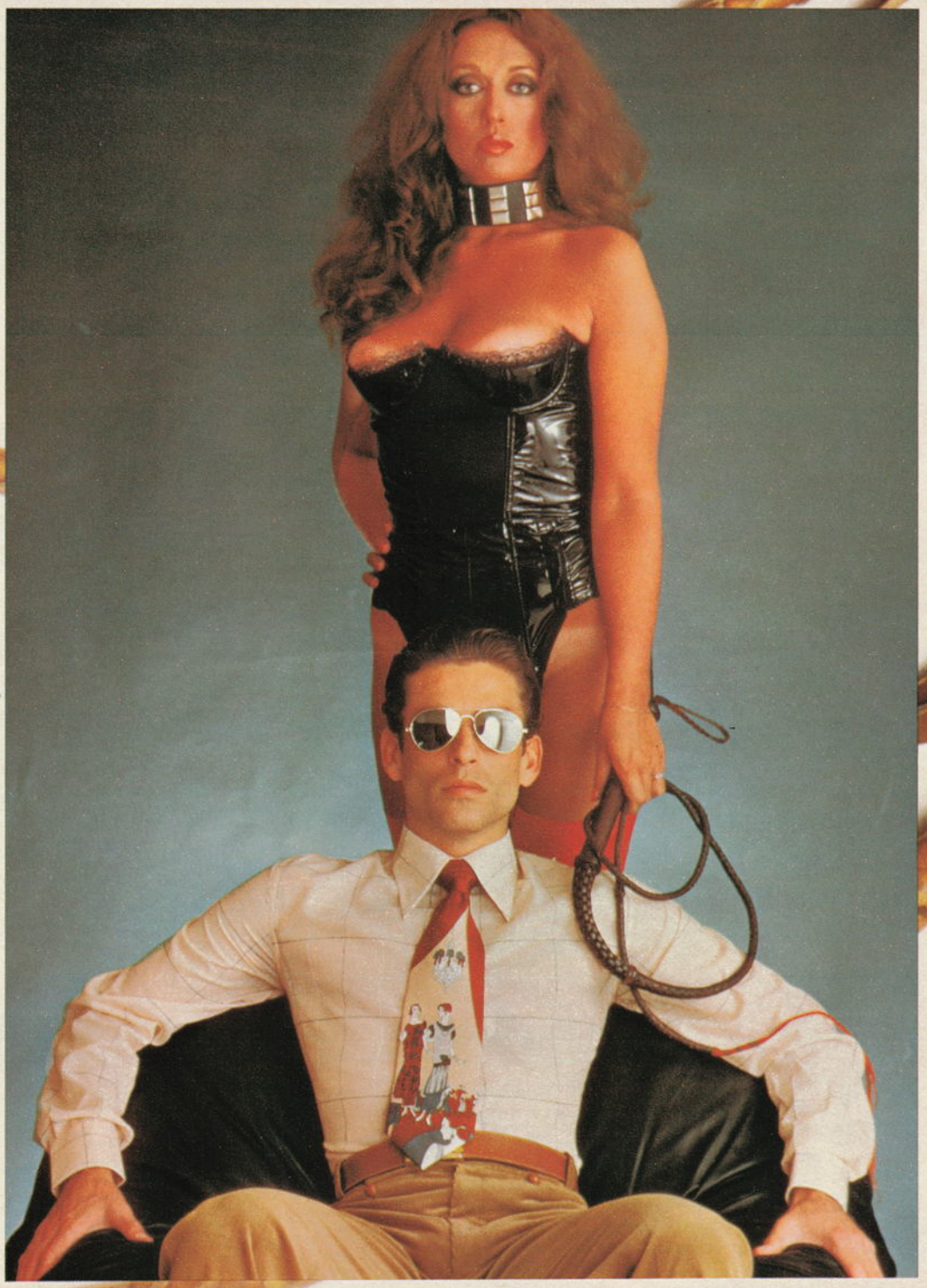
# Smart As A Whip

## Putting New Snap Into Shirts and Cravats

FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING

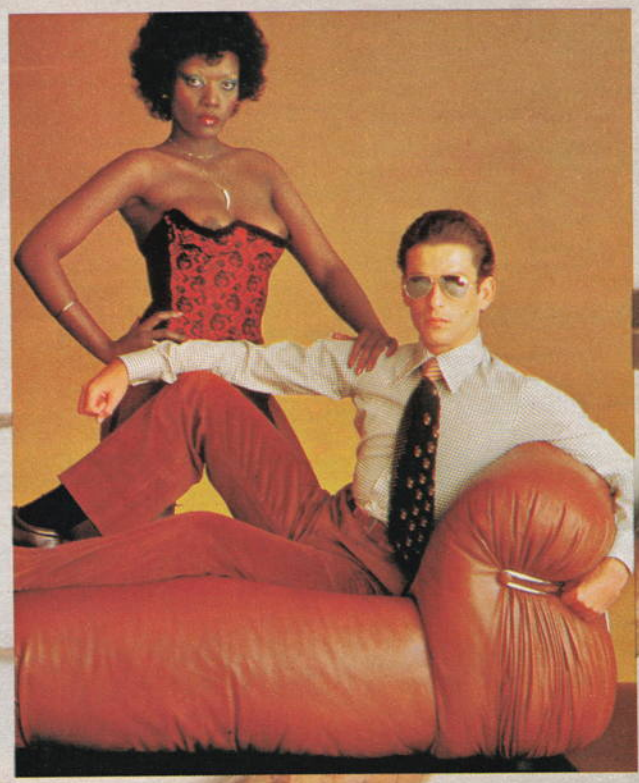


*The cotton windowpane plaid shirt ($40) by Dimitri. The silk "life" motif tie ($11) from Carré by Berkley Cravats. At Wallach's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Macy's, San Francisco; and Silverwood's, Los Angeles. Tan lightweight corduroy trousers ($65) by Mallory Cacharel. At Joseph Magnin, Los Angeles; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Belt by Canterbury.*

To look smart this spring *Penthouse* suggests silky neckwear fashions—in a big knot or a small one but certainly no longer in a bow—that emphasize geometric or lightning-bolt designs and, for the more bold, brassy scenic deco-patterns. Elegant dress shirts of soft texture and color really bring out the snap in those cravats.

*The pearl-gray shirt ($25) by Givenchy for Chesa. At Leighton's, New York; Ariston, San Francisco; Morry's, Chicago. "Golfers" motif tie ($11) from Carré for Berkley Cravats. At Macy's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Hastings, San Francisco; May Company, Los Angeles. Wool herringbone pants ($65) by Gyor for Barney Sampson Co. Available at Arbiter Boutique, New York; Ultimo, Chicago; Mr. Guy, Los Angeles; Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco. Le Corbusier lounger by Atelier International. Her shoes by Chelsea Cobbler, New York. The cotton mini-tattersall check shirt ($65) by Madonna, New York. Crepe de chine border print tie ($20) by Giovannelli. At Europeo Boutique, New York; Desta, Ltd., Chicago. The cotton velveteen slacks ($45) by Franklin Bober for Jodhpurs. At Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco; Roots, Summit, New Jersey. Belt by J. Bellini, Inc. Crepe-sole shoes by Famolare. The Soriani chair by Atelier International. All ladies' corsets, garter belts, and stockings from Michael Salem TV Boutique, New York. All men's sunglasses by Pan Oceanic. Studded dog collar and whip from Pleasure Chest, New York. The Bonanza chair by Atelier International, New York.*

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check off Fashion Finder coupon, page 148.



*Cotton diamond-motif shirt ($35) and silk lightning-bolt deco tie ($20) both by Dimitri, New York. The wool tweed slacks ($47.50) by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael Fashions. At Whitehouse and Hardy, New York; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Mike Bain, Los Angeles. Boots by Italia. The chaise longue by Turner, Ltd.*

*The tangerine-tone cotton shirt ($20) by Courage for Eagle Shirtmakers. Bold floral-print silk tie (about $12.50) by Courchevel. Available at Bloomingdale's, New York; Baskins, Chicago; I. Magnin, Los Angeles, all stores; Gordins, San Francisco. Wool tweed slacks by J. Bellini, Inc., New York. Ribbon chair by Turner Ltd., New York.*

# GORE VIDAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

to be in the House, just for this period, the next two to four years, which would be a new way of doing it. Just to go out and say, "I'm not making a career of this, I'm not running for president, I don't want to be a senator, I don't lust to be the governor of the state, I just want to be here in the House and tell you what's wrong with what you are doing day after day." That does attract me a bit. But then, I'd never write again. You can't do both.

***Penthouse:*** When you say that this country is going into a terminal phase, do you mean that we're going to have a revolution of some sort?

**Vidal:** Revolutions do not necessarily come on cue, nor are they always recognizable when they arrive. But they do come; and ours is beginning now. I think it will be very exciting despite the blood and confusion. And it will be fairly soon—within a year or so. It's unavoidable, we're running out of energy. Our prosperity is built on cheap energy and we have no alternative, there is nothing we can do to replace it short of conquering the Arab oil fields, and if we try to do that it will probably be the end of the human race because atom bombs will be exploded or there will be such an age of terrorism that it won't be worth living.

So if energy continues to be this expensive, you will begin to shut down the plants because you cannot afford them. That's happening now. Then you'll print lots of money for the people and you'll give everybody everything they ask for in the way of wages, but there won't be anything to buy.

Now, this is how I see the scenario developing—unlike 1929 where our people were docile and lined up at the soup kitchens and did as their masters told them and dispersed when General MacArthur ordered them to. Today, everyone owns a gun. And the new middle class, which used to be the proletariat, the so-called blue-collar workers, the hard hats, have now moved into the middle class and they're getting a piece of the action, as Richard Nixon would say. Well, they do not want to surrender that piece of the action—quite sensibly—and if they can't afford to buy the things they would like to own—first, because they need to eat them to survive; and secondly, because they've been told by the TV set that they must own these things in order to achieve status—they'll go in with their guns and they'll shoot up the place and they'll take what they want.

I was talking to a black policeman who worked in Harlem. And he said that you can never count on the police to support the owners of the stores. "These will be our families, our brothers and our sisters, who are ripping off the shops and it will be a class war. We're not going to obey the owners of the mansion."

So the revolution won't be somebody marching on Washington, it won't be, "Oh, come on, kids, let's blow up the White House and kill the president." It's not going to be anything like that. It's going to be a riot in Scranton and a riot in Roxbury, something peculiar in the suburbs, and martial law, we already saw a bit of it up in Boston. Then it will escalate. And finally some demagogue will try and put it together and try to focus all these discontents on one enemy, preferably the blacks or the Jews, since they are usually the easiest. A clever demagogue might focus on the rich, though that's almost unthinkable in America, but it's possible that they might become the target. Then you have your revolution.

***Penthouse:*** What do you think will emerge from this revolution?

**Vidal:** Nobody knows how a revolution will turn out. When the Bastille fell, who predicted that Corporal Bonaparte was going to be emperor of the French in six years? But I can tell you that we're going to have a planned economy afterwards, no matter who's running it. Everything is going to be rationed. And in a sense the true aim of the democratic society—economic equality—will be achieved because of too many people and too little food. Yet there will always be a ruling class in need of civilizing.

> "West Point should be abolished. It creates a totally fascist officer class that is highly dangerous to this country and that has the greatest contempt for democracy everywhere."

***Penthouse:*** You seem to regard the future calmly—to take everything in stride. What do you get excited about?

**Vidal:** Injustice is the one thing that sends my blood pressure mounting. I have a very highly developed sense of justice. And not particularly about myself. I worry about that too, but not all that much. But I do worry about the difference between what people say and what they do.

For example, I was being interviewed on CBS News a few minutes after a tape of General George Brown—the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—appeared, apologizing for saying that the Jews own America's banks and newspapers and were tilting us toward Israel.

So I said on television, do you mind if I talk about General Brown? I've been telling people for twenty-five years that West Point should be abolished. I was born there, and my father, my uncle, and my two stepbrothers went there. A totally fascist officer class is created by West Point. These people are highly dangerous to the institutions of this country. They have the greatest contempt for democracy everywhere. They have put up about twenty miniature West Points all around the world. Ethiopia's got one, that's what's been happening there, there's one in Thailand, and there are about fourteen in Latin America.

I said that Brown—a typical West Point bonehead—suddenly revealed what these officers think of the Jews. And I can tell you they think the same thing about the blacks and the "lower orders," even though they themselves come from the lower orders.

I remember during World War II, listening to a group of air force generals say that we were on the wrong side in the war, we should be fighting with Hitler against Russia. They said we were fighting Hitler because Roosevelt was a Jew and his name was really Franklin D. Rosenfelt and that Roosevelt had syphilis, not polio, and that they should surround the White House and throw him out and take over the government.

Yet, believe it or not, there are American Jews who praise the Pentagon, and think the generals will save them from the Cossacks, not realizing that West Pointers *are* the Cossacks. That blows my mind.

***Penthouse:*** What about injustice to homosexuals? Do you think the gay liberation movement is going to succeed in its revolt against the heterosexual establishment?

**Vidal:** I think in the long run it will do pretty well. It depends on what the politics and the economy are like. These are far more important than the sexual climate. They should not be, but they are. If we have a dictatorship, which I rather suspect is in the cards, then we're apt to go through a great period of repression, sexual repression, which dictators need, particularly Protestant ones. But as things are going now, I think all the gay movements are slowly forcing the legislatures to change their laws, which is the most important thing to get done.

I do think the general consciousness of the country hasn't changed at all. To be a fag is still the most awful thing that can ever befall anybody. I don't think anybody's basically changed out there. There's much more awareness of it, I suppose. In the great cities, of course, it's quite different—you have whole fag communities; and when they start voting as a block, politicians get scared and "unnatural vice" suddenly becomes legitimate.

***Penthouse:*** Do you think the cultivated androgyny of the rock 'n' roll culture has anything to do with it?

**Vidal:** No, I think that reflects rather than inspires. It is a reflection of a general turning away from sexual roles, which I think is brought on partly by the fuck-up in Vietnam which could only come out of a sort of Lyndon Johnson machismo . . . pulling out his tiny cock as he once did at a meeting of generals and banging it on the desk and saying, "Ho Chi Minh isn't going to get this!"

Also the tyranny of the female orgasm is really going to drive male heterosexuality to the wall. Because many men by and large cannot fulfill them—in many cases because it's not technically possible. Of course, before women found out about it, many of them were perfectly happy with their sex lives. Now it's, "Herman, are you giving me the Big O, are you a considerate person, Herman?" "Well, Miriam, it has been two hours now, I am still sawing away trying to give you the Big O." "Well, Herman, I wonder if you're really a warm, mature human being; you're probably latently homosexual." "It's been three hours, Miriam, three hours, I'm trying to give you the O." "But if you were a warm and mature person, Herman, I would have had the Big O by now." This dialogue is heard every night in the suburbs of America. And one day Herman is just going to say, "Oh, shit. Here—take this vibrator, and I'll see you later."

Lots of male heart attacks are coming out of this, too. Men live under great tensions in the kind of greedy society that most of them have to work in, and now they also have to be good at sex and go on and on and on. I can see how a lot of them just quit the game and go with each other or stay alone.

More women are going with one another, too; they know all the buttons to push. They can get along quite well without that temperamental piece of meat which so often refuses to respond as Masters and Johnson would want it to. Moreover, I think homosexuality is somewhat simpler, in that it is a sort of doubling of one's own body, a mirror reflection of it.

***Penthouse:*** When you go around speaking —to college audiences and such—what kind of reception do you usually get? Do cute little boys come up to you and offer their services for the night, as they offer them to Allen Ginsberg?

**Vidal:** I fear that no ass ever comes my way on a lecture tour. For one thing, I'm too tired; for another, I'm rather intimidating. I think they suspect I perhaps don't love them—and this comes through, you see. Whereas Allen is in the business of dispensing love in great, great, great quantities along with the Oms. So we have a different audience. He lowers consciousness, I raise it. Get them dumb enough, they'll do anything. The real guru trip.

***Penthouse:*** How do you raise consciousness?

**Vidal:** Well, I don't think of myself as being very effective, but I do things like talking about General Brown and West Point, which I think people ought to know. I hope that by saying the unsaid I make change possible, by opening people's minds to things they haven't heard or thought about. That's all. But I suppose one could become a messiah that way. The field is wide open now. Everybody seems to be doing it: that mysterious Korean, the little fat boy from India . . . everybody's in the messiah racket. As the religions break up, all sorts of weird cults are going to come along. There's a fortune to be made in being the messiah. Give people faith and hope, give them something to live for. Tell them death is not the end.

Read my novel *Messiah*. Very prophetic.

***Penthouse:*** Are psychoanalysts also in the "messiah racket"?

**Vidal:** Psychiatry—like phrenology, which was very popular in the last century and was almost as highly developed a "science"—is just an anachronism. It is a manifestation of affluence for one thing: middle-class people with too much money wondering if they're being loved for themselves, as if there was much there to bother with, and as if there aren't plenty more where they came from.

"The fact that men in America are bisexual is a phenomenon that people just haven't confronted."

The self-importance that analysis has given a handful of well-to-do people is an aberration. We're going back to real life very shortly. We're going to be starving to death and trying to survive.

***Penthouse:*** So the works of such people as Freud and Jung, you believe, have no relation to "real life"?

**Vidal:** Well, they're both interesting men. Freud, in fact, is almost good enough to be a novelist. He used the creative process properly. But it's all nonsense, of course—not to be taken seriously. His *Leonardo* is beautifully done. But you don't build a science on it.

Now Jung—Jung fascinates me. If I were ever to go mad, I might go mad in his direction—that is, if I ever took any of these gurus seriously. But Jung goes so quickly into fascism—blood consciousness, D. H. Lawrence, and the Nazis—that there's almost no time to enjoy the scenery. But much of it is charming.

It's much the same as believing in God. Our conceited notion that this dreadful race down here was created by something up in the sky that looks just like—guess who? Us! The silliest notion! Our self-congratulation is beyond anything.

***Penthouse:*** Is humility a virtue?

**Vidal:** I don't think it exists. We are born into a devouring world that eventually destroys us. Therefore our egos are naturally nervous and tend to voraciousness and self-centeredness, the very opposite of humility. Of course, you have professional religious people who affect humility—and a very gruesome sight it is. To see each of them trying to be more humble than the other is very chilling.

***Penthouse:*** What about humility and the arts?

**Vidal:** Not a useful pose, at least in America. To succeed in this country you have to continually tell people that you're the greatest this or greatest that. Otherwise they think, "If he doesn't think so, why should we?" Ours is a land of self-advertisers and snake-oil hustlers.

I've often thought that my literary reputation has suffered because I've never gone in for saying I'm the greatest this or the greatest that. My style tends to irony, to self-deprecation. This is totally un-American; they don't understand it. Why, I actually make fun of my own work, I've actually said some of it wasn't very good. Oh, they look very bleak at that because, they think, "If he thinks it's bad, my God, it must be simply terrible. He's some sort of bad person." You have to be continually in a state of euphoria and constantly boasting.

Much of this goes back to Hemingway. His was the first really diseased mind among the writers. He was a seriously mentally ill man who began a psychotic tradition that Mailer is now trying, without much success, to continue: *Literature as a battlefield; Only one champ; Me Tarzan, you Jane.*

***Penthouse:*** You once said that we should not examine what people say about themselves but what their assumptions are about themselves. What do you think Americans' assumptions are about themselves?

**Vidal:** Well, it's not their assumptions, it's what they *don't* say about themselves which is the giveaway; the things they do not examine. In politics you have an endless list: has anybody ever really brought up the fact that corporate profits continually get higher and higher as the economy gets worse and worse? Has anybody ever brought up the fact that we get nothing back for the taxes that we give to the government? America is the only country that gets nothing in return for taxes paid except the Pentagon. These are the unstated assumptions of the society; they are never brought up, they are entirely taken for granted and aren't challenged.

***Penthouse:*** Do you still want Ralph Nader to be president?
**Vidal:** No.
***Penthouse:*** Why did you?
**Vidal:** Well, it was a good idea at the time to get some attention for a fourth party. That's exactly why I did it and he knows it. That's why he's so angry at me. I was exploiting him cold-bloodedly in the interest of the fourth party movement. He is well known to a lot of people in the country. But he's insufficiently radical. He's just a lobbyist who wants the consumer society to work better. I want to eliminate it.
***Penthouse:*** Who was our best president?
**Vidal:** Well, Lincoln was our most *interesting* president. But he was a very difficult man and not at all as legend sees him. A very neurotic figure. The mystery of Lincoln is how a man with really no education, who was not much of a reader, could command the best prose style of any American. He writes better than any other American writer. How did he do that? He was wasted in the presidency because the South should have been allowed to secede. Oh, yes, we would have been better off. The whole problem of the American Empire was that we had to be this one indissoluble union marching forever westward and conquering the earth. It was an imperialist notion. Forget slavery—that was not an issue at all. That would have probably withered away in time. But there should be at least eight countries here, and if there were, we probably would be a much happier continent.
***Penthouse:*** Then Lincoln made the biggest blunder of all.
**Vidal:** Yes, but for the best of reasons. He was wrong: the South's case was perfect. They said they came into the union under their own free will and they always had every right to withdraw from the union. I think they were on strong constitutional grounds.
***Penthouse:*** What was the greatest moment in your life?
**Vidal:** Oh, my heavens, I suppose it hasn't come yet. It would have to do with power in some way—I suppose being president would do it. The most exciting moments are when I go onstage and there are 6,000 people cheering, I must say that. That gives me life, it's quite extraordinary. I just take energy from them—I'm a demagogue. Control over an audience is excitement like no other. I remember standing in an old auditorium in Boston which was packed with several thousand people and I was doing questions and answers. Somebody said, "How do you explain that Massachusetts was the only state to vote against Nixon in the last election?" And I said, "Well, I could flatter you and say that you were the Athens of America," applause begins, "but I'm not going to flatter you. All I'm going to say is that since the very beginning, this great commonwealth has been politically the most corrupt in the union and you know a crook when you see one." Well, I was nearly swept back to the proscenium arch. The applause started in the galleries, it went through the whole hall. It was like an explosion. And in a moment like that you think everything is working.
***Penthouse:*** That's greater than any sexual pleasure?
**Vidal:** Oh, beyond that, beyond sex. That's me and 6,000 people having an orgasm together. And you can't do it with 6,000 people in the usual way.
***Penthouse:*** What was your greatest sexual fantasy when you were growing up?
**Vidal:** Well, I suppose being president. That's the great turn-on! Two hundred and twenty million people, and I'm fucking them.
***Penthouse:*** Do you still enjoy having sexual fantasies?
**Vidal:** I don't seem to have very many now. I think whatever there is in the head has to be acted out, as much as one has the strength.

But fantasy does play a great part in sex. The terrible thing is when you're in bed with A and you start thinking about B to get excited, because A isn't really turning you on. Then you're in bed with B and you start thinking about A to get excited. This is rather common and terribly depressing, too.

Of course, you solve it by going to bed with both A and B; but then you've committed the dread crime of troilism—an abomination in the eyes of man and God, three people in a bed.
***Penthouse:*** Do you like orgies?
**Vidal:** I used to like them, but you have to be in condition. You cannot be overweight. I am enough of a narcissist not to expose myself to an orgy without having been to the gym for at least a month.
***Penthouse:*** You've said that to you sex is basically just an in-out ritual. Is there no mystique about it at all?
**Vidal:** I once went to bed with a famous woman writer who said, "You fuck just like Picasso." And I said, "Well, I suppose I'm a genius too, aren't I?" She said, "I don't know about that, but it's just as boring." She said Picasso was on and then he was off, in no time at all, back to work.

Some people are like that and some people aren't; and since I'm not young and don't believe in giving pleasure to others, I don't believe you have to be GOOD at sex, all in capital letters. I've never had the anxiety that the culture creates about sexual performance. If it's lousy, it's lousy. I'm not doing it for them, I'm doing it for me. This is one of the reasons why I am such a champion of prostitution.

Besides, the working prostitute is just a more honest version of the usual thing of "all right, if you get me into the movies or take me to that glamorous party or tell me how wonderful I am for four days running, I'll give you my body on the fifth day." I'd rather spend twenty dollars and get crabs.
***Penthouse:*** Do you get lonely?
**Vidal:** No. Never. As long as I have a book.
***Penthouse:*** Do you get bored?
**Vidal:** Not really, no. My energy drops and then I feel kind of exhausted, but I believe that's known as middle age.
***Penthouse:*** Looking back on your career, what is the thing you're the proudest of?
**Vidal:** Well, I don't know—I suppose the fact that I had a career at all. That I've done what I wanted to do. I'm not giving any aesthetic judgments on *what* I have done since I'm not my favorite writer; but given the cards I was dealt in the way of talent, I play them as best I can.

*"He announced the fact that he'd finally isolated the disease germ, after seven years of hard work. I was so excited that I slapped him on the back and . . . ."*

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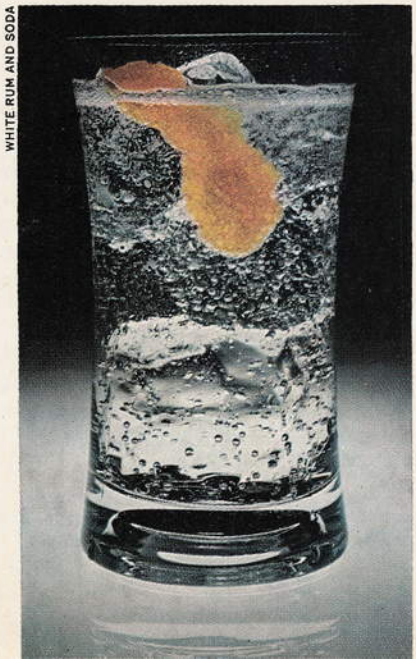


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# BACK IN THE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

have this letter of acceptance from the school Xeroxed so we can keep a copy in your file."

As I walked back to the reception area, I noticed that many of the counseling cubicles were empty, their occupants out to lunch. But I found that in the outer office there were more veterans than there had been a half hour ago, and nobody was risking his place in the lineup for lunch. All of the chairs were taken and, on the floor along the walls, several veterans were stretched out taking naps.

I sat down on the floor a few feet away from the receptionist's desk. I was in a good mood, despite the long wait, because things had worked out. Glancing at the wall clock over the entrance, I hoped that Mr. Collier wouldn't be long, for I hadn't eaten breakfast and I felt weak from hunger.

I had been sitting on the floor for about five minutes when the door to the hallway opened and a tall thin black came in. Leaving his suitcase—a cardboard-and-rope arrangement—at the door, he approached the burly receptionist and stated that he was scheduled for an afternoon appointment.

The woman flipped through her long schedule sheets and nodded her head back and forth. "Don't see it. Sure you got the right date?" The black didn't answer, waiting instead for the woman to find the name on a recheck.

"Here is it!" she exclaimed. "But it's not today. Your appointment's scheduled for next week."

The veteran rummaged through the pockets of his cotton sport coat, producing a Greyhound bus ticket, a baggage claim check, and a crumpled pack of Winstons. He had his hand in the last pocket when he located what he was searching for, a stained and wrinkled piece of VA correspondence. After he had handed it to the woman, he fingered his pack for a cigarette.

"Thanks," he said, catching the one I tossed to him.

"Well, this letter says your appointment's today, all right, but I'm afraid you'll have to come back next week. We've been running a full schedule and have a big backlog. Somebody should have written you, because it says right here on my sheet that your appointment is next week; see, next week at 9:00 on Wednesday morning. Are you absolutely sure you didn't get a letter telling you about the change? Maybe you received it but misunderstood."

"Look. I come a long way," he said calmly, pointing to his dusty bag by the door, "and I ain't got no place to stay here."

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to come back next week," she instructed before answering one of the two phones on her desk. While she talked, the black remained motionless. Although she was on the line for a considerable length of time, his feet seemed even more firmly planted when she hung up.

"Look, you gotta make an exception. I can't afford to be going back and forth across the state on no bus. All I got on me is enough for lunch."

"And for those," the woman added, sneering at his cigarette.

"Now you just wait a minute, just a goddam minute!"

"Don't you go cursing in front of me!" She started to answer the phone again, but the black took the receiver from her hand and the vet slammed it down on the desk.

"Now, you listen to me, and you listen good! You ain't picking up another phone till you've listened. I didn't go all the way over to the Nam just to come back and take shit off you! Just who do you think you are telling me you can't make no exceptions? I did two years in the army, eighteen months of it in the Nam, and you tell me you ain't making no *exceptions*! Well, I'm here to tell you that you *will* make an exception, because if it wasn't for me and all the rest of the bastards in this stinkin' room, you wouldn't be sitting here getting so fat and ugly! Now, the sooner you realize that us bastards are the only reason you're here, the better things are going to be all round!"

She reached for the phone again, kneading the loose flesh of her forehead with trembling fingers, but the vet again yanked the receiver from her and dropped it on the desk, an action that brought a storm of applause and whistling from the other vets in the room. The woman, eyes wide with fear, started to get up from her desk and run for help, but the black leaned over the desk.

"Now, you just sit down," he said in a calm, controlled voice. "You ain't going nowhere."

In one hefty movement, the fat woman sank back into her chair, the whiteness of her face and arm breaking out with scarlet splotches.

"What the hell's going on out here?" It was Mr. Collier emerging with my letter. "Was that you doing all that yelling?" he asked the black, his voice swelling with anger. But getting no explanation from the vet, he turned to the receptionist. "Well, Clovis, why don't you tell me what the hell's going on out here?"

Paralyzed with anguish, the woman sat hunched over her desk, wringing her hands.

"Well?" Mr. Collier almost shouted, and this final shock triggered the woman into hysterical sobbing. Mr. Collier turned towards the group of veterans.

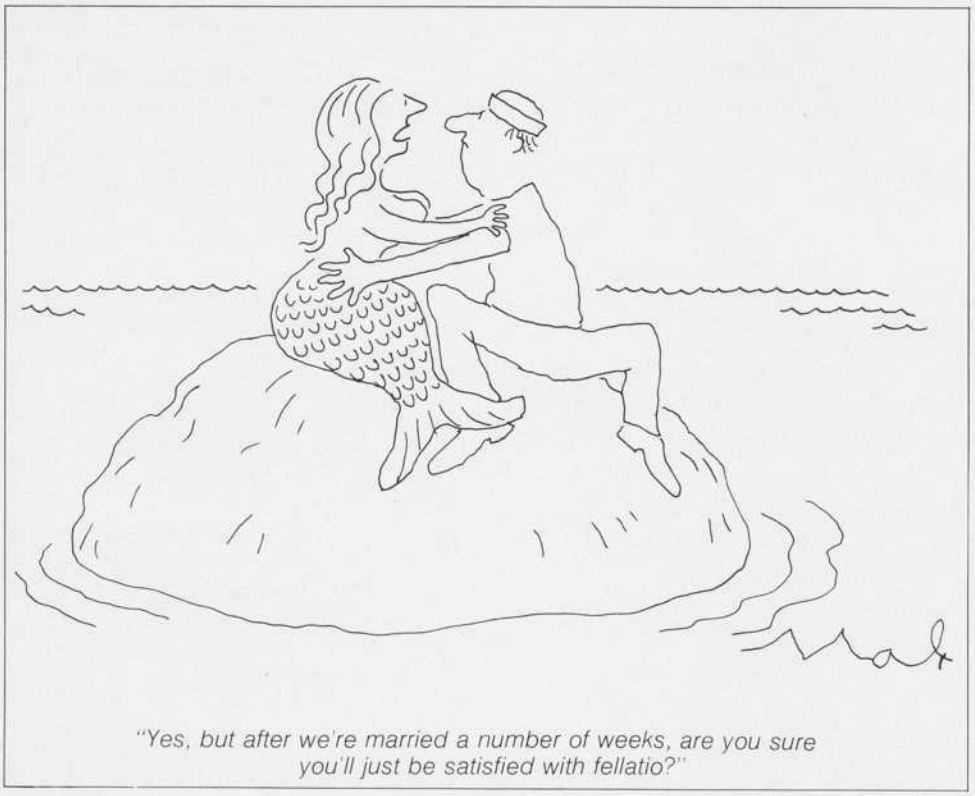
"Well, can *anybody* here tell me what the problem is?" But the vet wouldn't wait.

"Aw, what's the fuckin' use," he mumbled, snatching the appointment letter from the top of the desk and wadding it into a tight ball. Driving it into the wastebasket, he spun around, grabbed his suitcase, and left the office.

I got up from the floor and walked over to where Mr. Collier was standing. The woman's sobbing was now reduced to a childlike whimper. "Did you see what happened?" the counselor asked me as he handed me the letter from the university. None of the anger that had accompanied his confusion had left his voice. A phone rang and went unanswered. "For God's sake, Clovis, answer that phone!" With a tattered tissue at her nose, she reluctantly resumed her duties, but she spoke with a broken whisper that was surely inaudible at the other end of the line.

"Well?" Mr. Collier was waiting for my answer.

"Yeah. I saw what happened," I answered, moving towards the door.



*"Yes, but after we're married a number of weeks, are you sure you'll just be satisfied with fellatio?"*

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

## XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

*My sex problems began when I met a guy at a singles bar in the suburbs of Chicago. We became quite close and immediately had a terrific sexual thing going for us. I soon began to lose interest in my other male friends. After a deep discussion concerning this situation, he and I compromised on a trial situation in which I could visit his place anytime that I needed "something." If he wasn't available, I could take whoever was there. You see, he lived with five other college guys. These other men were notified of our compromise and realized that the situation was entirely voluntary—for them and me. It didn't take long before I had spent several nights with each of them. All the guys have specific sexual attributes, and they all excite me to the point where I want to keep them within my reach.*

*One Friday night I went over to my boyfriend's house and all six guys were waiting for me. They confessed that they wanted to propose something which would "spice things up a bit." As my boyfriend put it, they wanted an entire weekend with me—all of them together! Stunned at first, my only concern was how they would react to one another in a sensual setting, especially when more than one of them wanted my body at the same time. They assured me that no such hang-up would occur, that they were very self-restraining, and that the scene would be nothing short of "top-notch." I got hot as hell and, of course, agreed.*

*My boyfriend took me into the bedroom, sensually "raped" me, and then bathed and touched me like I've never been caressed before. Then I had sex with each one in turn. The entire weekend was nothing short of a giant dream of sexual ecstasy, and we all agreed to repeat the scene whenever possible. It has reoccurred four times thus far, but now I have a problem and would like to ask your advice.*

*All six guys have their own "wants." By fulfilling one guy's desire, I sometimes disappoint the other five. You see, my boyfriend likes me to turn him on via sweet perfume, sexy miniskirts, dark nylons, etcetera. He wants to rape me slowly. He begins to fuck me when my dress is unzipped or just pulled up to my waist with my stockinged feet in his face. He's very particular about procedural exactness—he wants me to expose my pussy slowly, not abruptly. To turn him on, my nylons must be the type with the darkened toe—hell, not the "unsexy" sandal-foot type of stocking. Panty hose are definitely a turn-off to him. But when the act goes well, he's the greatest thing in bed imaginable.*

*One of the other guys, Tom, is a speedy racer! He wants me to rip my clothes off—couldn't care less what I wear—and jump into bed. It takes about a minute of foreplay before he's ready, and then his dick goes in. But he's got a good ten inches and usually lasts at least thirty minutes at a time.*

*Fred is a passive type and wants me to attack him. He wants me to undress him, play with his cock and then suck it. I usually fuck him, mounting him as I pull in and out.*

*Bobby must have me with black leather boots on, black garter belt, and a cupless bra. He wants me to initiate things by walking up to him as he sits on the floor, pushing my bare pussy in his face and allowing him to eat me until I can't stand it anymore. Then he carries me off to bed and fucks me doggy style.*

*Jim can't bare to see me ready for sex unless I'm completely nude. He wants me to let out with really vulgar vocabulary.*

*And finally, Jerry. Jerry is a nice guy. He doesn't admit to liking any kind of vulgarity. He takes it slow, but likes to act like sex between us is dirty, as if he's getting away with something. He always wants me to play the role of a resisting hot number, one who will give in only after being forced. Clothing is*

*very important, and he likes me to ride in the car next to him wearing no panties, no bra, a button-down sweater or blouse (easy to get into), dark nylons, and a garter belt. To really turn him on, I keep twisting as I sit in the front seat. This is done to hide—of course, I'm pretending—the top of my nylons, the garters and my bare cunt.*

*When I'm completely turned on, I "give in" to his desires and allow him to play with my tits and get his finger inside my pussy. Then he takes my hand and places it at his fly so I'll open his zipper and get at his hot dick. The whole scene is one of "the innocent young girl being seduced into sex by the great lover." He's terrific in the act, and I always crave to repeat our little sex show.*

*Well, Xaviera, can you picture six guys with very dissimilar desires partaking in their own individual fantasies? Do I tell them right out, it's one at a time or no one at all? Or have one nylon off, and one nylon on . . . one foot bare, and one boot on . . . swear half of the time and speak as a polished debutante the other half . . . become sexually active one moment, then passive the next. What's the solution?—J.J.*

Don't wear yourself out because someday you might get bored, even with all the variety you say you are now enjoying. So far so good. Do it while you can.

## THE SANDWICH SCREW

*I have yet to find any printed information on what might be called "the twin screw." That is when, simultaneously, a woman's vagina is penetrated by one partner and her anus is penetrated by another.*

*I should be interested to learn if you have had any experience in performing this fascinating exercise.—C.V.*

I just call it "the sandwich screw." It takes a very versatile, flexible, and sex-loving woman plus two good male lovers to make a perfect "sandwich."

It so happens that I have experienced this kind of lovemaking while on vacation in Paris, where I attended an orgy with approximately two hundred people. More recently I participated in a lovely grouping with four guys and a girl friend of mine. I had a good time just watching the proceedings between this girl and three of the guys. One of the guys was lying on his back with my girl friend on top of him, her back towards his stomach as he slowly penetrated her anus. Meanwhile, another guy was fucking her in the vagina. To top it all, the third guy was leaning over her face while she sucked his cock. Believe me, that was a hot night in Toronto!

Of course, it is very important that both men have good timing and good rhythm so that their movements are synchronized. Try it on a rainy Sunday afternoon; I can't think of a better pastime.

## TITTY FUCKING

*My girl friend and I have been balling for some time, but each time we do I want to place my cock between her breasts and ejaculate. I don't want to ruin our lovemaking by asking her to allow me to carry out my desire. Do you think my asking would damage our sexual relationship?—P.D.*

My answer to your question is very simple and short—*do it*! Time after time, I wonder what kind of lovers men really are. During lovemaking such actions as rubbing the genitals against various parts of the body should come naturally. A penis is not only meant to slip inside a vagina and vice versa. A tongue is not only meant to slip into a mouth. Learn to make love by using fingers, hands, tongue, and genitals, caressing many different parts of the body. Kissing is fine, but how about sucking fingers, toes, earlobes, nipples, or gently biting the back or neck of your lover.

The same goes for your penis. Why shouldn't your penis wander around her body? Have you ever tried to fuck her armpits, or put your penis between her buttocks with the head of the penis rubbing against her lower back? Let her suck your cock to make it nice and slippery. Slip your penis out of her mouth and insert it between her breasts as she holds them together. Preferably she should lay on her back and you sit on top of her with your knees on each side of her breasts. Use some good body lotion in case the rubbing dries her breasts.

For your information, most girls love this form of lovemaking. Unfortunately, many men believe it to be some kind of perversion. On the contrary, a woman's breast tends to be supersensitive, especially around the nipple, so make sure you rub

*". . . and how long have you had this feeling that you don't really exist?"*

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your penis against her nipple in circling movements.

## A LOCKED TWAT

*Three weeks ago a good friend of mine was making love to his girl. After both reached orgasms, a very embarrassing and painful situation arose. When he tried to extract his penis from her vagina, he could not do it —his penis was trapped and no matter how many ways he tried it couldn't be released. After he realized that he wasn't going to escape from this painful love trap, a doctor was summoned. He gave the girl a shot which finally released my friend from this embarrassing situation. I have never heard of this kind of thing happening before.*

*I frequently make love to a girl and now I'm afraid that this could happen to me. Every time I enter my girl friend, anxiety makes me pull out, short of an orgasm. I hope you can give me some information that might help me overcome this fear.—S.C.*

When a woman reaches climax the muscles in the upper part of her vagina produce rhythmic vaginal contractions that are rather weak and usually not important in penis gripping. The stronger muscles around the lower part of the pelvis can be made to contract at will and can give great pleasure to both partners during intercourse, but there are times when the muscles contract involuntarily such as when a woman coughs, sneezes, or vomits. The abnormal functions of these hard muscles occur in the pathological condition of vaginismus. In such cases it is impossible to insert a finger or even a narrow instrument into the vagina.

What happened to your friend should be discussed with a doctor, even though it was probably nothing more than a cramp. As far as you and your girl are concerned, the possibility of her "locking up" on you is remote.

## LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

*My wife and I are middle-aged, and we have always been open with our daughter about sex. However, one thing bothers me. That is, my wife tells our daughter to keep her virginity because the boys will respect her for it. My wife also tells her how pleased I was to marry a "pure" girl. This is a miserable lie as my wife was going down on me and other guys when she was seventeen. I have talked to my wife about this lie, but it does no good. Should I tell my daughter the truth or just keep gagging every time I hear my wife tell the same old sick story?—J.L.*

Of what purpose is keeping a girl's virginity until she is married other than to please the male's fragile ego? Hasn't your wife liberated herself from these old-fashioned ideas? Enjoying sex before marriage does not make your daughter a nymphomaniac. Why prevent young people from enjoying each other's company and bodies while they are still young? Perhaps your wife is a bit jealous of young people's bodies. It is better for your daughter to find out what sexuality is all about *before* marriage. She should know if her husband can make it in bed before she marries. After all, there's always the chance that he is a loser as a lover.

Women in countries like Italy, Greece, Spain were always supposed to marry as virgins. However, most of them participated in oral sex, or anal sex, as your wife did. As long as the girl's hymen remained intact she didn't have to worry about damaging her husband's ego. This is, of course, the height of hypocrisy.

You don't necessarily have to push your daughter into having sex, just leave it up to her discretion. Give her good sex advice, some information on birth control, etcetera.

I would not advise you to inform your daughter of her mother's lies. After all, she is her mother.

## TIGHT TWAT

*My husband and I have been together for about two years now. Our sex is great. He's the first man I ever had a climax with, and he tells me that I really get his rocks off. As I have stated, our sex is fine but I would like to make it better. I feel I have a lazy pussy because I don't know how to control the muscles in my vagina. Do you know any ways to do this? Also, I've heard that women have a muscle on their vagina called a P-C muscle. Do you know if this is true or not? If so, what do you know about it?—C.A.T.*

The P-C muscle you refer to is probably the puro-coccygeus, one of the levators or deep pelvic muscles that provide constriction of the lower portions of the vagina and rectum. There is now abundant literature on how to

strengthen these "love" muscles and increase your pleasure. Generally, these exercises will help overcome the slackness of the perineal muscles unless the stretching has been too severe. The effect of your efforts is better if the woman is under thirty and has the tenacity to stick to regular workouts. The exercises are tiring and there is a tendency for most women to lose interest in them. I practice my own snapper regularly.

## THE SEXUAL ACT OF SITTING DOWN

*It is absolute perfection for me to have a girl sit on my face. There is nothing better than to be pinned down under a girl's weight, to be a cushion under her. I am not one for nudes; she can even remain fully dressed. But oh, to see her skirt dropping over my head, to have my head buried under her weight and be brought to the point of suffocation—no words can describe it!*

*Much to my frustration my wife thinks all of this is kinky and will have nothing to do with it. Unfortunately, I must frequent prostitutes to get this kind of lovely treatment. Mind you, most of them really know how to do their stuff.*

*My fantasy, however, has never yet been fulfilled. You see, I would like to have about ten girls sitting on me for an hour—one on my head and the rest on my body, making me gasp and writhe under their combined weight. This would be sheer ecstasy.—T.G.*

*I have often wondered what it would be like to bury my face in all the bottoms that I have ever fancied. I have a fascination for girls sitting on my face in the astride position—to feel my nose running all over a gorgeous bum and feel the girl rub her bum gently in my face. Although I am not hard up for sexual action, this fantasy really fascinates me every time I see some girl in tight jeans.*

*Have you ever done this to a guy? Could you possibly advise me as to a way of coaxing a girl into doing this without offending her? Would you be offended if someone asked you to sit on his face?—L.J.*

There is, of course, nothing wrong with having a girl sit on your face. Why worry about offending somebody; just ask. To ease your conscience, I have received numerous letters from fellows who love having girls sit on their faces.

## A LADY'S LIPS

*In a past issue of* Penthouse *a lady wrote to you about her unattractive, protruding inner lips. I would like to say that she need not feel they are unattractive. To many men, including myself, that loose skin is the most attractive thing in the world.*

*My wife's inner lips hang out about two and one half inches past the outer lips. These attributes make for added excitement in oral sex or when she wears short skirts and no panties. The only time it is a disadvantage is when she wears tight pants, and the inner lips get caught on the wrong side of the seam as she crosses her legs.—S.S.*

I have decided to publish your letter to show those women with more than average-sized lips that many men find this attractive.

As far as my own taste is concerned, I am quite happy that my lips are nice, tight, and small. Only when I am really excited do I notice that they tend to swell up slightly, just as my nipples grow bigger and my breasts become firmer. Honestly, I do think that a small vagina looks better with tight pants. I can only compare hanging outer lips to a guy's low-hanging balls. Let's leave something to the imagination.

## ENTER FROM THE REAR

*The girl I am presently going with only wants to be screwed from the rear. The first time we made it, she bent over the wash basin and told me to put my hard-on in from the rear. During one of our last sessions, she told me to pull my cock almost completely out, leaving only the head inside her as I came. I did this but found it very difficult not to plunge my whole length inside of her. Her explanation about all this rear-entry sex is that a man should be able to watch his erection pumping away at its goal. I have told her that I think she is using me, but she simply says I should go elsewhere if I don't like it. She has stated very emphatically that all screwing will be done from the rear. Should I look elsewhere for my lovemaking? A little eye contact might be nice.—T.R.S.*

Someday there will probably be an end to this love affair, and then you will have an entire life of "square" sex, if you so desire. She obviously arouses you enough to get it up. Stop complaining and take a few more lessons from this worldly woman.


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*"Does group sex constitute infidelity?"*

# COUPLES

**This month *Penthouse* brings you another installment of "Couples," a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.**

**Stan O., age 22, 5'9", 140 pounds. Brown hair, brown eyes. Stan is an editorial assistant for a local newspaper.**
**Shirley O., age 21, 5'6", 120 pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes. Shirley is an art student.**

**STAN'S STORY:**

"When Shirley showed me one of your *Couples* articles and suggested we volunteer to be interviewed, the first thing I thought was, 'What the hell for?' I just didn't see why I should waste my time. I can't imagine your readers being that interested in the tale of my marriage. But, as far as I'm concerned, it's proved to be a surprisingly valuable exercise. Having agreed to do the interview I've actually been forced to devote some hard thought to my relationship with Shirley.

"We've known each other practically forever, ever since we were little kids, and I think that may be in part the cause of our problems. We've got no sexual mystery left for each other. We both know how the other one will react in any given situation. Shirley can't surprise me anymore, and I really can't summon up the enthusiasm to make love to her very often because I know what it's going to be like. I suppose this all sounds pretty wild coming from someone as young as I am but, you see, Shirley and I started sleeping with each other when we were about fifteen. Yeah, and about two years later we had to get married. We lost the child, and our parents tried to make us split up. But Shirley and I enjoyed living together so we decided to make a go of it.

"It wasn't exactly boredom that started me off on the unfaithfulness trail, though—if anything it was the opposite, an intense curiosity about sex. Shirley and I had never slept with anyone else before our marriage because our sex was always very satisfying (at least to me it was). In about our second year of marriage, Shirley said that she wasn't having any orgasms. I don't know, I just started wondering what it would be like to sleep with another girl, to make some girl get off—you know, have an orgasm. I became really fixated by the idea, and I mentally stripped and screwed every girl I met.

"Instead of admitting the perfectly natural truth to myself—that I was as curious as hell to look at other bodies, feel other tits, fuck other cunts—I managed to convince myself that sleeping with other girls would benefit Shirley as well. I only need to do it once, I thought, just one good fuck. Shirley and I used to discuss everything, but I decided to make an exception this time. I had a suspicion that she might want to claim the same privilege of extramarital sex herself, and I didn't want that.

"I really tried hard for six weeks to ball with other girls. The trouble was none of them would take me seriously. Fuck, I guess that I just didn't know how to go about it. I mean, Shirley was the only girl I had ever made love to.

"When it did happen it was an accident, in the sense that it was one evening that I hadn't planned on trying to be unfaithful. Shirley had gone off to see some obscure Japanese film for a class she was taking, and I'd planned to just stay in our apartment and finish proofreading some material for the newspaper. I got bored and wandered round to see a friend of mine in college. He had some people in for wine and grass, including a really fine-looking girl called Jane. We started talking, I saw her home, and ended up in her bed without really putting the make on her. When we got to her place, she said, 'You're coming up aren't you?' The way she spoke, it was more a statement than a question. When we got to her room, she calmly started taking her clothes off. It was peculiar because at this point I hadn't even kissed her.

"Balling another woman was a schizophrenic experience. On the one hand, I was in a state of high sexual excitement, but it was only physical. There was a certain part of my mind that remained totally detached and analytical. I found myself making little

JEANNE McDOWELL

analytical commentaries on the proceedings: 'Darker nipples than Shirley's; less pubic hair but meatier thighs,' and so on.

"I remember one of the main differences was the size of Jane's cunt. Shirley's got quite a tight little one, but Jane's was built on more generous lines altogether. I'd always suffered from a mild case of premature ejaculation with Shirley—nothing drastic, but I could never make my first erection last more than three or four minutes before coming. With Jane there was a lot less friction, and much to my amazement I didn't come for nearly forty minutes. I was very pleased and proud about that.

"It was extremely, extremely pleasurable. Shirley's cunt fits me so tightly that I can't really experiment with very many different positions. It's nice for a guy to bring a girl off, and to do this with Shirley I have to perform some pretty heavy eating out. Don't get me wrong, that's okay because I like cunnilingus. The tongue is a helluva lot more sensitive than any cock, and it's nice to feel the undulations and contractions of a cunt. Also, you can really get to a girl's clit with the tongue, flicking away at it, kissing it so that it's nice and erect. With Shirley . . . well, she rarely comes when I'm screwing her, so it's nice for me to really give her clit a workover with my tongue. It's great—working her vagina and fingering her ass. Her old pelvis begins to move in a writhing way that is really erotic, and then she grabs onto my head pushing my tongue and face even deeper into her. In a way it sometimes seems like my whole head is fucking her.

"Yeah, I do wish I could really bring Shirley off with my other head, the one between my legs. I guess that's what I liked about Jane's generous cunt. It was the first time that I could play around. You know, all good sex should be just a form of play, and I went through every position I'd been dying to try on Shirley. Jane was pretty aggressive and liked getting on top and just sitting right down on me. It was nice because the whole sex act became so effortless, just watching my cock slide in and out of her cunt—and Jane knew how to do it! Boy, did she fuck me! She'd just let it slide in and out very slowly, ramming herself down on me and then pulling out almost completely. A few times she'd even hang on to my cock so that it would stay upright and she could pull out completely. Then she'd sit right down on me and give me some really rapid-fire slams against the old meat. Just when I was about to come, she'd slow up and start sliding in and out very slowly again. I get turned on just thinking about it.

"After the first time with Jane I shouldn't have gone to bed with her again, but frankly I enjoyed it so much I couldn't resist carrying on the affair. It's difficult now to decide exactly why—it's all so long ago now—but I'm sure that it was mainly because I felt flattered by her. I soon found out that she'd screwed around quite a bit. The second time I went to bed with her, she told me that I was the best lover she'd ever had, so I asked her just how many men she'd made love to. 'I don't honestly know,' she replied. 'Maybe a hundred, I suppose.'

"Now if I'd been desperately involved with Jane emotionally, the thought of her getting screwed by that many men would have really broken me up. But as it was, I was positively pleased. I regarded her praise for my fucking expertise as a kind of Seal of Good Lovemaking. I thought: 'If she's been to bed with that many men and reckons I'm the best, I must be something.' I also felt a bit embarrassed by the fact that I had only made it with two girls in my entire life. And here was Jane with at least a hundred cocks under her belt.

"On the basis of a mutually enjoyable session in bed every now and then, my affair with Jane would probably have continued for a while, and at least remained under control. But after I'd been to bed with her a few times she started becoming very serious about me and jealous of Shirley, getting very bitter when the time came for me to get dressed and go home to Shirley. Finally, she confessed tearfully that she'd fallen in love with me.

"I wish I could bring Shirley off with my other head, the one between my legs."

"If I had had any sense I'd have ended the whole thing there and then, but I didn't. I used to pretend to Jane that I was irritated by her jealousy, but secretly I was flattered by it. I enjoyed having two women who loved me. It made me feel more important. Most of the men I know aren't unfaithful purely for sexual reasons—they screw around because they need reassurance that they're still attractive to women, they need to be told what great big wonderful studs they are.

"The Jane episode finally ended when she realized that I wasn't at all in love with her and that I wasn't about to leave Shirley. We had a tearstained good-bye scene, followed by a lengthy and very satisfying farewell fuck, and then I walked out on her for good. I remember shutting the door of her bedroom and feeling no regret at all, just elation. My first affair was over, and I'd survived with no broken bones.

"All this time Shirley hadn't suspected a thing. In fact, she didn't find out until a few months later, when I flung the whole thing in her face during a particularly vicious argument. One of the strengths of our marriage is that we are genuine friends. We still find each other's company interesting and amusing, we know each other. And yet I think it's partly this equality that made me start fucking around again. Whatever Shirley does or doesn't do, she certainly doesn't make me feel strong and protective towards her. She's far too independent for that—she goes her own way. I go mine. Our relationship has slowly changed over the years from being a mutual meeting of minds and bodies to a basis where we're just good pals, equals. I wouldn't say this makes me feel emasculated exactly, but I think every man likes to dominate his woman—women—to some extent. And whenever I tried in the past to be forceful with Shirley, she just laughed at me. I don't think it's any coincidence that my next lover was someone who worshipped me, who thought I was just one step down from The Almighty.

"She was one of the secretaries at the office. I saw this girl every day at work, and it wasn't difficult to extend our relationship into the bedroom. There was a party at the office because the paper's circulation had increased—doubled, I guess—and naturally Roberta was there. We ended up going off for a meal together afterwards. Even at this stage it hadn't occurred to me that I might end up in bed with her. I took her home in a cab, and when she invited me in, it seemed stupid to refuse. She seduced me, in fact. She was falling all over me from the minute we got through her front door. It was obvious that she wanted me to ball her, so I did. I stayed there until five in the morning, and when I got to the office the next day, I confess that I was rather concerned about her reactions.

"I needn't have worried. She went through her routine exactly as though nothing had happened. Really, I was a bit disappointed. Again, if I'd left it at that all would have been well, but I just couldn't resist the temptation to continue. Sex with Shirley had become so damn democratic by this stage. I'd start making love to her and get to the stage when I wanted to poke it in, when she'd suddenly say, 'Let's do it a different way tonight' or 'You haven't licked me down there for ages.' I'm all for sex equality, but Shirley seemed so cold-blooded about everything. It was like having sex by committee. Whereas Roberta was totally subservient to me, she didn't question anything I did.

"She was a big girl, bigger than me, and that may have been part of the attraction. Without getting too Freudian about the

whole thing, I think I got a bang from dominating a larger human being. I used to purposely humiliate her. One evening after I'd had a particularly savage day at work, I went around to her apartment for dinner. I was feeling quite horny because Shirley and I hadn't screwed all week, and I'd been too busy to see anything of Roberta out of the office.

"It was obvious to me from the moment she opened the door that she'd gone to a great deal of trouble to please me that evening. In the couple of hours since she'd returned from the office she'd prepared dinner and changed into a dress she knew I was particularly fond of. I could see the table in her little dining alcove was meticulously laid, even down to the romantic candles.

"I wasn't in a mood to be interested in all the niceties. I came in and immediately slid my hands up her dress. I pinned her against the wall, kissing her fiercely and at the same time pulling her pants and tights down. I took her there and then, standing up with her dress around her waist and her panties around her ankles. I came within just a couple of minutes. Afterwards, I took her to the bedroom and screwed her again, then got dressed and said I had to go. I left her lying on the bed, her carefully planned supper presumably bubbling away in the kitchen. The thing is that I knew she wouldn't complain. I had the upper hand in our relationship—precisely what I lacked with Shirley—and I felt the need to continually stress this dominance, even to the point of being cruel.

"As time went by I stopped bothering to conceal my other relationships from Shirley. I knew she was screwing around as well, but I didn't particularly care. I'd gradually stopped balling her, and it didn't bother me if somebody else wanted to perform my conjugal duties for me. My own little liaisons tended to get more casual. I don't need companionship from my women anymore—I just want a good fuck every now and then.

"As for my relationship with Shirley . . . well, I suppose we've caused each other a certain amount of grief by our sexual infidelities. But our marriage has survived because we've never been bored with each other—except in bed, that is. And sex isn't everything, is it? We're very compatible friends, and that's the truth."

**SHIRLEY'S STORY:**

"Very few of our present friends, I think, realize that Stan and I are the original boy and girl next door. Our childhood together and those early dreadful days of marriage when we didn't have a penny to our name have created something of a bond between us. I was only fifteen when we first had sex, and we had discussed the idea weeks beforehand. I couldn't get hold of any kind of contraceptives, so Stan used a rubber. I remember he didn't like the idea. He said it wouldn't be 'aesthetic' enough. Anyway, we got my cherry popped, and it all worked quite well. Well, no, come to think of it, it wasn't perfectly efficient because Stan came too quickly the first time, but the main point was that I lost my virginity. (Actually, I'd been poking myself with a lot of bananas for some weeks beforehand to dispose of my hymen.) The next day at school we were very pleased with ourselves.

"After that, we spent most of our time together poring over sex books, and I developed quite a good fellatio technique. Stan practiced cunnilingus and we'd try out some new position every time. This went on for, I suppose, about a year. Mainly our sex play was oral because we never knew when a parent would come walking in the door. You know, it's just a lot easier to drop your skirt or zip up a fly than get completely dressed. But later one of Stan's older friends had an apartment and he gave us the use of it sometimes on weekends.

"I liked having orgasms, so screw Stan! Most other guys can get me off."

"We weren't terribly careful about using a rubber, and eventually I got pregnant. Both sides of the family demanded that we get married, although Stan did suggest I get an abortion. Well, I just couldn't do that and I knew my family would never go for the idea. We got married and shortly after I had a miscarriage. Then both sides of the family wanted the whole marriage dissolved. But I think the idea of screwing on a regular, private basis had become too appealing to both Stan and myself, so we were really quite content to keep living together. After a month of continual, uninterrupted screwing, I could not go back to living with my parents. But within a year's time, the continual sex got boring. I had to masturbate in order to get myself off because Stan usually came after just a few minutes, and then I started seeing other men. No one at this art school I attend is married. Everyone just lives together and screws around a lot. One party there that I attended without Stan was really a crazy one—everyone was smoking a lot of hash, and I was just so out of it that I found myself screwing with one of the other art students. He was really well hung, I guess, and I had my first orgasm with him.

"This other guy and I were in some less-than-conspicuous corner of the apartment. We didn't even have all of our clothes off—perhaps I was a little aware of the other people around. I shouldn't have cared if anyone else was watching as there was as much sex as dope at that party. He whipped his cock out. I went down to give him some head. Instead of just letting me suck him for a while, he laid me right down, dropped my jeans a bit, and just started humping away. There's always a lot of foreplay with Stan and me—I suppose that's true because cunnilingus is about the only way he can bring me off—but this guy just went right for the snatch. Our clothes were still on and I was so damned horny and just wanted this cock to sink as deep into me as it could go. I kept trying to spread my legs out so that he could really get into me, but my jeans were wrapped around my ankles. It was just so frustrating but neither of us wanted to just pull out, rearrange our clothing, and then start in again. Also, I was conscious enough of my surroundings to know that we weren't in complete privacy.

"I could make out what seemed like another couple beside us screwing—which was nice for company—but then I felt my blouse being unbuttoned and then my jeans being taken off completely. At first I was really relieved because I could put my legs up on this guy's shoulders, and we really could start thrusting away. We fell over to our sides, and it was then that I realized that someone else had joined our sex play because I could feel some very moist lips running up and down my back and up into my anus. At first, I thought, 'Hey, this is nice,' but then I realized that someone *else* was making love to me and I'd never even seen the guy's *face*! For that matter, I didn't even know the name of the guy who was fucking me. I started to pull away a bit, kind of struggling, but the guy who was fucking me had a good grip and there wasn't much I could do. Also, I wasn't all *that* resistant. I felt conspicuous and a little silly—but not that silly. This guy wet my ass and started in from behind. After just a couple of seconds of extreme thrusting, our motions blended in unison and I came with an orgasm that was overwhelming. I was completely racked—just completely worn out. But these two guys weren't—they kept it up for a good hour. I felt like a damned rag doll between these two cocks, and I must have had at least two more orgasms before the ordeal ended. One of the guys got me home and I think I slept for a good fifteen hours. I was that exhausted and that relaxed. Yeah, I had a great time!

"The next day I felt torn with guilt about 'poor old Stan' and I could never speak to

that guy again, not even in class. I really felt bad about having my first orgasm during intercourse with another guy. It just seemed like that was something I should have experienced first with Stan. But one day I came home early and found Stan screwing a chick in my own bed. I went berserk! I grabbed this girl and pulled her hair and threw her out of the apartment. Then I screamed at Stan nonstop for about three days. My own little infidelity didn't seem to count anymore. So that was a bad scene, but it ended on a kiss-and-make-up basis, and for a few months we took a bit more trouble with our marriage.

"Eventually, of course, we drifted back to extramarital relationships, and this time I was happy to sleep around without feeling guilty about it. Damn it, I liked having orgasms, so screw Stan! I discovered that Stan wasn't the only guy in the world. In fact, he came rather low down the list because most guys could get me off. I also found that I was really crazy for being sucked off; Stan wasn't very good at it and he completely disapproved of anilingus.

"Then one day I had lunch with—I'll call her Jean—the owner of a gallery whom I'd known vaguely and done odd pieces for occasionally. It was just a usual sort of business lunch except that, as always at this period, I started yakking on about how ghastly Stan was. I sort of remembered that someone had told me she was a lesbian but I didn't think any more of it until, as we were leaving the restaurant, she said, 'I don't have to go to the gallery this afternoon. Why don't you come back to my apartment and we'll get boozed up and talk about our troubles.' So that's exactly what we did. We drank at least two bottles of Pernod, cried on each other's shoulders, told each other our life stories, and—of course—ended up in bed together. I was very surprised to find myself there because I had never fancied women at all, but I was sort of fuddled with the booze and she seemed the only friend I had in the world.

"The experience was . . . well, it's hard to say actually because in some ways it was the best and in other ways it was totally futile. I mean, she gave me the best cunnilingus I've ever had in my life, and that is something I've always gone for in a big way. And I loved kissing her, and what she did to my tits! I have rather small tits, as you can see, and men don't usually bother with them much. But she sucked them and licked them and squeezed them till they seemed to double in size, and it was the first time I'd ever been turned on at all by my breasts. Also, she had enormous breasts, and I'd always wondered what they felt like, and I must admit I enjoyed playing with them. But basically it was futile because what I really wanted was a man inside me—I mean she never used a dildo or anything, though I'd always thought that's what dykes did. Anyway, I finally tottered out of her apartment about three in the morning.

"Jean phoned me almost daily after that, and I did go to bed with her a few more times, but I got less and less of a kick out of the whole thing. I mean, I really missed playing around with a guy's cock and having it put up inside me. Then, God knows how, Stan found out about it and said, 'Well, what is all this?' I told him a bunch of junk about how miserable I was, and he said he knew I was but what could he do? And he suggested I should see the school's psychiatrist, but I said 'Never.' That evening for the first time in what seemed like years, we had a real talk and I found I still loved him. He was still there, and he was as upset and hurt as I was, as confused. Then we fell into bed together and it was really, really happy.

"Then—this terrible irony—just three weeks later I met Tony. He's a businessman, a real wheeler-dealer, but also a very warm and witty man. Though I'd vowed eternal fidelity to Stan less than a month before, I dropped into bed with Tony the first day I met him. He was in his thirties, and I really wondered what an experienced man was like. All the guys I'd made it with had been students or else in their early twenties. Tony *was* a fabulous lover and we'd spend whole evenings listening to records and just screwing very, very slowly. He taught me not to think in terms of orgasms. It's difficult to explain, but I mean most people think of going to bed in terms of putting it in, bang, bang, climax, finish. Tony, however, taught me that you can go on screwing and then stop and smoke a cigarette or change the record or whatever, then screw again and maybe come or maybe not, but just going on and on for hours. When you do finally finish, it's as though you've been having continuous orgasms for three hours.

"I also fell in love with Tony, which was a bit of a mistake since he was married with four kids and had no plans to split up. He was utterly straight and said quite honestly, 'Look, I love fucking you. I enjoy your company, I'm quite happy to carry on like this for years if you like, but marriage is out.' And then I'd cry and nag him and make myself boring and haggish. But actually the sex thing was always great and on the whole it was a happy time. It was just unfortunate that it happened just when I'd got a chance to really make a go of it with Stan. And I had to blow the relationship with Stan by telling him about Tony.

"So then we had another of our marriage talks, and this time we decided that we'd be 'civilized.' We'd both have our little affairs on the side, but we'd stay together because we really loved each other better than anyone else. That worked better in theory than in practice. It's meant that Stan has more or less stopped screwing me, or only about once a month.

"I suppose our marriage is bad in most ways, and certainly the sex angle is almost nonexistent. But on the other hand it has survived which is more than any of our friends' marriages have done. I know that since it's survived this far, we'll probably stay together. We do have great times together; we are never ever bored by each other. Stan told me the other day that sometimes he has trouble getting it up. I think in a way our marriage will be better when the sex thing is entirely over. Does that sound defeatist? I don't think it is."

**ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:**

Stan claims that, "It wasn't exactly boredom that started him off on the unfaithfulness trail, though—if anything it was the opposite, an intense curiosity about sex." He may be right about the boredom, but he is only partially right about the curiosity.

His real motivation for his extramarital activities is Shirley's inability to reach a climax. This has been a blow to his sexual self-esteem, and has made him feel sexually inadequate. He seeks out other girls to prove, by bringing them off, that it is Shirley's fault that she doesn't climax, and not his own.

This has been entirely the wrong way to go about it. Shirley has said, ". . . we spent most of our time poring over sex books, and I developed quite a good fellatio technique." I do not know whose books they were, but they were certainly not mine. If they had read mine, they would have discovered (a) that Stan should have concentrated on controlling his speed to orgasm, and (b) that he should have adopted techniques of clitoral stimulation *after* coupling which probably would have brought Shirley off during penis-vagina contact.

As it was, after a year, sex with Stan became boring for Shirley because she had to masturbate to achieve orgasm. Stan made another mistake in not doing this for her, instead of leaving her to do it for herself—unless, of course, she refused to let him help her, which isn't stated in her narrative. But, in any case, if they had acquired techniques of continued clitoral stimulation after penis-vagina contact had been made, this problem need not have occurred.

Stan blames Shirley's tight vagina for his premature ejaculation with her, but here again he is on the wrong beam. If he had trained himself to hold back his orgasm, the tightness of her vagina should have helped Shirley to climax. If she had been stimulated to the right degree before coupling, the movements of Stan's penis in the vagina should have brought her off by drawing the clitoral hood down over her clitoris as he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

# SEX ON WHEELS

New York's cruising cabdrivers
have a greater opportunity for free sexual expression
than any other predatory animals.

By Rose Ann Bergen

"Cabdrivers have a portable, floating couch and a continuing stream of spontaneous partners to choose from."

The automobile is erotic, all sex drive. When the long noisy lines of yellow cabs snake out at 7 A.M., and again at 4 P.M., from the multitude of dingy garages that skirt the city, it means that urban man's favorite erotic symbol is on the move en masse. And each is equipped with that unique, almost legendary sexual creature, the cabdriver.

Working in an office, you don't get too many opportunities to open carnal frontiers until the annual Christmas party. Cabbies, however, have a portable floating couch and a continuing stream of spontaneous partners to choose from. Today these drivers are on the road to the freedom of sexual expression. Hack drivers are forever available for public fantasies.

Drivers must book a certain amount to cover mileage but it takes quite a bit of neglect to get in trouble. Take the gay driver, for instance, who spent his first night cruising; he didn't bother to fill the backseat with a fare. Whether or not he fulfilled his hopes or even his pants, he sure fucked his career!

The old cigar-chomping, flannel shirt, baseball hat, pasty-face type who looks like he never knew how to do much more than shift and clutch is still panting his way around. But women's liberation, gay lib, and the sexual revolution are society's advanced technological input, making it possible to hire a variety of characters as drivers. Homosexuals can finally apply for a hack license and job openly without going through the anxiety and expense of submitting a note from a shrink. But although garages no longer attempt to skirt the woman as driver, they still often insist that she work behind the wheel during daylight hours only. The authorities do not seem to be aware of the fact that there are no restrictions on women as passengers. They can get a ride whenever they flag down a cab and can cruise the driver at night—anytime. Now, a driver doesn't have to be too bold to maneuver the cab and the fare, but the fare is apt to maneuver him (or her) first.

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EDWARD—INITIATING THE INNOCENT TO INIQUITY

**Edward is 5'7", 152 pounds, nineteen years old. Brown hair, brown eyes. He is a first-year college student, and has driven a cab part-time for over four months.**

Edward studies filmmaking and drives a cab nights and weekends. Ed decided that driving a cab was the ideal vehicle for making money and women—in that order. He wanted to collect the most of the former and the best possible of the latter. The latter, among other things, would be his first. Yes, Edward is a more than rare find among men—a virgin.

Along with so many, many others, the sexual revolution left Ed with some postpuritanical pangs of guilt. He grew up the obedient son of a strict reverend father. He saved and saved and saved himself until his soul could be made into gold leaf. Now Ed was ready to shed his fig leaf—but he did have standards. The girl had to be clean in mind and body. He carried a box of condoms around just to be sure that no one got messed up. You see, this cabbie had a slight aversion to certain bodily juices—the procreative kind. But misguided conception had little to do with his reasons.

During his first cruise, Ed realized the delights of having a rearview mirror. It was like watching a small television screen, X-rated, three-dimensional, but with a faulty sound track. That night, he saw a girl giving head. He didn't want to disturb the ceremony, but as the gentleman finished shrieking, "I'm coming, I'm coming, oh-h-h, I'm coming!" Ed couldn't resist. "I hope you clean it up," he said. He felt a tap on the shoulder, looked around, and found himself staring at the girl's round face, covered with bubble gum and come. "Mind your own fucking business, hack!" she screamed.

About a week later, Edward picked up a fine-looking girl at a groupie hangout. Inside the cab, formalities dropped and he could see the chick's eager face. It looked as though she was grasping for something. Her mouth was working, opened wide, lips puckered and pouting, tongue flicking the air. Ed had a telltale bulge bursting between his legs, ready for action. This had to be the night it happened. He fumbled in his pocket for an available rubber.

He stopped at a red light and the girl got into the front seat wearing a smile. She suddenly faced him with her legs spread so wide on the seat that the meter was practically sticking down into her cunt.

"C'mon, big prick, gimme a little dick," she said. "I want it bad and big and fast and hard."

To Ed, she smelled like aged Swiss cheese. She was becoming demanding as she jammed his fist into her well-oiled cunt. Unfortunately, she chose the hand holding his trusty rubber and it got lost somewhere inside her. Ed thought it better not to go searching, so he sputtered, "You can't do something like that in the front seat."

"Well, let's hop in the back, then. It's my birthday!"

Ed kept making excuses about the light turning green until she really got pissed off. "Now I'm all hot and you ain't going to do nothin'. Maybe you *can't* do nothin'. Ya know, my daddy's a cop and I'm only seventeen years old."

He was absolutely unstrung, but he mustered up a brave "So?"

"Ya know what you can get for messing around with a girl my age?"

"I don't want to mess around. Please, just get out."

"Okay, but first ya gotta give me a dollar."

His crotch itch had melted, and he felt like shriveling up, too.

The next night he decided he needed a special plan of action. He joined the long, willing hack line at Raspberry Freeze because that was one place that overflowed with searchers, singles, exotics. There was a tall and slender one with Ed's name written across her cunt. He felt it in his bones.

Ed finally picked up an attractive young girl who said she'd heard about Raspberry Freeze—this was her first visit to the Big

Apple. She asked if she could sit in front to see the sights. Soon they were rolling along the West Side Highway on their way to Washington Heights, where she was staying with friends of her parents. The road banks on the Hudson River so she naturally moved closer to his side to see the view. "Are you enjoying the sights?" Ed asked.

"Ummmm, yeah, but I want a better view," she replied, swiftly unzipping his denims. Obviously she had a different site in mind.

It was incredible. She removed the rubber that encased his penis, blew it up, laughed and flung the condom balloon out the window. Soft blond hair spilled into his lap as she worked her warm mouth up and down his startled prick. It rose to the occasion but Ed felt like he was going to tear out the steering wheel. He couldn't stop driving. Her tongue flicked his head and then slid down the shaft of his meat, with her teeth gently—oh, oh, so gently—tugging at his pubic hair. She sucked one ball then the other, and then she took both of them in her mouth. Oh God, here he was in the midst of what dreams are made of and he had to keep his foot on the gas pedal, his hands on the wheel, and his eyes on the highway. Then her tongue went down even farther, right down the shaft of his cock till it buried itself in his ass. She forced his pelvis up—fuck, by now Edward was steering with his kneecaps—and then she started darting away at his anus, rubbing her tongue all around and then plunging it deep, deep into him. But . . . but was this sanitary?

When they arrived at the address she'd given him, he was still hard and had not yet spent himself. "Would you like to come up? By the way, my name's Misty."

His fantasy was getting out of hand. Bam! He was following her into the building, and his pants were gratefully full. Wop! He was in her living room, his crotch straining at the seams. He was deliriously happy about finding this opportunity. God, this was it! This was the person he had been waiting for and even his prick seemed to know it.

Misty placed one of her hands over her heart and said, "It is beating for you." He knew something about petting, and he wanted to savor this moment. Misty was definitely interested and he worked to heighten her mood. He wanted to suck her outstanding breasts so hard that milk flowed.

Meanwhile, Misty cooed, "I want to take you in my mouth, honey," as she unbuckled and unzipped him.

She was still going down on him as he said, "No, please, not now." He didn't want to start spurting before he could enter her soft interior to see if the decorations matched. "Misty, I want you. I want to climb inside you and make myself at home," Ed whispered.

Instead of responding, Misty started sucking him fast and furiously.

"Misty, stop. I want to come inside you," Ed cajoled in between moans.

"I'll never make it if she keeps this up," he thought, trying to push her away. He got slightly nipped in the process, but that made his shaft harder than ever. He discovered he had control! But he knew it couldn't last forever, so he decided it was time to see if Misty was wet and ready. As he swiftly shoved his hand down the back of her girdle, he wondered why someone so slender bothered to wear such a binder.

There he was at last, right at her crotch, fondling her pubic hair and ready to enter one index finger into her hot moist body, when the one finger met a foreign tentacle.

Ed the virgin just wasn't ready for Misty the man. His cruise home was a long one.

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ANITA—CLOSET-CASE CLIT CLICKER

**Anita is 5'3", 112 pounds, twenty-six years old. Short blond hair, green eyes. She is a college graduate in liberal arts, former Wall Street legal secretary, full-time cabdriver at night for over six months.**

For several years, Anita rolled her B.A. sheepskin through the typewriter, pounding out words for her high-powered boss. After hearing his brusque orders for what seemed like eons, Anita woke to the day of calling. Dialing a sister, she happily declared, "I've had it. I'm not typing another letter for a living again. They can shove it! I'm going to drive a cab!"

Next day she headed for the hack bureau to get her license. Anita reasoned that the job would offer her what she needed most—a sense of freedom. Besides, it was a bastion of male machismo which needed to be broken for good. And a new element of competition on the job entered stage-left as male drivers, particularly old-timers, made comments like: "What the hell is a girl like you doing out here?" and "Can't you stay where you belong, at home getting fucked?" as they tried to beat her out of fares.

She was definitely getting to know the city, but she didn't enjoy certain male passengers who kept asking her: "How's 'bout a little blow job, baby?" or "How's your clit itching today, little girl?" Maintaining silence seemed the best and easiest defense. But one night she picked up a man who really turned her on.

"Well, why not. Male drivers get anonymous lays all the time," she decided, and suggested the neutrality of a good hotel. She kept the cab ready like an emergency pumpkin in case a fast escape became necessary and to maintain psychological control of the situation. Her pick-up laughingly pulled her into various stores to purchase exotic soap, antiseptic lubricants, oil, and fresh fruit—all the makings of a luxurious bath. They played in the water for such a long time that he came out with his prick drooping. Anita's yoga headstand changed that, though. He ate her until, weak from orgasms, she collapsed around him and they rolled around into all sorts of *Joy of Sex* positions.

When she started to dress, he went as pale as his well-worn member. He begged, "Don't just go. You can have anything. I'll pay you. . . ." Oh, those cruel last words.

Thereafter, Anita was always relieved when her fares were women. When two out-

"Now, a driver doesn't have to be too bold to maneuver the cab and the fare, but the fare is apt to maneuver him (or her) first."

spoken ones started talking to her about driving a cab, she just came out with a straight answer and talked about the hassle she had dealing with some of the male public at large.

"Why don't you take only sisters? That way they won't be bugged by men drivers and you won't be bothered by male passengers," said the one called Joanie.

At this point the cab pulled up to Jane Street, and Margie asked a question Anita had heard often enough from men, "Why don't you take a break? C'mon up and have a drink."

"Park the cab and we'll have a feast, a real ball."

"Oh, you don't want to eat a big meal at this hour," Anita said laughingly.

"Sister, dear, I think I could and would gladly eat you any time, at your pleasure," Joanie answered.

"Fuck, what the hell were they talking about," wondered Anita. Why was this happening? It was just that same old scenario that kept repeating itself in the cab. Damn.

"Hey, Anita, what's wrong?" said Joanie.

"Are you telling me—now let's get this straight—you're saying you don't screw with women?"

"Look," said Anita, "women are where I am at, but I don't have to sleep with anyone, right?"

"What kind of *feminist* acts like you?" and with these last words, Margie left the cab without turning back—or paying. To top it all, her next fare was a man who accused her of being a truck-driver butch dyke because she wouldn't play his game. When Anita dropped him off, he left no tip.

"The only tip he wanted to give me was at the end of his fucking cock," Anita spat out, spewing further epithets at the windshield.

So it went. Anita shadowboxed; flickering figures blended with the constant change. But finally she reasoned, "How can I reject what I never tried? Maybe lesbianism is the . . . the ultimate feminist gesture." And she resolved to follow a way of life befitting her sisters—one at a time. She even drove back to Jane Street, but couldn't quite stop the cab. She just cruised.

When Andrea, an attractive, small-breasted (Anita had decided that was an important aspect for her debut) woman in her early thirties (Anita also felt she needed an older woman's authority the first time) stepped into her vehicle, Anita readily agreed to turn in the cab for the night. Anyway, it was six in the morning.

Walking up the steps of Andrea's brownstone, she felt jubilant at finding the right person. And the atmosphere held through drinks and conversation. Andrea knew it was a first for Anita and being a woman, she was naturally considerate, gentle, constantly trying to please.

She suggested Anita lay back and enjoy the breast sucking, ass kissing, tongue licking, finger fucking, clit rubbing, and cunt eating. Andrea's skin was so white and so soft. And there wasn't too much body hair getting tangled up in her tongue when Anita licked her stomach and plunged her tongue in Andrea's navel. And no man had Andrea's silky, beautiful blond hair. It was just long enough to wrap around Anita's slender legs.

Beardless cunt eating was glorious. She was off, bouncing, arching, tossing herself around with moans and yips.

"Oh, darling, I want it now. I want you now—come inside me," she howled with mounting desire.

Andrea flipped into a "69." She laid her cunt on Anita's face and stuck her tongue up Anita's vagina, darting at the clitoris.

Simultaneously Anita thought she had an impotent lover and gasped at the fleshy bush she seemed to be inhaling. She didn't like either. Remembering where she was, Anita tried to stop the scream "Stop" that rose to her lips.

Jumping into her cab, Anita felt relieved and liberated on her short, quick cruise home.

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MITCHELL—MORE THAN JUST MACHO

**Mitchell is 5'11", 140 pounds, thirty-eight years old. Sandy blond hair, blue eyes. He has owned his cab for five years, and has been driving a taxi full-time at night for over fifteen years.**

Mitchell considers himself basically a shy person. He is always surprised when people are attracted to him, but Mitchell is just like the girl who can't say no and feels that every human being is another universe. To know that other person is to share in a whole other world of experience.

One night he picked up a woman who suggested they go to a motel, and Mitchell just headed the cab to one like a homing pigeon. In the room she pulled a banana, an empty coke bottle, a double-headed dildo, a huge cucumber, and two lengths of rope from her purse. Mitch thought about splitting but she threw herself down in front of him.

"Please tie me up. I enjoy it better that way. Anyway, it can't matter to you."

It was another first and at least he was in control.

"You can do what you like but I enjoy having my toys put *up*. Use your fingers and your fist and, if you care to, *you*."

He tied her very tightly at her insistence. She didn't want to be eaten. She just wanted a douche with ice water to tighten her up and then those toys stuck up her. Mitchell worked her first with the double-headed dildo, and she sobbed saying that it was so much better and bigger than two men ever could be. After a while Mitch decided to join forces with the cucumber. That went up her rear. She was exploding with sounds and cries, and he came with the cucumber still up her ass. And that's how Mitch left the girl—at her request.

One other night, a good-looking couple asked him if he ever gave blow jobs. He heard himself say, "Sure, all the time."

"Oh, would you blow both of us? You can keep the meter running and just jump into the back."

So Mitch did and that was the first time he'd ever sucked a cock.

Still another time, an attractive lady bartender, June, invited him up for the night. The rule of her bar was no repeat on the same drink. He went from high to stewed. They moved into the bedroom and fell across her fur-covered water bed for their romp. During the night he dreamed there was a storm at sea, opened his eyes to a blur, and dimly realized it was June giving him a warm, golden shower. He opened his mouth slowly to protest. By that time June's urine was rushing heavily with perfect aim, and Mitchell felt he was going under. Nevertheless, he automatically got an erection and June made swift use of it.

"How and why did you do that?" he sputtered, quite flustered.

" 'How' is I took a water pill and 'why' is because I love water sports, don't you?"

Mitchell didn't know why these things kept happening to him. But his curiosity was insatiable. He liked to cruise the airports and last spring he picked up a fare returning from the West Coast. She had four pieces of white luggage, not including her; she was a terrific package, sensationally wrapped.

Her name was Maria and he knew in his bones she was going to invite him into her bed, so Mitch felt no need to rush. After a half hour in her apartment, Maria said something about changing her clothes, and Mitch went along with the idea.

First, she took him to her bedroom where large mirrors decorated the walls. The huge king-sized bed lay straight ahead with steps leading to it. Maria asked if he would please put on a white nightshirt, and then excused herself saying, "I just want to get into something more comfortable."

Mitch quickly changed into the nightshirt with his hard-on sticking through. He didn't have a watch and there wasn't a clock in the room, but Maria's change of clothes seemed to take an eternity. He noticed all the candles and holders around the room, the incense burners and bouquets of gladiolas.

Then Maria appeared in a cloud of incense smoke, wearing a a white-lace, see-through wedding dress. "You may now rape me," she stated in soft-spoken tones.

Mitch started to laugh, his hardness improved, and he flashed on something he had read a long time ago—about some aging star of the Forties who was also into this virgin bride trip. This was more than just a fantasy for Maria. She walked over, her faced veiled in a white softness, and knelt before Mitch. She whispered something —perhaps a prayer—and then received Mitch's body.

When finished, she asked Mitch if he'd care to repeat the ritual tomorrow evening. It was one time Mitchell mustered up an assertive "No way!" as he fled.

One day his phone rang and when he picked it up he heard, "Mitch, I've given birth and you're the father." He was hauled into court on a paternity rap, paid $500 for a lawyer and $50 for a blood test. Dear Maria just felt that Mitch was the best bet around for dadda-ism.

Mitch's cruises took on a more serious approach—to business. O+A

# COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

thrust in, releasing it when he withdrew.

But Stan's chief motivation in his self-justification for having it off on the side is his resentment of Shirley's attempts to dominate in their sexual activities. This need to be the dominant partner in a relationship is exemplified blatantly by the episode in which he has sex with Roberta twice then leaves her, knowing that she has gone to great trouble preparing supper for him. "I knew she wouldn't complain. I had the upper hand in our relationship, precisely what I lacked with Shirley."

How can he claim to be "all for sex equality?" Perhaps he means "equality for the sexes—except while having sex." All my life I have regarded lovemaking as a partnership in which both have equal rights and responsibilities. First, such an equal partnership makes for many more permutations than there can be in a partnership where one is dominant and the other passive. Second, I have always liked being made love to on occasions; just to lie back and let things happen to me instead of having to always make things happen. And in general I have found that an equal partnership heightens respect for the partner and enriches the relationship itself.

There are some women who resent the male's permanent dominance and show it in a desire to dominate. This can lead to difficulties, as in the case of Stan and Shirley, if the woman makes her desire (or the way she sets about fulfilling her desire) too obvious. If, instead of reminding Stan that he "hadn't licked her down there for ages," she had said, "I've an awful yen to be licked down there tonight," I feel sure Stan would have complied without resentment.

But both Shirley and Stan take delight in punishing one another for the hurt one imagines the other has done. They are psychological sadists, which, in my view, is worse than being physical sexual sadists for the latter only very, very rarely inflict more than just symbolic pain.

In fact, I discount the claims of both when they state that they are never bored with one another, that they have a great relationship going. They stay together because they have been together for so long and have not yet developed emotionally to the stage where they feel consciously capable of undertaking another lasting relationship. It's the principle of better the devil you know than the devil you don't know.

If anything, their history, like the histories of so many couples of their age who pass through my consulting room, is a dire warning against forming a sexual relationship on a permanent basis before emotional maturity has been reached. ○—

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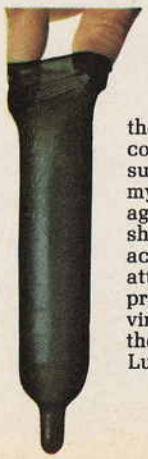

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# OSWALD WAS INNOCENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

but ended with good stress. Obviously, it was important to discover how much of the stress had been present during the "no" part of the utterance.

I played the tape several times at a reduced speed until I was able to identify the point at which the *o* vowel ended and the *i* sound began. I made a small visible mark on the tape at this point, then switched the recorder to the even slower speed required by the PSE. I backed up the tape, switched on the PSE, and played the statement again. When the mark on the tape reached the recorder's playback head, I switched off the machine. The PSE stylus dropped back to the zero line. I looked at the waveform.

The stress was none-to-moderate.

I asked Mike Kradz, Dektor's director of training, to look at the charts. I told him that the speaker was a young man accused of murdering a policeman and an executive, who had been interviewed by reporters under chaotic conditions in a police station. I showed Kradz the transcript of the tape, but I had altered the question, "Did you kill the president?" to read, "Did you kill him?" As Kradz inspected the charts, he had no way of knowing that the speaker was Lee Harvey Oswald or that the murdered executive was John Kennedy.

Kradz studied the charts carefully and said it seemed the speaker was telling the truth when he denied the murder. While he was impressed with the low level of stress in the "no," which I had separated electronically from the rest of the statement, he felt that even considering the increased stress that appears later in the sentence there was a strong indication that the young man wasn't lying. Kradz pointed out that the stress, although considerable, was not equal to the consistently hard stress shown in the phrases, "I positively know nothing about this situation here," and "I know nothing more than that." The young man may have been lying when he made these statements, or there may have been some other reason for the stress. But whatever the case, Kradz pointed out, that subject seemed to mean a great deal more to the speaker than the matter of murdering the executive. The indication was that he didn't do it.

After he announced his conclusion, I told Kradz that the speaker was Lee Harvey Oswald and the murdered executive President Kennedy. The ex-cop stared at me for a moment, then picked up the charts again and examined them minutely. Finally he put them down and shook his head in disbelief. "I wonder who he thought he killed," he said.

Kradz's incredulity was only natural; the charge that Lee Harvey Oswald killed President Kennedy has gained widespread acceptance, even in the face of public doubts about the Warren Report. During the first few years after the assassination, Oswald was described in the press as "the alleged assassin," an implicit reference to the fact that he had not lived to be convicted of the crime in a court of law. But, as propagandists have often demonstrated, repetition of a charge gradually leads to its public acceptance. Ten years after the event, even most skeptics doubted no more than that "Oswald acted alone."

I was too familiar with the weaknesses in the case against Oswald and I had seen too many indications of deception in the recorded statements of the witnesses against him to be very surprised at this new discovery. I remembered the words of ex-FBI agent William Turner in his book, *Invisible Witness*: "While in police custody Oswald's demeanor was not that of a wanton assassin.

## PROFESSIONAL EVALUATIONS OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL STRESS EVALUATOR

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Gion B. Green
*Security World*, October 1973

It will be a surprise if this unobtrusive lie detector [the PSE] does not become a part of our way of life.

"Stagefright and Stevens' Law: A Study"*
Malcolm Brenner
Department of Psychology
Ohio State University

Our department has two [PSE] instruments, twelve examiners. The PSE is a great investigative tool, used in all phases of law enforcement.

Sergeant William Carlisle
St. Petersburg Police Department
St. Petersburg, Florida

This study, in the authors' opinion, demonstrates above all that the PSE can now be taken seriously. It is neither an occult phenomenon nor a huckster's trick but a technological breakthrough which may provide a tool of enormous potential for a variety of fields, of which psychology merely is one. We do not yet know the limits of its scope. This study does suggest that the PSE is an accurate, portable, and versatile instrument for assessing the presence and the degree of psychological stress and as such merits far more attention than it now is getting.

"An Early Validation Study with the Psychological Stress Evaluator (PSE)"*
James W. Worth and Bernard J. Lewis
Washington and Lee University
Lexington, Virginia

The PSE has proved an invaluable asset in our investigative activity. We have used it in cases involving murder, rape, robbery, burglary, kidnapping, and grand larceny. Some suspects who could not be examined with the conventional polygraph have been cleared through the use of this instrument and in one case, a murderer was identified. The PSE is a valuable aid in cases where there are several suspects to a single crime by providing a rapid, ethical, comfortable method of screening out the innocent suspects. This allows the investigators to concentrate their investigative efforts on fewer suspects, thereby increasing efficiency.

Vernon L. Jones, Chief
Vienna, Virginia, Police Department

I feel that if the Psychological Stress Evaluation Test were used more often by attorneys, both the attorneys and their clients would benefit. Even where the test could not be admitted into evidence, it could act as a guide to the defense attorney or to the State in their search for the truth.

Donald G. McIntosh, Attorney
Baltimore, Maryland

Both my own research and that of others has shown that, under appropriate conditions, the PSE is effective for lie detection purposes.

Gordon Barland
Department of Psychology
University of Utah

It is the conclusion of this report that the Dektor PSE is a valid component worthy of inclusion in the lie-detection application system, either in tandem with the polygraph or used as a single instrumentation of stress.

"The Psychological Stress Evaluator: A Study"*
Lt. Michael P. Kradz
Formerly Howard County (Maryland) Police Department

The [Psychological Stress Evaluator] instrument is used primarily as an investigative tool, to separate, quickly, truth from fiction, and give some direction to the detectives' efforts. We have found it valuable in reducing the amount of time usually expended in pursuing false leads. The PSE is very effective.

Detective Ray Tochterman
Major Crimes Unit
Camden County Prosecutor's Office
Camden, New Jersey

*Unpublished study

He steadfastly denied the crime and some newsmen were struck by the appearance of genuine shock when he was told he was accused of the assassination."

But Mike Kradz's skepticism led him to think further about the chart and transcript I had shown him, and he finally raised a point which, I was forced to agree, made the PSE results less than 100 percent conclusive—this is that it's not completely clear what Oswald meant when he responded to the question, "Did you kill the president?" The Warren Report contains the following transcription of his reply: "No. I have not been charged with that." If the statement is read as two distinct sentences, Oswald seems to be denying his guilt and then adding that he has not been charged with the crime (which, at the time of the midnight press conference, was the case). But, as I knew from listening to the tape, Oswald sounded as though he were saying, "No, I have not been charged with that," in one sentence, not two. Was "no" a specific denial of guilt, or merely a rejection of the question, a way of saying, in effect, "Don't ask me that; even the police haven't accused me of that"?

Of course, if Oswald had been the man who killed the president only hours earlier, he might be expected to show hard stress while making any reference to the shooting, no matter how oblique; and it certainly should have been a more stressful subject than what he knew about the circumstances of his arrest. But Oswald's denial seemed ambiguous, and the PSE results, however interesting, could not be called absolutely conclusive. It seemed likely, however, that Oswald was asked the crucial question by newsmen again during the night of November 22, and his answer was probably recorded on tape somewhere. So I set out to find a recording of a categorical denial, and several weeks later I succeeded.

Ironically, my search ended in Dallas. I was visiting Al Chapman, one of the hundreds of private citizens who do not believe the Warren Report and continue to investigate the case. Chapman has compiled a small library of materials relating to the assassination, including some sound recordings. Among these I found a long-playing record called *Probe*, which was released several years ago by Columbia Records. *Probe* is an audio documentary on the assassination (and one of the bitterest attacks on the critics of the Warren Report), and it contains many excerpts from news recordings that were made during the weekend of the assassination.

Oswald speaks only once on the record, apparently while being led along the crowded third-floor corridor of the police station:

> Oswald: These people have given me a hearing without legal representation or anything.
>
> Reporter: Did you shoot the president?
>
> Oswald: I didn't shoot anybody, no sir.

I transferred the segment to tape. Later, I processed the recording with the PSE.


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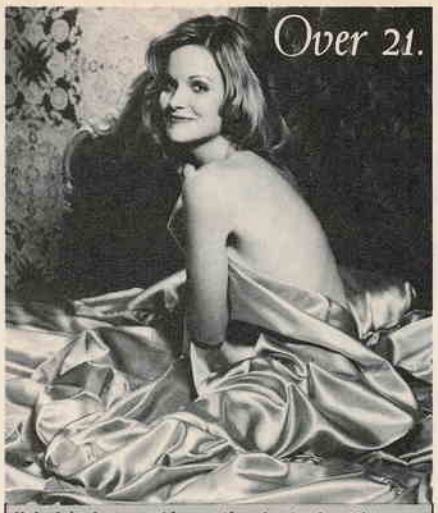


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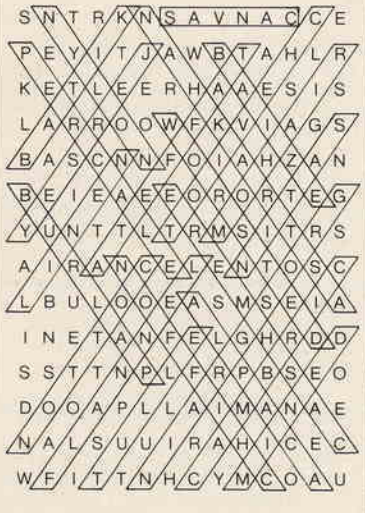
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Oswald's protest that he has been given a hearing without legal representation shows good-to-hard stress. His categorical denial that he shot anyone contains almost no stress at all. Stress is a necessary, but not sufficient, condition of lying; it must be interpreted, and therein lies the margin of error. But the absence of stress is a sufficient condition of truthfulness. If someone is talking about a matter of real importance to himself and shows absolutely no stress, then he must be telling the truth.

Oswald denied shooting *anybody*—the president, the policeman, anybody. The psychological stress evaluator said he was telling the truth.

But, despite the many other indications that Oswald was innocent, the almost complete absence of stress in his voice is still remarkable, in view of the circumstances of his conversation with the press. The recording sounded clear and was of excellent technical quality, and hard stress was apparent in Oswald's voice when he protested that he had been denied legal representation. Still, I wondered if some yet unknown recording phenomenon had managed to eradicate the stress in his statement of innocence. This didn't seem very likely, but I was uncomfortable with the fact that the tape had been made from a phonograph record, which, in turn, had been cut from another recording. None of my other results had come from phonograph records. Did something about this medium sometimes erase stress? I decided that I would have to obtain another tape of the statement, one that was not the result of a re-recording chain involving a phonograph record. Otherwise, I couldn't be certain.

The John F. Kennedy Library in Waltham, Massachusetts, has a stack of audio tapes that had been recorded from the television network coverage of the events of November 22–25, 1963. After two days of listening, I found what I was looking for. This copy sounded the same as the recording I had found in Dallas—with one exception. On the Dallas recording Oswald says, "I didn't shoot anybody, no sir." On the Waltham recording he can be heard to say, "No, I didn't shoot anybody, no sir." The two recordings were probably made from two different microphones, and indeed many photographs of Oswald in custody show several newsmen holding up microphones in front of him. The reporter who asked him, "Did you shoot the president?" was probably at Oswald's side, and Oswald may have been turning to face the man as he answered. Thus, some of the microphones would have been likely to miss the "no."

I ran the Waltham recording on the PSE. The initial "no" showed moderate stress. The PSE waveforms for the rest of Oswald's statements were virtually identical to the ones I made from the Dallas tape. There was good-to-hard stress on, "These people have given me a hearing without legal representation or anything," and almost no stress on, "I didn't shoot anybody, no sir." There was no longer any question of distortion from the phonograph record. The evidence that the Waltham tape had been recorded from a different microphone from the Dallas tape established that the two tapes were the end points of two completely separate transmission and recording chains. And both tapes yielded identical PSE results. It was not some strange sound-recording fluke; quite clearly Lee Harvey Oswald was telling the truth.

I returned from Waltham and visited Mike Kradz at Dektor. I showed him the second set of transcripts and charts. No prolonged examination was necessary: the utter lack of stress in Oswald's statement was immediately obvious. It was hard to accept, but Kradz had run too many criminal cases on the PSE to have any doubts about the meaning of the PSE charts I showed him. There was no other possible explanation than that Oswald was telling the truth.

Kradz asked me if I would object to his showing the charts to someone else. I said that I wouldn't, and he stepped out of his office and returned in a few minutes with a wiry, middle-aged man whom he introduced as Rusty Hitchcock.

L. H. "Rusty" Hitchcock is a former army intelligence agent and one of the most experienced polygraph examiners in the country. Since he graduated from the army's polygraph school at Fort Gordon in 1954, lie detection has been his specialty. Besides conducting thousands of polygraph investigations, he has also carried out basic research in lie detection and is an expert on the phenomenon of the galvanic skin response and the effect of hypnosis on polygraph results. He is the author of many training manuals and procedural guides used by army polygraph examiners. Hitchcock is, of course, well-known in professional polygraph circles and, although he now embraces the heretical Psychological Stress Evaluator, he is still held in high regard by most of his fellow members of the American Polygraph Association. He is retired and spends most of his time raising cattle on his Georgia ranch, but he occasionally serves as a consultant to law-enforcement agencies and private security firms.

Rusty Hitchcock was incredulous when Kradz showed him the PSE charts I had run on Oswald. He questioned me closely to assure himself that I had not made some procedural mistake in operating the PSE equipment. Convinced that I had not, he speculated that there might be a defect in the equipment I was using, and he also pointed out that I had run Oswald in only one of the PSE modes and at only one tape speed (varying the speed of the tape recorder or chart drive mechanism can sometimes reveal low-level stress which would otherwise go unnoticed). This was true, but the combination of mode and tape speed I had used was the one most often used in criminal cases, since it is completely sensitive to the levels of stress likely to be produced in such matters. Oswald had shown hard stress on the irrelevant issue and almost none on his claim of innocence.

I was certain the PSE and recorder I had used were working properly, and I was con-

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fident I would get the same results no matter what equipment, PSE mode, or tape speed I used. I offered Hitchcock a copy of the recording and suggested he check my findings with his own instruments. He replied by inviting me to his ranch, suggesting that we review the tape together. Several weeks later, I accepted his invitation.

We spent most of a morning and a roll of chart paper on the test. I watched over his shoulder as Rusty tried each combination of PSE mode and recorder speed in turn. The answer was always the same. In the end he too was convinced. Rusty is no student of assassinations, but he is a specialist in the natural history of lying. Perhaps better than anyone, Rusty could read the message written over and over again that day by the stylus of his PSE. He had the courage of his convictions, and he gave me his findings in the form of a signed statement. It reads as follows:

Dear Mr. O'Toole:

As you requested, I have analyzed with the Psychological Stress Evaluator the tape recordings you provided of the voice of Lee Harvey Oswald. Oswald's comments regarding the circumstances of his arrest and his statements that he had been denied legal representation show considerable situation stress. When he is asked, "Did you kill the president?" his reply, "No, I have not been charged with that," shows no harder stress than that found in his earlier comments. In replying to the question, "Did you shoot the president?" his reply, "No, I didn't shoot anybody, no sir," contains much less stress than I found in his earlier statement regarding legal representation, made only moments before this.

My PSE analysis of these recordings indicates very clearly that Oswald believed he was telling the truth when he denied killing the president. Assuming that he was not suffering from a psychopathological condition that made him ignorant of his own actions, I can state, beyond reasonable doubt, that Lee Harvey Oswald did not kill President Kennedy and did not shoot anyone else.

(signed)
Lloyd H. Hitchcock

Was Oswald a madman? The Warren Commission reported that it could reach no definite conclusion regarding Oswald's sanity in the legal sense of the word. The commission included in its report a lengthy and detailed biography of Oswald, and the report of a psychiatrist who examined Oswald when he was arrested for truancy as a thirteen-year-old. The psychiatrist found Oswald to be withdrawn and insecure, but not psychotic. Nothing in the commission's detailed record of Oswald's childhood and adult life suggests that he was, in any sense, insane.

Rusty Hitchcock explained that he was not concerned about the possibility that Oswald was a pathological liar; the hard stress evident in some of his statements shows that he was responding normally to the situation in which he found himself. Rusty was allowing for the possibility that, for some reason such as temporary amnesia, Oswald was unaware of his recent actions. However, there is absolutely nothing in the official accounts of Oswald's statements while in custody that suggests he ever said that he couldn't remember what he had been doing on the afternoon of November 22. There is no other plausible interpretation of the Oswald PSE charts than the explanation that Oswald was simply telling the truth.

But after ten years of repetition in books, magazines, newspapers, and the broadcast media, it is difficult to abandon the official doctrine that Lee Harvey Oswald was an assassin. Even the serious student of the Warren Report who is completely familiar with the defects in the commission's case against Oswald may be unable to resist the cumulative effect of a "well-known fact." The problems raised by skeptics with the testimony and evidence against Oswald tend to focus on the negative, to argue that the commission failed to prove its case. In debating the ballistic, photographic, and medical evidence, one has a tendency to ignore

the substantial positive arguments in favor of Oswald's innocence.

One of the strongest of these arguments is the fact, established by the Warren Commission, that no more than ninety seconds after the president was shot, Lee Harvey Oswald was calmly standing in the lunchroom on the second floor of the book depository. Dallas motorcycle policeman M. L. Baker was riding in the presidential motorcade when the shots were fired. He got off his motorcycle and rushed into the lobby of the book depository, where he encountered Roy Truly, the depository manager. Baker and Truly ran up the stairs. On the second floor Baker saw someone going into the lunchroom. With his revolver in his hand, Baker followed. As he reached the lunchroom entrance, he saw that the room was empty except for one man, who was walking away from him. Baker called to the man, who turned around and walked over to the policeman. At this point, Truly entered the lunchroom and identified the man as Oswald. The Warren Report describes the encounter:

> Baker stated later that the man did not seem to be out of breath; he seemed calm. "He never did say a word or nothing. In fact, he didn't change his expression one bit." Truly said of Oswald: "He didn't seem to be excited or overly afraid or anything. He might have been a bit startled, like I might have been if somebody confronted me. But I cannot recall any change in expression of any kind on his face." Truly thought that the officer's gun at that time appeared to be almost touching the middle portion of Oswald's body.

The commission had Baker reenact his movements—getting off the motorcycle, meeting Truly in the lobby, and climbing the stairs to the second floor. Baker ran through the whole sequence twice and was timed by stopwatch. The first time he did it in one minute and thirty seconds, the second time in one minute and fifteen seconds.

A Secret Service agent (and later several other people, including Chief Justice Warren) reenacted Oswald's supposed movements after firing the final shot—carrying a rifle from the southeast window to the northwest corner of the sixth floor, placing the weapon on the floor where it was allegedly discovered, descending the stairs to the second floor, and entering the lunchroom. Two trials were timed: the first, at a "normal walking pace," required one minute and eighteen seconds; the second, at a "fast walk," took one minute and fourteen seconds, only slightly less.

There is no indication that the agent, in reenacting Oswald's supposed actions, stopped to wipe the rifle completely clear of fingerprints. (The FBI laboratory reported that there were no fingerprints on the rifle; the Dallas police claim to have found a palmprint, but on a portion of the rifle which could only be touched when the weapon was disassembled.) This might have added a few seconds to the test, although it is conceivable that the assassin could have wiped off the rifle as he walked across the sixth floor to the place where he secreted it.

Thus, the Warren Commission was able to establish that it was just barely possible for Oswald to have gotten from the southeast corner of the sixth floor to the lunchroom on the second floor between the time the final shot was fired and the moment at which Patrolman Baker and Roy Truly saw Oswald in the lunchroom. But while the commission was able to prove the physical possibility of its theory, it didn't even attempt to explain away the psychological problems of this version.

The absence of fingerprints on the rifle does not necessarily mean that someone wiped them off: contrary to popular opinion, weapons often do not "take" fingerprints, perhaps not even from the sweaty hands of a man waiting to murder the president of the United States. In fact, there would have been little point in Oswald's wiping his prints from the rifle, since the weapon could easily be traced to him through the post-office box he had rented in his own name. But the question that the commission failed to answer, or even to ask, is *why* Oswald bothered to hide the rifle at all. He must have known that even if he had taken more pains than merely concealing the gun behind some cartons of books, a thorough police search of the book depository would have found it. Short of removing the rifle from the building, there was really no way that Oswald could have hoped to keep the weapon out of the hands of the police.

**There is no plausible interpretation of Oswald's PSE charts except that he was telling the truth.**

If Oswald had been the assassin, then his supposed rush from the sixth-floor window to the second-floor lunchroom would have to have been for the purposes of establishing an alibi and facilitating his escape from the book depository. Time, then, would have been critical, and stopping to hide the rifle would have taken time. To carry a weapon across the sixth floor was to prolong the risk of being observed with it by anyone who chanced to come upon the scene. If Oswald's plan was to avoid discovery and establish himself in the lunchroom as soon as possible, then the rifle should have been found near the southeast window, not hidden behind cartons in the northwest corner of the sixth floor.

Truly and Baker reported that when they saw Oswald in the lunchroom he seemed calm, although a bit startled at being confronted by a policeman holding a gun. He was not, according to their account, out of breath, frightened, or excited. This would have been an extraordinary feat of self-control for a man who, ninety seconds before, pumped two bullets into the president, concealed his rifle, and hurried down four flights of stairs. If Oswald had been the assassin, if he had fled to the lunchroom to avoid detection, then confrontation by a uniformed policeman with a drawn gun should have at least suggested to him that the game might be over. But Oswald was not pale and shaken, merely startled. When his salvation arrived in the form of Roy Truly, who identified him to Baker as a depository employee, did he breathe a sigh of relief? None was reported. When Baker and Truly turned away to continue their search elsewhere, did Oswald hurry down that last flight of stairs and flee the building? He did not. According to the commission's reconstruction of events, Oswald walked over to the soft-drink machine in the lunchroom and bought a Coca-Cola.

Sylvia Meagher, who conducted one of the most exhaustive analyses of the Warren Commission, cites some evidence that Oswald had, in fact, been drinking the Coke even before the confrontation with Baker, evidence which would support Oswald's claim that he was having lunch at the time of the shooting. There is no question, however, that Oswald was drinking the Coke when he was seen, a few moments after meeting Baker, strolling through one of the offices on the second floor. Mrs. Robert Reid, a clerical supervisor at the book depository, saw him enter the office and told the commission, "I had no thoughts . . . of him having any connection with it all because he was very calm. He had gotten a Coke and was holding it in his hands and I guess the reason it impressed me seeing him in there, I thought it was a little strange that one of the warehouse boys would be up in the office at that time, not that he had done anything wrong." Oswald's casual presence in the second-floor office may have seemed strange to Mrs. Reid, but in view of the Warren Commission's charge that he was the assassin fleeing the scene of the crime, his pause for some leisurely refreshment seems downright incredible.

Yet another problem with the commission's reconstruction of Oswald's alleged dash from the sixth to the second floor is the testimony of an eyewitness who, during the critical seconds immediately after the shooting, happened to be on the same staircase Oswald was supposed to have used. Victoria Adams, who worked on the fourth floor of the book depository, told the commission that, within a minute of the last shot, she ran down the stairs from the fourth floor to the first floor. She said she neither saw nor heard anyone else on the stairs. The commission concluded that she must have been wrong, that she really used the stairs several minutes after Oswald had already descended them.

Shortly after he was seen by Mrs. Reid, Oswald left the book depository. Instead of continuing down the stairs in the northwest corner of the building adjacent to the area where he met Baker, Truly, and Reid and departing through the secluded back exit, Oswald strolled across the second floor and

walked down the front staircase to the main entrance on Dealey Plaza. He left the building not as a murderer on the run, but like someone who had missed the excitement and was going outside to see what was happening.

Oswald never returned to the book depository; he went to his furnished room in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, and from there to a nearby movie theater. According to the reports of his interrogation, he claimed he felt that, under the circumstances, the book depository would close for the rest of the day; so, without waiting to be notified, he took the afternoon off, went home, and then went on to the movies. This story seems implausible, but there is nothing in the commission's reconstruction of Oswald's trip from Dealey Plaza to his room that suggests flight. Traffic in the vicinity of the book depository had come to a standstill, and Oswald walked several blocks from the tie-up and boarded a bus. The bus traveled for several blocks and then became stuck in the spreading traffic jam. Oswald got out and walked to the Greyhound Bus Station, where he got in a taxicab. The driver's account of what happened next gives us a dramatic insight into Oswald's state of mind only minutes after the shooting:

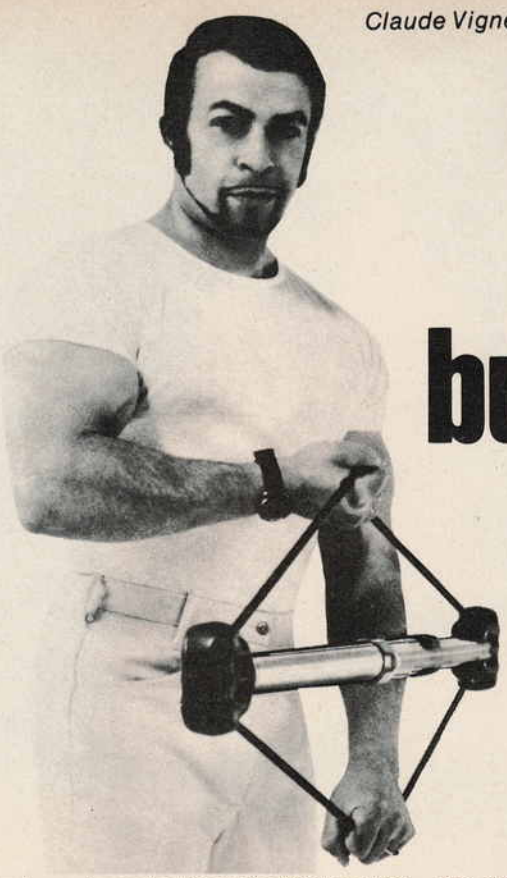
> And about that time an old lady, I think she was an old lady, I don't remember nothing but her sticking her head down past him in the door and said, "Driver, will you call me a cab down here?"
>
> She had seen him [Oswald] get this cab and she wanted one, too, and he opened the door a little bit like he was going to get out and he said, "I will let you have this one," and she says, "No, the driver will call me one."

If Oswald was an assassin fleeing the scene of his crime, then he was certainly an assassin of remarkable chivalry.

Oswald took the taxi to Oak Cliff, went to his furnished room, changed his clothes, and then went out again. Oswald's landlady, Mrs. Earlene Roberts, testified that Oswald spent only a few minutes in his room. After he left, Mrs. Roberts looked out the window and saw Oswald waiting at a bus stop in front of the rooming house. Once again, Oswald is seen less than an hour after the assassination under circumstances suggesting neither furtiveness nor haste. There is, in fact, nothing in the commission's reconstruction of Oswald's movements during the ninety minutes between the assassination and Oswald's arrest in the Texas Theatre—apart from some very shaky evidence that he killed Officer Tippit—to suggest that Lee Harvey Oswald had just committed the crime of the century.

The PSE evidence that Oswald was telling the truth, that he was not the assassin, is not my personal property. Anyone sufficiently interested is free to obtain the same recordings and subject them to the same electronic analysis. As the Psychological Stress Evaluator becomes more familiar, not only


*Claude Vignec, physical training expert says:*



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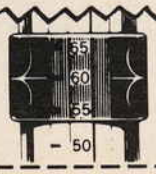


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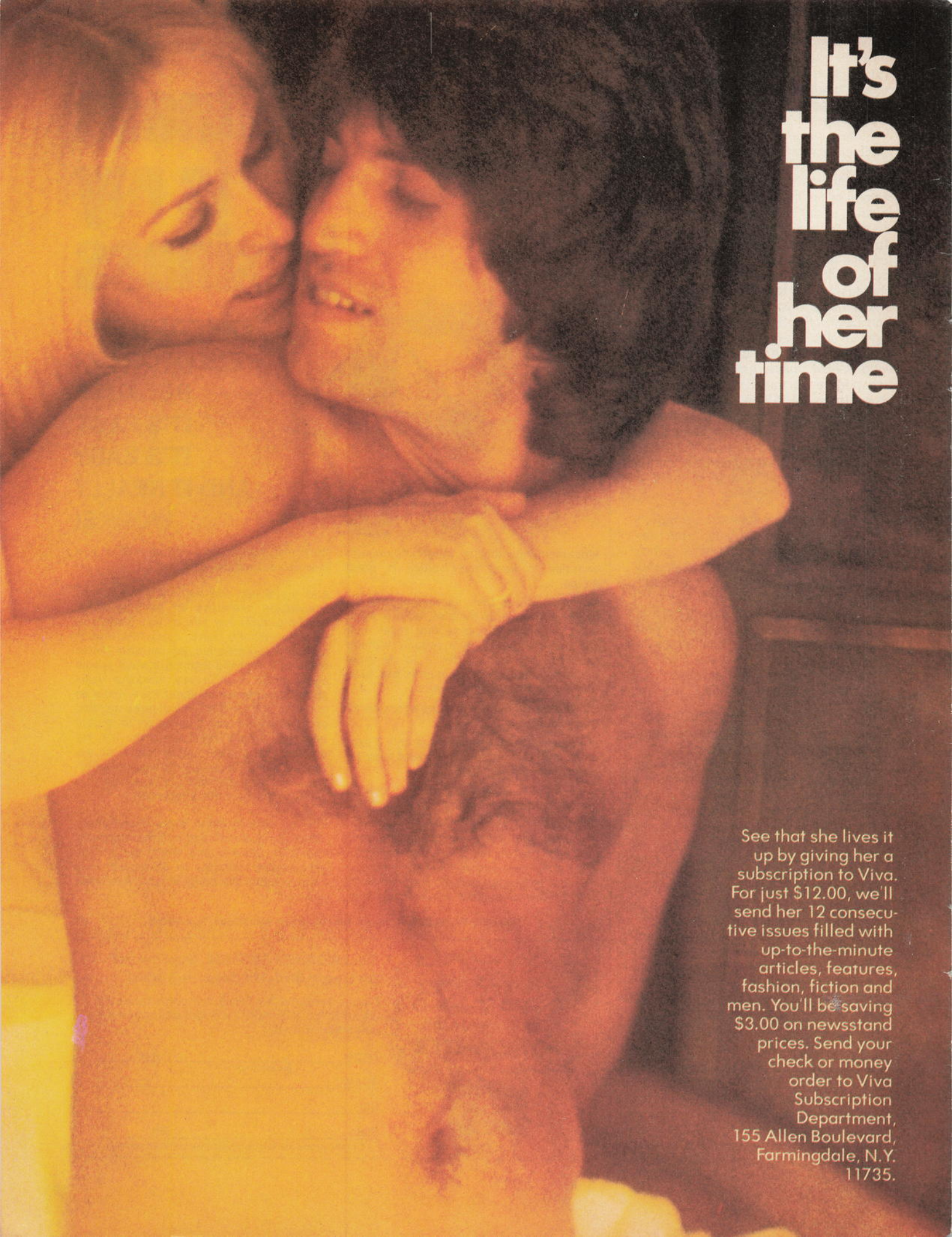


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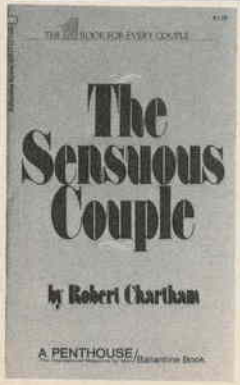


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as an investigative aid but as an instrument of historical research, I expect others to do so, and they will obtain the same results. Indeed, one noted researcher in the field of lie detection, Dr. Gordon Barland, has already done it.

Dr. Barland, who conducts lie-detection research in the department of psychology of the University of Utah, is well known and respected among professional polygraph examiners. His work appears often in the *Journal of the American Polygraph Association* and related journals. Barland has conducted validation studies of both the polygraph and the PSE, and his work with the PSE was the first objective, scientific study to establish the effectiveness of that instrument. Barland's experience in lie detection is not limited to academic studies, however; he was a polygraph examiner in army intelligence and served with the Department of Defense Joint Working Group on Lie Detection. He is a licensed polygraph examiner in the state of Utah and is frequently called upon to aid in the investigation of criminal cases. Barland is nationally recognized as a lie-detection expert, is often asked to give expert testimony on polygraph evidence in court, and serves as a consultant to the federal government in the field of polygraph research.

Dr. Barland heard of my work on the Kennedy assassination through his interest in the PSE, and he generously offered to review my results. I shipped a set of tapes to him in Utah and asked him to pay special attention to the Oswald denials. Then, after spending a considerable amount of time analyzing the tapes with his own tape and PSE equipment, he called to report his own results.

He confirmed my findings of a complete lack of stress in Oswald's statement that he had not shot anyone and the presence of hard stress in the "irrelevant" statements regarding legal representation. He said that, based on the PSE charts he ran, Oswald appeared to be telling the truth when he proclaimed his innocence. Because Barland's experience with the PSE has been largely confined to controlled, polygraph-like examinations, he does not feel that he can make an absolutely conclusive judgment about any such uncontrolled interview as the exchange between Oswald and the reporter. Barland said that he thought it probably was impossible for someone to lie about such a matter, even in an uncontrolled situation, and show no stress. But, he added, he had not studied stress in uncontrolled interviews sufficiently to be categorical about it. In the interest of scientific accuracy, he felt that he must use the word "probably." I asked him if he would be willing to make a numerical estimate of the probability, as he saw it, that Oswald was telling the truth. He promptly replied that he would certainly be willing to put the figure at 75 percent at the very least.

Except for my initial request of Mike Kradz that he look at the Oswald charts, I have not actively sought expert endorsement of my findings on Oswald. The Psychological Stress Evaluator remains a controversial subject among polygraph professionals, and only a few have had the courage to admit that the new instrument works and thus incur the wrath of their colleagues. I have not asked these few to go even further out on the limb and publicly support the thesis that Lee Harvey Oswald was not the assassin of President Kennedy. However, some of them have confidentially inquired about my work and, in every case, I have offered them my charts and tapes. Some have run the tapes on their own equipment. All who have seen the Oswald charts agree that—either certainly or very probably—Oswald was innocent. None has offered a contradictory interpretation, but only Mike Kradz, Rusty Hitchcock, and Gordon Barland have volunteered to be quoted. Yet in a court of law, any one of those three would be (and often is) accepted as an expert witness in the field of lie detection.

On Monday, November 25, 1963, John F. Kennedy was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. Presidents and kings escorted the flag-draped coffin to the grave. A squadron of jet fighters roared overhead, and a military guard fired a final salute. The bugler played taps.

And in another cemetery near Fort Worth, Texas, there was another funeral. Lee Harvey Oswald's wife and mother, his brother, and his two small daughters were there, as well as a number of newsmen and Secret Service agents. All of the clergymen Marguerite Oswald had approached refused to permit her son's body to be brought into their churches. None would even agree to conduct a graveside ceremony. A brief service was held by an official from a local church group. When he arrived, he left his Bible in his car. Reporters and Secret Service agents served as pallbearers. Later the grave was desecrated and the tombstone stolen.

Oswald is one of the most hated figures in American history, and his guilt has been largely unquestioned. While critics of the Warren Commission sometimes find receptive and sympathetic audiences to hear their arguments, one proclaims Oswald innocent at his own peril. To offer a professional opinion in support of this thesis takes great courage. Those who have done so have earned my gratitude and admiration.

But there is more than a professional reputation to be risked in considering the PSE evidence of Oswald's innocence. There is one's peace of mind, and all who have dared to look over my shoulder have lost it. I remember vividly the emotions I felt during the afternoon and evening of November 22, as the reports came in from Dallas. During those tragic hours there was some small consolation in knowing that the murderer had been captured. But whatever comfort there was in that belief, it is now gone. The president was killed by a person or persons unknown. Until the murderers are found, until the truth is known, until justice is done, there can be no rest and no peace. None for John Kennedy, none for Lee Oswald, and none for the rest of us. ○—

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# BABY AL CAPONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

myself. And that's the way you've got to be. You've just got to get it on with the buyers and be set on what you're going to say. A rip-off really has to be letter-perfect. If the other side starts to have doubts, you've got to have your story completely backed up, without a hole in it. You contradict yourself just once, and the deal will blow up in your face.

"I've never had that done to me, but I've watched it happen to somebody else, and he got his face almost pistol-whipped off. Dope deals are all negotiation. One contradictory statement, and you just shoot the whole thing in the ass. You see, dope is no longer trust. It used to be 'Give me the money and I'll check you in an hour'—and you'd be there, shove the fifty grand in your back pocket, and go. That was the end of the scene. Not anymore. These days in Tucson, everybody's packing guns and they're pretty shaky. You just don't trust *anybody*. When it comes down to the seams, it's just one guy and another guy. To me it's all an even game. Buy marijuana . . . you either buy it or get ripped off for it. The scene is rank, that's the only thing you can say about it."

"The only thing a rip-off's got going for it is surprise, and if you haven't got that you're going to be hurt. Anybody who gets shot while doing a rip-off deserves it. I feel professional at this. You've got instant action. Wait, lure 'em in, hit, boom, the scene is completely changed. You've got to take charge within five seconds at the very most.

"Without the ultimate in surprise, death is just a trigger away. So you throw down on them—just yell, 'Freeze or we'll kill you! I ain't bullshitting!' Then grab 'em by the head or neck. When I'm in that scene I feel like Superman. My strength is unbelievable. I've picked up cats and thrown them across the room.

"'Freeze, motherfucker!'

"Start beating ass on everybody. The only thing after a rip-off gets started is to one, two, three, four, five, *down*! That's the first thing if you can, get them down on the ground, spread them out, frisk them down, and don't let them give you any static, 'cause throw a cat down, frisk him, he's clean—but if he starts to get up you've got to let him know you mean business. Kick him across the room, mace him down, you know, every scene I've ever done I've maced them.

"It's a lot in your voice, too. You've got to sound like you're bad. Like I'll throw down on somebody and yell, 'All right, now hold it, motherfucker!' And then I'll start laughing, laugh my guts out, and he'll think I'm crazy. I know if someone was pointing a gun at me and laughing his ass out, I sure as hell would do what he told me.

"Every scene, you're either going to walk out counting your money or you're never going to walk out again. That's entirely up to


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you. It's something you've got to have made up in your mind. That's how you maintain your cool. Just like the way you go to the bathroom—it's all routine, everything's a routine.

"None of this goofball stuff, popping shots before you go out. Levelheaded all the way! Just one spark of craziness—real, I mean, not faked—and the whole thing will go down the drain. Just one guy on your team doesn't do what he's supposed to do, and there's a real possibility of everybody getting shot.

"Say if they turn out to have four guys on their side and there're only three of us, then those four buyers we're setting up have just got to go down on the ground flat. As soon as I walk in, turn around, and yell, 'Freeze!'—if one of my men's not there, then one of them cats might go for a gun and I might have to shoot. But I don't want that. I want them leveled off—and when I've got 'em leveled off, I know everybody's mind is going like lightning. They're thinking, 'Should I go for my gun, should I run. . . .' Oh, they're flashing, just flashing, 'A gun, wow! What do I do?' And when they're flashing on what I do, what am I going to do, how is our side doing, are we really in control, well, that's when whoo-o-o-sh, it all comes down!—what I say, that ultimate in surprise, the only thing a rip-off's got going for it. Without that, without everybody performing, there's no, *no* way you're not going to get blasted. Split or die!

"After I do a scene sometimes I'm just so psyched up, my adrenaline is going so much, it's unbelievable. Waiting for a guy to come, you hear him drive up, you feel like you're standing on a football field, butterflies, waiting for your partner to do his scene. And just like the kickoff after the first contact is made, everything's fine. As soon as the first guy throws down, I know what I have to do—case the situation, pick out my dude, and throw him down.

"There was one individual we brought out on the desert. . . . My partner was a dude named Walt, and he was up front. I should mention that this was close to Halloween. I had a Frankenstein monster mask and he had a Devil face, and we had these masks stuffed into our back pockets.

"This was in daylight, which I don't like to do, but for some reason we had to. The buyers follow their guy. I follow mine, in two cars, and theirs is a camper.

"'Got your dust?' their front guy asks.

"'Yeah.'

"He counts it all down. This dude has a jacket on, and a forty-four packed right there.

"'Hey!' Walt is amazed. He starts to protest. 'You dudes got guns?'

"'No, no.'

"'Mind if we search your car?'

"'Yes!'

"'All right, that's it!' Walt is, you know . . . straight, shocked. 'Well, if you have guns, we don't play that way. Just turn around and get on out of here. We're not doing any business with you.'

"Then these guys looked at each other, embarrassed. 'Well, we do have guns.'

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146


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MG Celebrates it's 50th Anniversary with

# THE CAR THAT CULT BUILT

By JOE OLDHAM

Nineteen forty-seven. A year of normalcy—or at least an attempt to return to normalcy after the big war. Truman is president. America is beginning to save the world from the Red Menace. Americans are going wild with the money they've accumulated from the war economy. College Joes are into white bucks and chinos, and the chicks are wearing the New Look, with Persian lamb coats, stockings with seams, and girdles.

Cars are beginning to roll off the assembly lines in earnest again, for the first time since 1941. Americans are becoming car happy after six years of automotive deprivation, and they're becoming conscious of a new kind of car, a foreign car that some of the boys have brought home from Europe.

It's small. Very small. The steering wheel is on the wrong side, and there's room for only two people. Even they are cramped. It has funny looking clam-shell fenders and flashy wire wheels. It also has a rather loud exhaust rap that makes it sound almost like a racing car at Indianapolis. You are instantly aware of this car because, even though it's small, its effect is very, *very* big. You usually see it with the top down, darting around and past your average bloated, traffic-blocking Detroit Iron with the ease of a gazelle. And the guys driving these cars—and their nubile girl friends—all look very happy indeed.

It's an MG-TC—a British sports car. Something unheard of in America. And this gutsy little MG has started a snowball that will turn into an avalanche in this country, not only founding a cult but also introducing our society to the by-products of the modern sports car—accessories, racing equipment, road-racing tracks, sports-car clothing, in short, an entire new segment for the automotive industry.

But above all, there is the mystique—that aura that seems to make every sports car glow a little, especially when parked next to a nine-passenger station wagon with fake wooden sides and a couple of kids drooling on the windows in the backseat.

The MG-TC, that little gnome of a car built and marketed by Morris Garages in England, started it all. That the MG was cold and drafty, that the steering and brakes were less than precise, that when it rained *you* got rained on, this all meant nothing to the sports-car nuts who bought and drove them. In those days, piloting an MG brought out a little of the Rickenbacker and Red Baron in all of us. It was rather like being in the cockpit of a Spad, looking straight down the barrels of synchronized twin Vickers. Synchronized twin carbs were an excellent substitute. But the faults of the car were keeping the market limited to hard-core, balls-to-the-wall drivers who were willing to put up with such discomforts for the thrill of real driving pleasure. The MG people, on the other hand, were looking to make real inroads in the American market. Civilizing the car was an immediate priority back in Abingdon, England.

So by 1949, MG was ready to market the TD. It had a more comfortable body, with better brakes and steering, and such basic tailoring as a bigger gas pedal for the standard American hoof. All this made the MG-TD a best-seller from 1949 to 1953. By 1955, the MG had become practically water-

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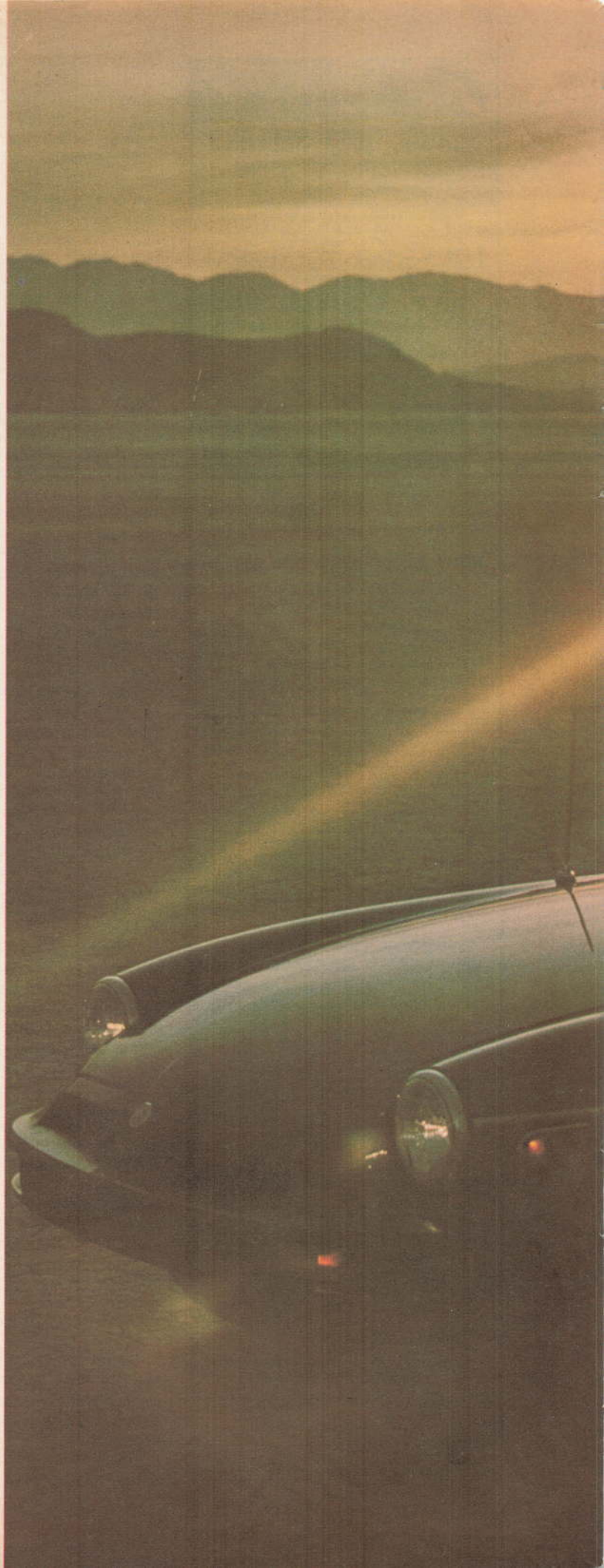
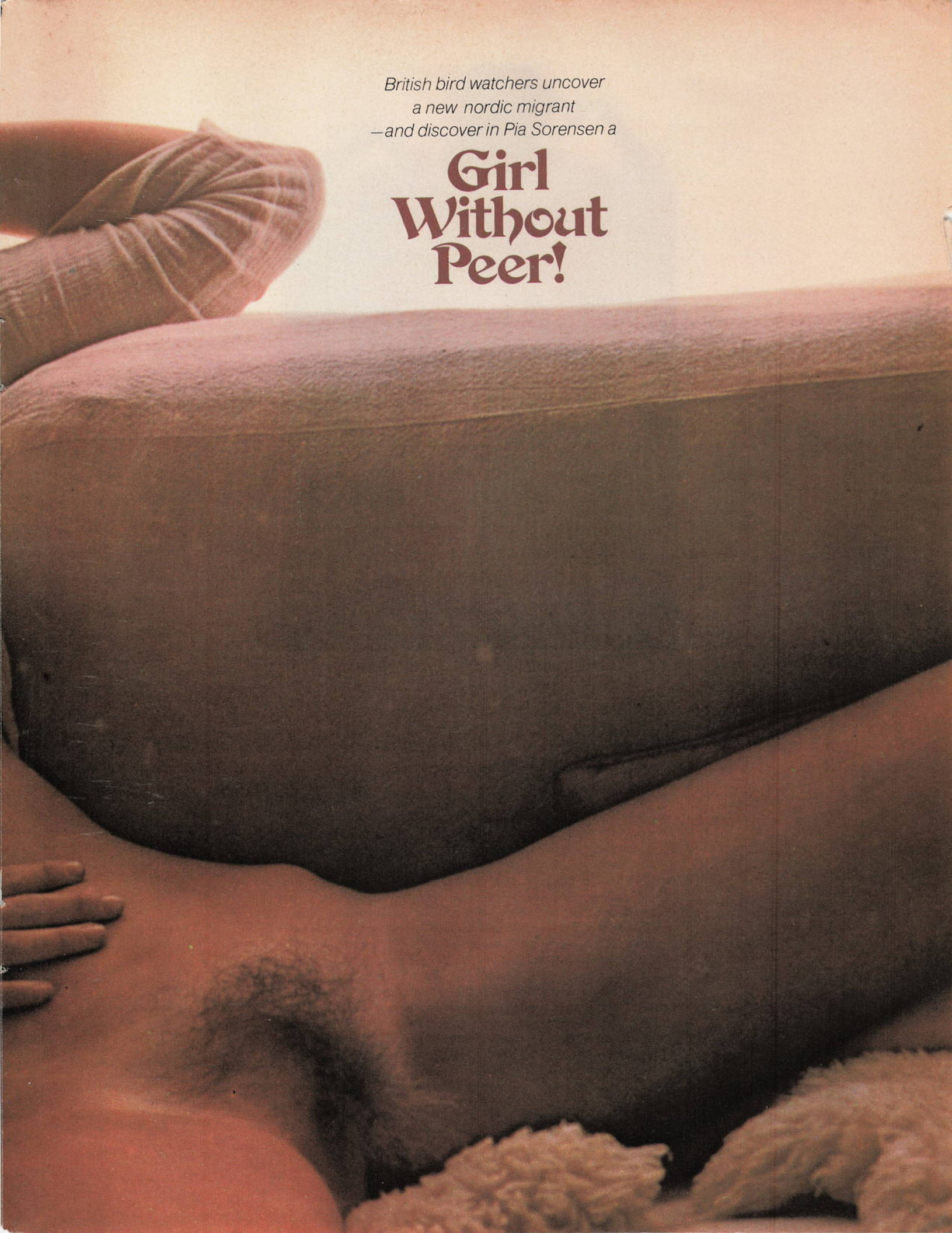
Wardrobe by Pleasure Dome, Los Angeles Photography by Jeff Dunas



*British bird watchers uncover*
*a new nordic migrant*
*—and discover in Pia Sorensen a*

# Girl Without Peer!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEREK BURTON

Tweedy ornithologists may be writing to *The Times* of London just about now, claiming to have heard the first cuckoo, but we can report the first flutter in a far more captivating migration of birds. She is sixteen-year-old Pia Sorensen, one of the earliest arrivals of the flock of nubile young Scandinavian schoolgirls who annually alight on the south coast of England. Pia and friends are looking (possibly over-optimistically) for sunshine; for English-language teaching; for education in the unusual ways of the British; and "of course" —for love. "You may think it is strange, but we have in Copenhagen a very romantic idea of England," says Pia. "English men are so quiet and dark and moody, quite different from Danes." The quiet, dark and moody men of Brighton will be on the receiving end of this bird's Anglophilia, and they may care to jot into their spotters' notebooks the following distinguishing characteristics. Pia is 5 feet 8 inches tall, with 37-25-36 body lines unconcealed by her winter

plumage. Her haunts are the wilder discotheques and hamburger bars, and she has an incorrigible fondness for "rather deafening" rock 'n' roll. Pia is still at school—toying with the idea of eventually becoming a pharmacist or an anesthetist in a hospital. But wouldn't you find that *boring?* we asked her. "No hospitals are

very romantic. I think a nurse is one of the most sexy people—in white starched clothes." In fact, although this pictorial portfolio hardly testifies that way, Pia's idea of female attraction is to hide the body in as many feminine frills and flounces as possible. "When I really want to make a boy sit up and take a look, I take a lot of trouble to dress up, and use makeup, and I think that can be much more sexy than clothes which show much more. It is like an artichoke—taking off the leaves is exciting because you know there is something good to eat inside."

She's something of a needlework freak, and makes almost all her own clothes. She prefers the cool Victorian look, although she's always insisting that she does not share the common Scandinavian coolness of personality. "So many girls from Denmark and Sweden are spoilt, and they do not understand that a pretty face and a good body are not everything. I believe people should show how they feel inside. If I do not feel attracted to a man, it is senseless for me to pretend that I do, like so many girls will. They flirt with a man just to get meals and money out of him. But if you show a real friendship for a man, then these things come also. If I like a man, I will show him real friendship; and if I love him...." If she loves him, what? He gets to see the heart of the artichoke? "You are joking with me. I will show him whatever lovers show." And whatever that is, you'll have to discover for yourself from this precocious young lady—a girl remarkably ahead of her years, and, we venture, remarkably ahead of her peers.

# BABY AL CAPONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

"'All right, before we start, lock 'em in your trunk.'

"And would you believe they agreed to do that? Walt and I almost broke up, looking at each other. Everything's cool out here. Then we bring out our own guns.

"'*Freeze!*'

"We spread 'em on the ground and took everything they had.

"One dude says, 'Take care, man! You motherfuckers—we'll get you for this!'

"'Aw, don't do that!' Walt tells him. He reaches back into his pocket and puts on his crazy mask of Satan.

"'The Devil made me do it!'

"We stripped the wires out of their car and split in ours.

"Walt is kind of a hype. He's doing about forty years in Florence now and I miss him."

"You've always got your man up front, and he's the one who's going to take repercussions. You know, the people who have been ripped off will come back, 'Hey, where's our dust, who did it, what happened?'

"We try to cover him whenever we can. This means that when the action starts he'll go down with the rest of them. It's all planned—he knows that as part of the deal he'll take a beating too. We'll beat his ass and throw him down, and we'll kidnap him, we'll blindfold him like the others, first, so they see us do it.

"Then it's the old routine, 'All right, we're leaving! Start counting from one hundred and one backwards. Don't move! Just stick your head out of this door and it'll be the last thing you ever do!'

"Now we take our own man and one of their people with us—put bags over their heads, kidnap them. Down some deserted road, we let our guy out of the car and tell him, 'All right, you son-of-a-bitch, run!' Then pop shots at him—you know—but in the confusion quietly put him back in the front seat.

"Now their guy, he's still in the backseat blindfolded, he's got no idea what's happened. A little farther on, we kick his ass out of the car.

"'Split! Fuck out of here!' and he's on his way.

"So the buyers, well, they'll naturally try to locate our front guy. 'Hey, what the hell happened?' And he'll come back, 'Jesus, man, I don't know. I got kidnapped, too, and beat up and thrown out on the desert!'

"What can they say? They've seen him tied up and how we beat on him and blindfolded him. And their guy in the car heard us dump him out and shoot at him.

"There's really not a whole lot they *can* do. Sure, they'd like to kill somebody, but the best thing they can do is just forget about it. That's my advice. Any rip-off that comes down on you in this town, might as well just mark it up to experience. Tucson just taught you something."

"You even have to accept the really ridiculous—although I hate it. One scene I did, it was sickening. It gets embarrassing even to tell you this. The deal I thought we had was too small to begin with. Only four thousand dollars. Well, to this day I call it the sixty-eight-dollar ass-kick.

"Okay, I'm lying in the bushes, thirty-eight in hand, waiting for the buyers. We have a big palo verde tree here and bags of shit out in the open. I'm driving a rental. We're sitting out there. They drive up in their van.

"'Everything cool?'

"'Yeah, yeah. The grass is over there. Want your dope? Just start loading it up.'

"They start walking over to the stash where my partner is.

"Then I hear one of the buyers tell the other: 'Hey, there's sure a lot of people out here for just one pound.'

"One pound! I couldn't believe it—I thought, what does this clown think he's doing? Well, I can't leave my partner out there in the desert all by himself sticking his hand in a bag of shit, so I've got my thirty-eight and I come running out.

"'*Freeze, you son-of-a-bitch!*'

"Now his partner had gone on to inspect the garbage bags filled with nothing. So I run after this cat kicking him in the ass and, like, he's still running. About thirty yards later, I've got him by the back of the neck and then I've got him down on the ground. I was like freaked out that my partner had set up this dumb gig, and to make things worse, he decides to play the big hero—throws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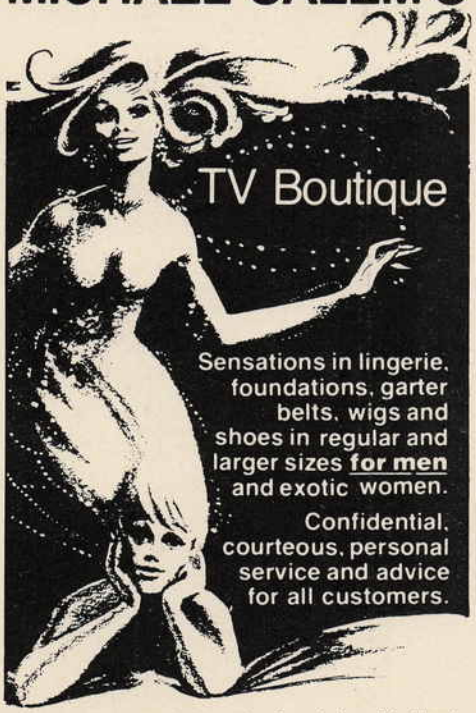
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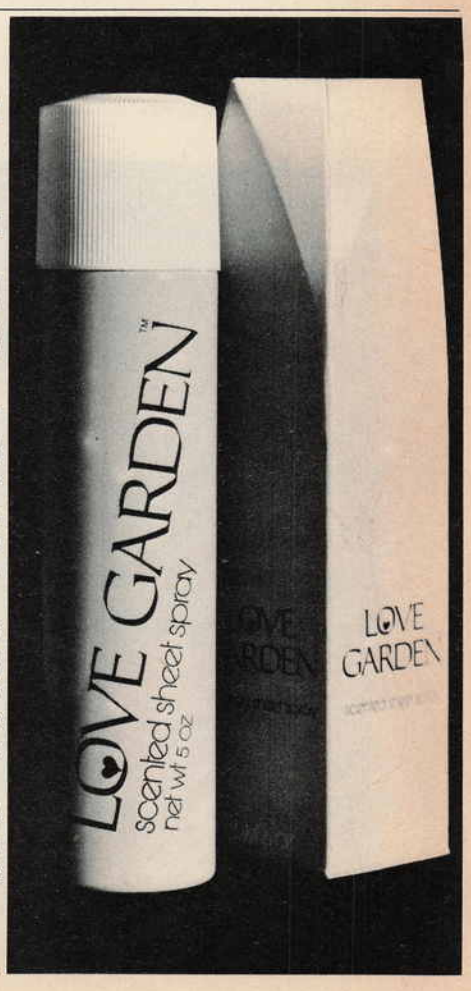

down on my dude. *Pow! Pow! Pow!* past my cat's ear, you know, deafening him no doubt for life.

"I hit the gun away.

"'Holy shit! Are you trying to kill this cat!'

"*BOOM!* Another one—close to me. I'm deaf for a week, and every squad car in Pima County must have heard it.

"Meanwhile the other cat's partner comes running up. I'm on my feet, gun out.

"'*All right, freeze, you son-of-a-bitch! This is NYPD!*'

"The guy says, 'Whaat?'

"I tell him, 'Ain't a joke, Freddy. Give me your dust.'

"He had sixty-eight dollars which I shoved in my back pocket. Then I got disgusted. I looked at them. Three idiots . . . my partner with his shit-eating grin.

"I said to him, 'Jeesus! what did you do this for? You said these motherfuckers want forty pounds of grass, and they only want *one*!'

"'Aw,' he said, 'they told me if they liked the one, they'd go for more. . . .'

"'Oh, man, thirty-seven years in prison for sixty-eight bucks split two ways!'

"The other cat who had come out of the desert stood there with his mouth open. The one I had beat on was all doubled up moaning. My partner just looked down at the ground. I couldn't stand any of them.

"I said, 'Look, you assholes, here's twenty dollars each. I'll keep the extra eight for expenses. Now get lost.'

"The other two didn't stick around. They split for their car in a cloud of dust. Of course, I had ripped the wires out. I got in our car. My partner was smart enough not to ask for a ride.

"I left him alone back there. I've never seen him since."

"And I could say I've never really trusted one of my partners, so far as the money goes. You have to watch them. They have to watch you. Everybody watches, because, believe it, there's no honor among rip-off partners, none at all.

"So you have all kinds to work with. But the victims, they're all about the same—they all go down about the same."

"On one occasion we did a scene. I had four hundred pounds of grass and met up with some people who wanted to buy it all. I sold them fifty pounds that afternoon, but they said, 'Let's do the rest of it, now, *now*.'

"I said, 'Listen, I don't want to do it right now. I've got a thing coming out of Mexico. I've got to negotiate with my pilots. To me, you're just a bunch of people that want some dope. I've got to make a living, so you'll just have to wait while I get this next plane trip together.'

"That way I kept them on the line all afternoon—which was necessary, 'cause you won't find a whole lot of rip-offs with guns and scenes during the day. There's too much identification on all over. You know, 'He was so tall and wearing this and that.' So the idea is to get around the day. By selling the dude the fifty pounds in front, I gave him


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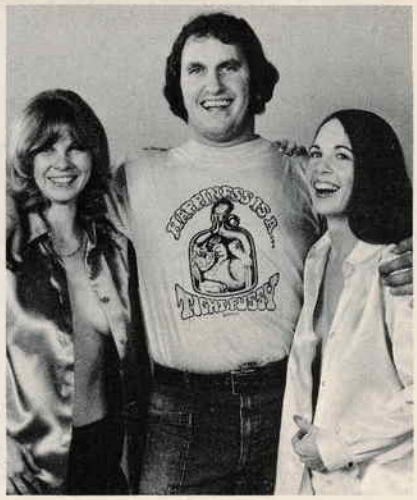

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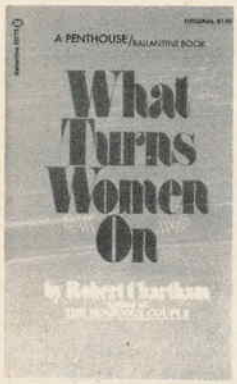


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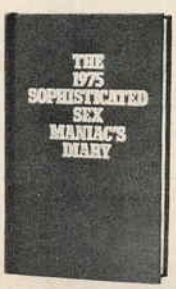


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a stroke till that night.

"Okay, I was up front and like I started getting kind of shaky, 'cause these guys were pretty heavy. So I brought another dude in there as my partner, and there were two more of us, four altogether. While I was supposed to be putting that Mexican flight together, we planned our scene.

"I'd be at the receiving end to throw down. I had a little house on the far north side where we would meet, and I brought along a shotgun. My partner with me had a forty-four magnum, our other two guys had thirty-eights. The scene was we had a pickup truck out in back, and the other three-hundred and fifty pounds of grass was there. Like all the time the negotiations were going on, while we got the details down, one of their people was blindfolded and inspected our grass. All there, cool.

"But then they crossed us. Our buyer walks in with a fucking army. They came in with ten people. Ten! And so it was four against ten. Then another guy came through the door, and that dude *had* to be seven feet five. I mean he was big—like I don't think a shotgun would've taken that cat down. He had one eye gone, shut, just rugged. I said to myself, 'Wow, man! Am I going to have to blast this cat?' But my partner was cool.

"Three of their dudes had already gone into a room in the back of the house near where our stash was. This was what we had agreed, and they were weighing kilos. Now my partner came down with that forty-four of his and told the eight in the room with us, 'Fuck you! All of you, out! Just get the fuck out of here, we ain't getting ripped off. Split!' And then from behind the door I got out my shotgun and we drove them all, even that giant dude, to a shed. Our other guys were waiting there, and we locked those eight guys in—inside the shed.

"What happened was . . . I never saw anything like this . . . they had an arsenal, man. Automatic rifles. But they got their signals mixed as to who would carry the guns and who wouldn't, and these idiots left all the weapons in their carrier. In the darkness each one imagined the other dudes were armed, so no one was.

"So here we are. Eight of their dudes are locked up out back in the shed. That left three of them inside weighing kilos. So my partner and I just blew in on them. '*All right! Everybody freeze!*'

"They all turned around, like, 'Do *what*?'

"'*Freeze, motherfuckers!*'

"And they still wouldn't go down. They didn't believe it. They *couldn't* believe it, 'cause outside they had practically an armored truck and seven, eight dudes with automatic weapons ready to cut down anybody. Shit! I mean they had these heavies right along with them—no way to believe we could have taken care of them.

"So they were pretty slow to move—until I like rammed the butt of my gun into one guy's face. Then they got the message that we weren't bullshitting. And we hit fast, grabbed up their money, and loaded up the stash they had been weighing and shoved it out the back window to where our truck was.

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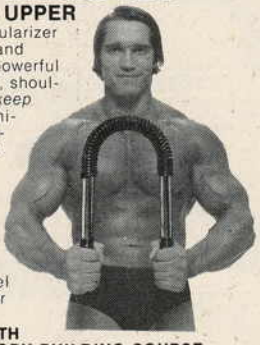

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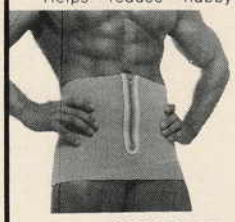

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"Time to leave. But first knock out their carrier. 'Okay, who's got the keys?' Meaning to their Bronco. No answer—and like my gun went off and blew a little bit of buckshot into one guy's ass. Not bad! But then he saw I wasn't going to kill anybody and he started getting bad. That's when my partner pistol-whipped the hell out of all three with his magnum, and we got the key. I got into our Cadillac—the brand-new job we used to bring their front people out in the very beginning—and I just rammed it out on the road. We finished loading up our truck with the stash. And ripped the wires out of their Bronco. We took their guns. Well, just then we heard them busting out of the shed. But no problem. Our dudes have their guns. We've smashed their car. We get in our cars, and split. Dark, no moon. We know the road, they don't. Wow!

"Slick. Thirty-five thousand dollars and home free with all our stash intact, no repercussions or anything. Really satisfying, you know—the amazement on their faces. I'll take credit for that one. The front man makes it all. It's just go get 'em for bread and butter; string 'em on down. And don't kid yourself that just anybody can do it. I think it's an art."

"There's no way around it. Every scene we do, it's your money or your life. Either you're going to walk out of there laughing your ass off or you're never going to walk out of there again. It's just desperate—that's what you go through every time you do a scene. But every time I do it, man, I just feel like doing more. Never satisfied until I do more. No, no way I won't do more."

Joel and the new chick enjoy a righteous dinner at El Prado. You know—steak and lobster, Lancer's rosé to mellow her out. This one is all right. Looks real good waiting in that doorway by the twin flames. Now maybe toke on a couple at the drive-in, dig the horror movie, then home.

His footsteps crunch on the gravel. An off night, not too many cars in the parking lot. He takes out his keys. Then—directly in front of him—the trunk of his Mercedes booms open. Somebody's kneeling there. Joel dives under his car. *Blam!* A shotgun blast shakes the whole world.

He rolls behind one of the rear wheels, hears a crash on the gravel as someone leaps out. Joel gets up, bolts, and dives behind another car, then another. The gunner can't quite find him. Another blast and pebbles shower over him. Joel makes it behind a cactus thicket, and he's out in the desert running.

He hears cries from the restaurant and his own chick wailing. Some kind of an alarm goes off. Crouching, he sees a figure run out of the parking lot and leap into a car which roars off down the road.

Joel Freeman has left town. Vanished. His probation officer has no word from him. It's said that he is back in Philadelphia, but no one really knows. And from one source I hear that he's not anywhere at all. ○+


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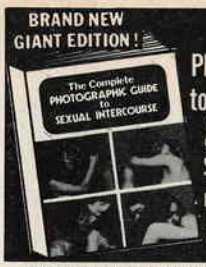


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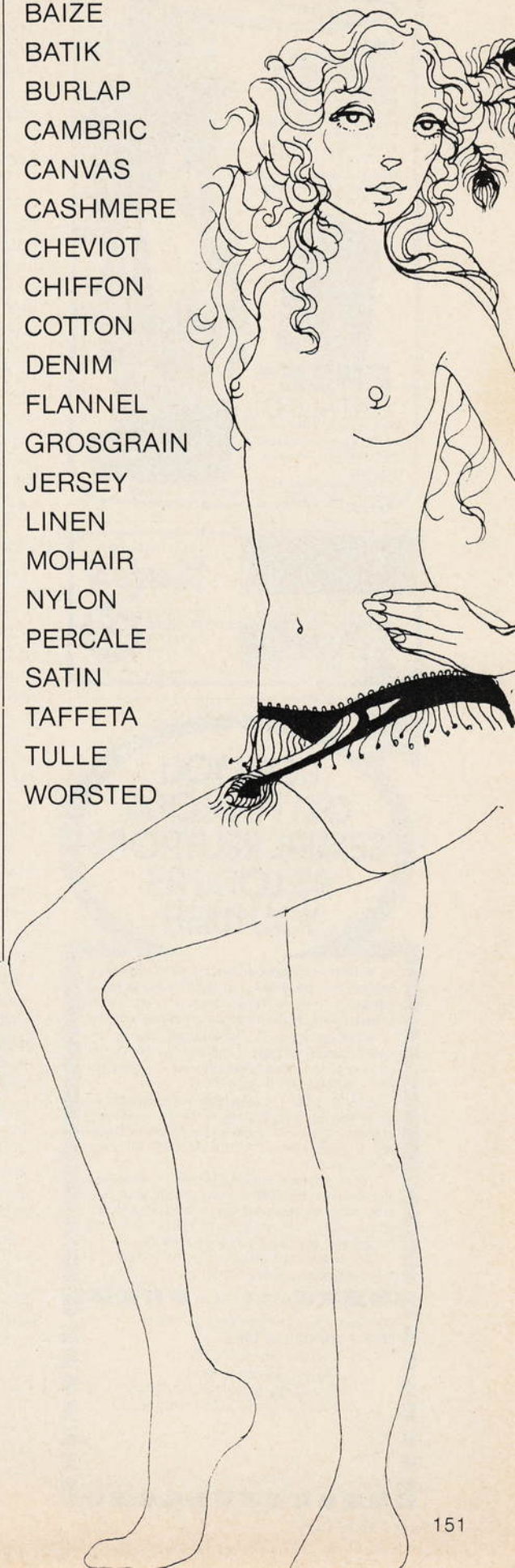

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# CULT CAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

tight and you didn't have to worry about drowning every time you drove in the rain. Seats were raked slightly to provide a more comfortable driving position and fifteen-inch wheels and tires were fitted so that you could actually find replacements when needed.

Despite the car's high charm-and-fun quotient, MG knew that the TC-TF series was growing a little long in the tooth. So in 1956, despite the outcries of horrified purists, they introduced the MGA, a thoroughly modern car with good road manners and exhilarating performance that quickly became one of the best-selling sports cars in this country. Its successor, the MGB, was shown to the public for the first time in 1962 and has since become the world's largest-selling sports car.

All of which brings us to 1975 and the new MGB. In honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the MG company, British Leyland has taken the MGB and refined it.

Why mess around with a good thing? Well, sure, the car has been upgraded to meet the 1975 federal bumper regulations and emission-control laws, but you'll find the same bulletproof 1798cc, four-cylinder engine punching out sixty-three horsepower at 5,000 rpm. And as you hurl around tight mountain roads and rev each gear to the redline, you'll be getting a smooth twenty-five miles per gallon. One of the beauties of the MGB is that you just can't kill it—no matter how hard you try. The suspension is firm and stable and the standard radial tires suck up the road like there are a couple of hundred Dial-A-Matics attached.

All this tautness gives you a feeling of utter confidence behind the wheel and almost *makes* you want to abuse the car—drive it flat out, rip off quick shifts with the throttle mashed to the floor, and listen to that fantastic exhaust. So go ahead and drive it that way. The MGB can take it!

And while it's taking it, it won't take you. Although the price of every other pleasurable thing in life is going up a good deal faster than Evel Knievel's *Skycycle*, the price of an MGB remains around five grand, certainly not out of line when you consider the price of some of the superexotica the MGB can run rings around. And while those lardass sports cars are stopping to suck up gas at the local pump, you'll fly by in your MGB getting that sweet twenty-five per.

Some purists might look down their noses at the venerable MGB, calling it an anachronism because it doesn't have a fuel-injected V-12 engine, four-wheel disc brakes, and independent rear suspension. To those purists, we'd say let's meet sometime on Mulholland Drive or Palisades Parkway and see who makes it from point A to point B quickest. Then you can tell us just how great your $15,000 machine is. Meantime, we'll put our money on the machine from Morris Garages.

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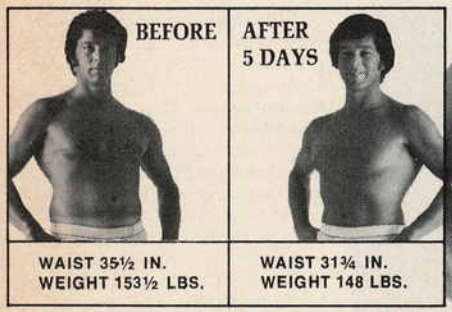


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## RESULTS THAT STAY

**"3 months later, I'm firmer, slimmer and stronger than I was years ago. Finally broke the 'loss-and-weight-gain-cycle'."**

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They were measured by experts before and after. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 mniutes, twice daily and reduced their food intake — temporarily — by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they like.

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**IN ENGLAND: '5' Minute Body Shaper, Craven House, 99A Park Lane, London W1Y-3TA**
**IN AUSTRALIA: 5 Minute Body Shaper, Riley McKay Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 417, Manly, NSW 2095**

# VITAMINS FOR YOUR HAIR.

Nutritional therapy for hair is not new. Major nutritionists, such as Adelle Davis, have prescribed it for years.

Vitamin and mineral research has revealed information of great importance to health care in general. And more scientific breakthroughs in these areas continue.

But fifty years ago, little was known about what we today consider basic nutritional knowledge. For example, vitamins A, B, and C were not yet discovered. And according to Clara Mae Taylor, Professor of Nutrition at Columbia University, the fact is that we are still on the verge of realizing the full impact of nutrition on our lives.

Vitamins and minerals in the right combinations and in the right proportions are necessary to keep your body healthy. And the same holds true for your hair as reported in a definitive text by Drs. Agnes Savill and Clara Warren of Great Britain.

Even Gaylord Hauser, the internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert, claims that the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition.

That's where Head Start comes in and why it should be a part of your daily health program.

**HEAD START IS A VITAMIN AND MINERAL COMPOUND DESIGNED TO HELP JUST ONE PART OF YOUR BODY. YOUR HAIR.**

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral capsule developed by Cosvetic Laboratories.

It's got the vitamins and minerals that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. And in proportions suitable to what needs to be done to get your hair and scalp in shape. So if you're already taking an ordinary commercial vitamin, by all means don't stop. They've got a job to do. But it's not Head Start's job.

Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

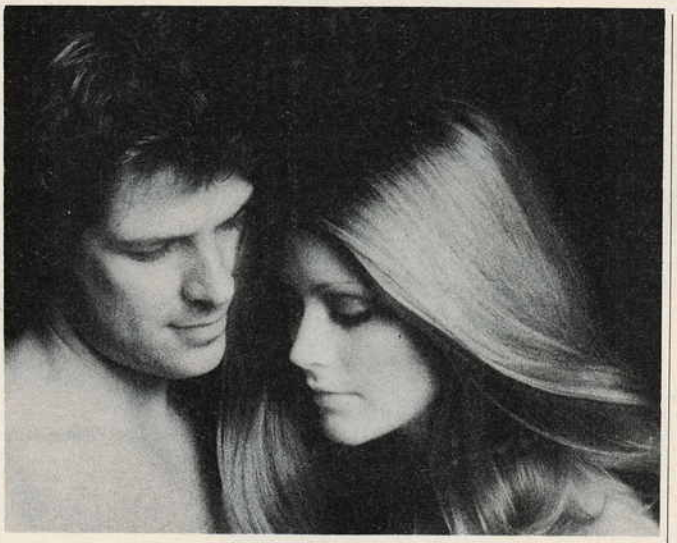
**HAIR GROWS SEVEN TIMES FASTER THAN BODY CELLS.**

In her study, Columbia's Dr. Clara Taylor reported that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years.

Therefore, hair must receive the same kind of specific dietary attention you'd give your body in general.

And according to Dr. Allen Lorincz of the University of Chicago, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition—even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.

*Adelle Davis, Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit.



What you need is a regular program of hair health and hair loss prevention. You need Head Start. It's as fundamental as taking a once-a-day vitamin.

**AS YOU GROW OLDER YOUR HAIR NEEDS MORE VITAMINS.**

Your circulatory system becomes less efficient as you grow older. And it's generally held that aging produces a slowdown in the blood flow to certain parts of the body. That's one reason you get wrinkles and other earmarks of old age.

But it can also contribute significantly to the tendency of men (and in some cases, women) to begin to lose their hair—to go bald—as proper blood flow slackens.

The body's blood delivery system simply breaks down. The tiny capillaries that feed the surface of the skin just don't work as they did when you were younger. Circulation is poor.

And your hair—which still needs the same amount of nutrients it used to—starves to death.

Head Start can give you the help you need.

Because Head Start provides large doses of nutriments in a concentrated form. That way your scalp can receive more of what it needs.

**LABORATORY TESTS INDICATE HAIR NEEDS CERTAIN VITAMINS AND MINERALS.**

Photo of healthy hair shaft.

Dr. W.H. Saunders, who specializes in nutrition, uses laboratory analysis of hair to determine vitamin and mineral deficiencies. And he says that the body is a factory, food is its fuel, and one of its products is hair.

Thus the richer the fuel in vitamins, minerals, and protein, the healthier the body, including the hair.

Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magnified 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

Dr. Saunders also reports that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate—which assures that the food your hair needs reaches your bloodstream and skin.

In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by Adelle Davis to help balding men. According to her, nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.*

And zinc sulfate and inositol are only two of "12" ingredients—each specifically included with healthy hair in mind—that make Head Start the perfect vitamin and mineral supplement for your hair.

**HEAD START HAS WORKED FOR THOUSANDS OF USERS.**

There's nothing particularly mysterious about balding in cases other than hereditary situations. It occurs for the same reason that some other scalp disorders occur.

Dry, unmanageable hair, like baldness, is a result of unhealthy hair and scalp. And doctors, like Dr. Quigley in his report to The Lee Foundation For Nutritional Research, are linking both these conditions to vitamin deficiencies and poor hair care.

But after over three years of testing and daily use, thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding and condition hair. In some cases, users report new growth has actually begun.

**HEAD START WILL WORK FOR YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK.**

The secret to arresting hair loss is to take care of your hair from the inside. And with Head Start you go to the source. You'll promote healthy growth to the skin that thereby supports and sustains healthy hair regrowth. So take advantage of our special offer in the coupon below, and try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel the results are unsatisfactory, you can return the unused portion and we'll refund your money.

Head Start is unconditionally guaranteed. Because it'll get to the root of your hair problems.

All orders processed in 24 hours.

**Order by phone.** 4PH

Use our Toll Free Number.
All orders processed immediately.

## 800-228-2041

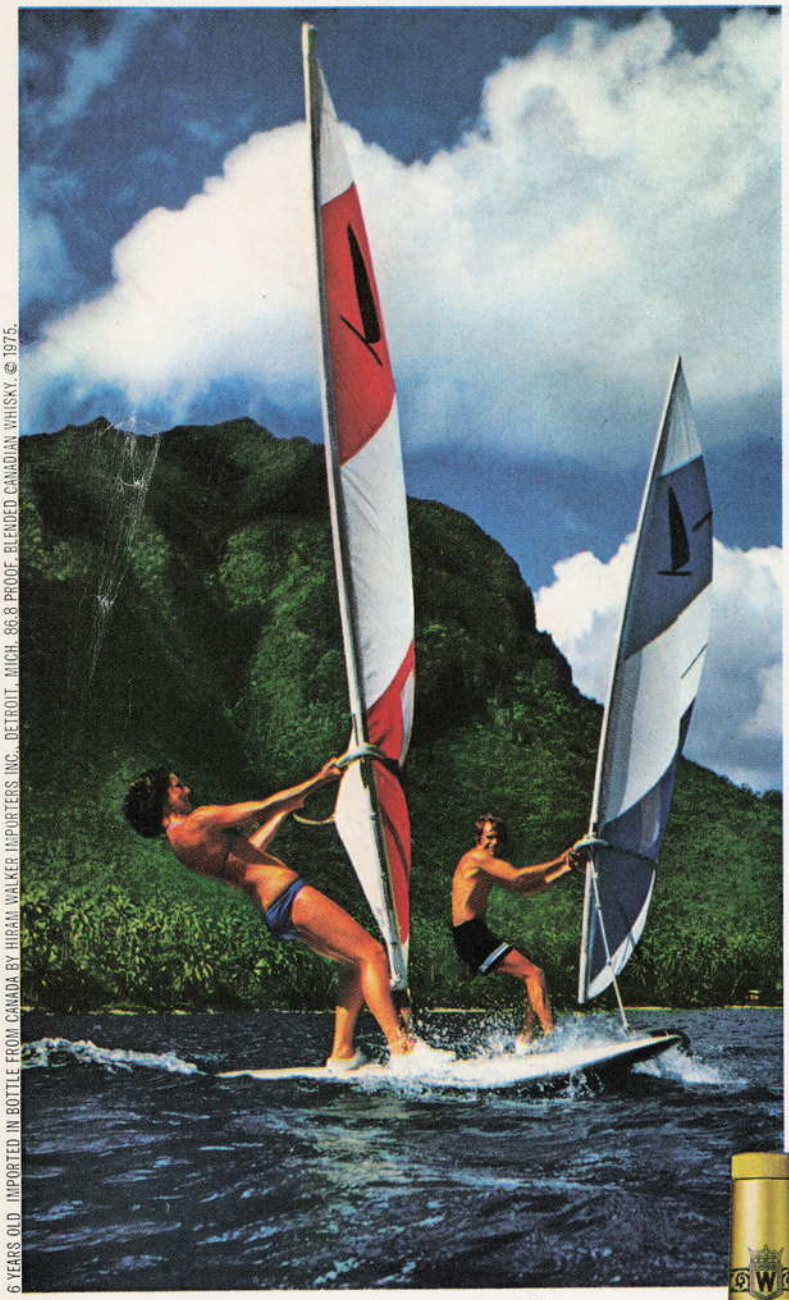
To order just tell our order desk your name, address, and how many bottles of **Head Start you want at $7.95 each plus 75¢ for handling.**

When using your Bank-Americard or Master Charge just give us your card number. All other orders sent C.O.D.

master charge BANKAMERICARD

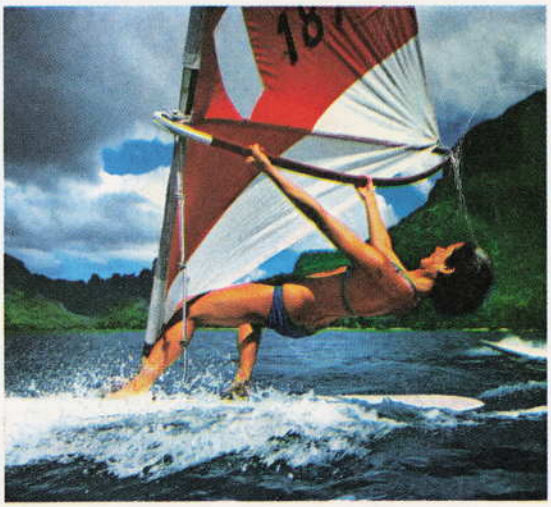
Save this coupon to use our Toll Free Number again. Act now and receive a free booklet on hair care.

# "Wind surfing the waves at Moorea is easy... if you happen to be a contortionist."



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

**"In the Polynesian Pacific, the wind can be a devil.** Because the breezes seem to blow from all directions. And when you're wind surfing . . . that means the wind keeps getting knocked out of your sails. So you have to be part tightrope walker, part acrobat and part contortionist.



**"We were racing along feeling pretty cocky** that we'd mastered the sport. Then, from out of nowhere, what seemed like a mini-hurricane struck . . . wiping us out. And two wind surfers suddenly became two deep-sea divers.

**"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club** at the Bali Hai Hotel in Moorea."
Wherever you go, people with taste agree C.C. is the only Canadian. For them, it has a unique smoothness, mellowness and lightness no other Canadian whisky can match. For 117 years, it's been in a class by itself.
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6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

## Of all filter kings tested:

# Carlton is lowest.

## Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for other brands that call themselves low in tar.

| | tar, mg/cig | nicotine, mg/cig |
|---|---|---|
| Brand D (Filter) | 14 | 1.0 |
| Brand D (Menthol) | 14 | 1.0 |
| Brand K (Menthol) | 14 | 0.9 |
| Brand R (Filter) | 14 | 0.9 |
| Brand M (Filter) | 12 | 0.9 |
| Brand T (Menthol) | 12 | 0.7 |
| Brand T (Filter) | 11 | 0.7 |
| Brand V (Filter) | 11 | 0.7 |
| Brand V (Menthol) | 11 | 0.8 |
| **Carlton Filter** | **4** | **0.3** |
| **Carlton Menthol** | **4** | **0.3** |

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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